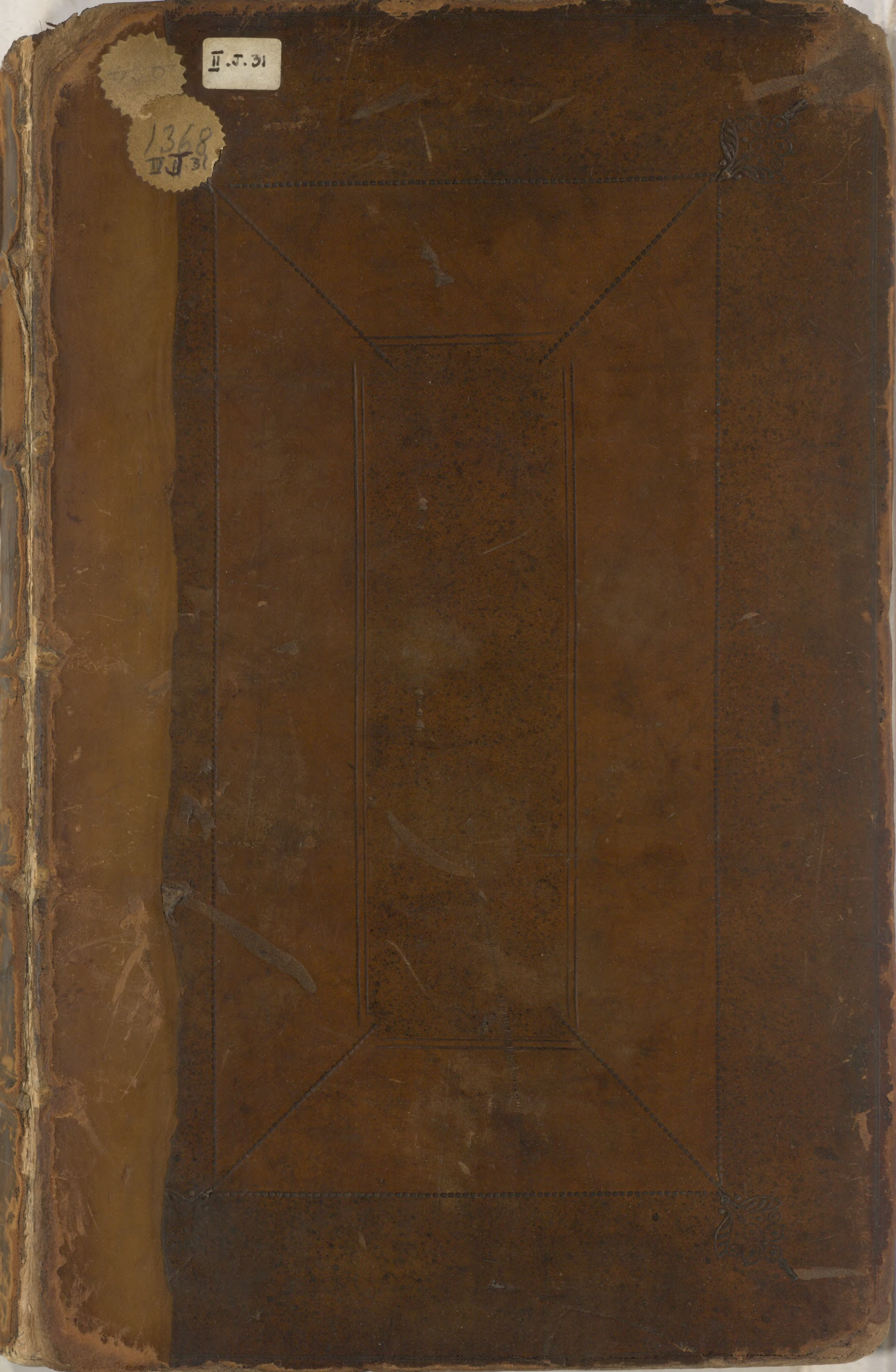


II. J. 31

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Joseph Warren
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Comes Amoris. — Book 1. — 1687
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A third Collection of New Songs — 1685.
words by Dursley.

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Book 2. — 1694
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Book 4. — 1695.

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moon } J. Clark {

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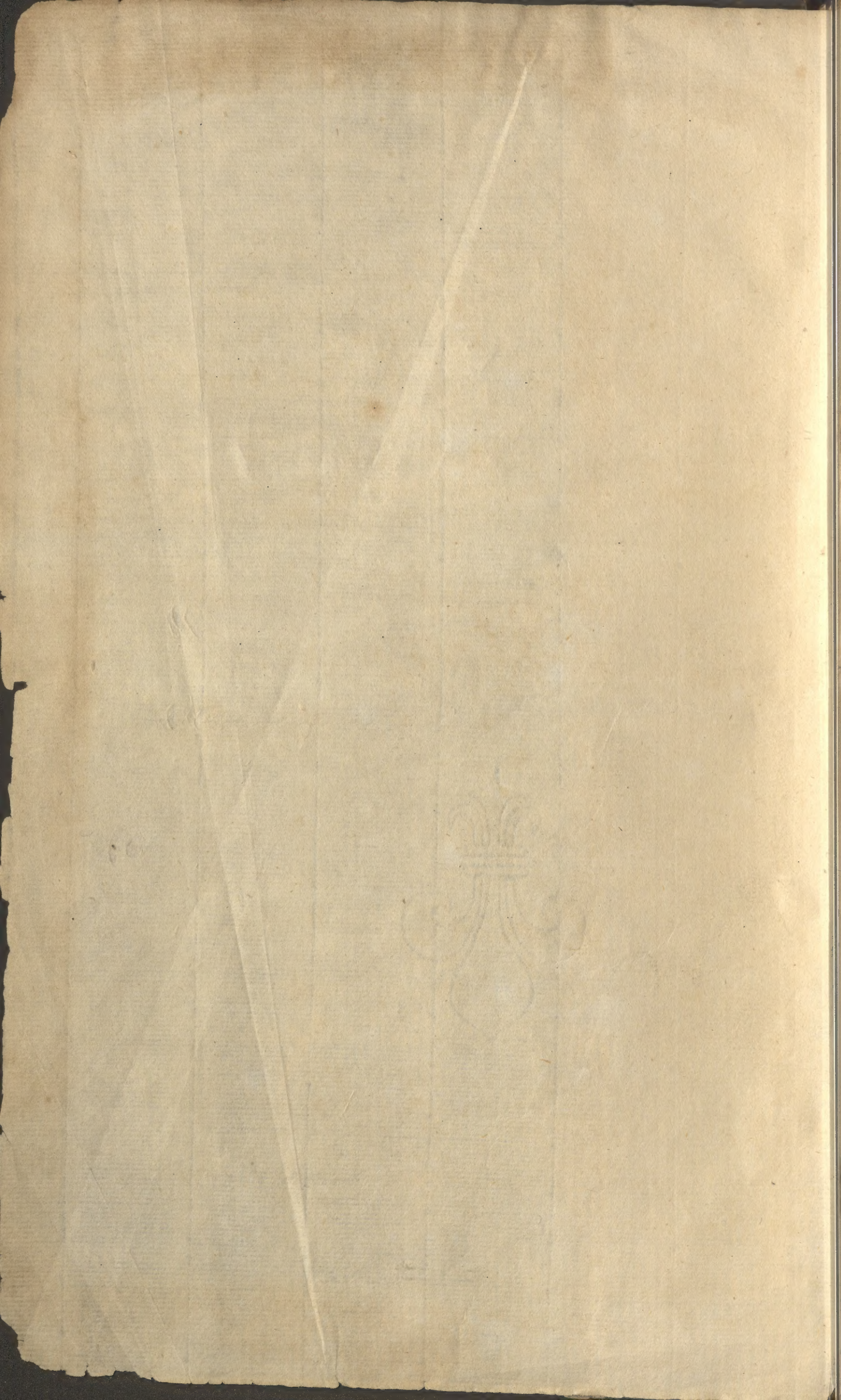
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1-10

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A THOROW BASS to each SONG for the *Harpsichord, Theorbo, or Bass-Viol.*

THE FIRST BOOK.



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Printed by Nat. Thompson for John Carr and Sam. Scott, and are to be sold by John Carr at his Shop at the Middle Temple Gate, Anno Domini, 1687:

A TABLE of SONGS contain'd in this Book.

	A	Page.	L.	Page.
A	Mintor did you know,	15	Life is but a measure,	17
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	B.		Let the Daring,	36
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	In a Desert in Green-land,	11	Would my Aminta once be,	4
			Y.	
			You'r now for ever from,	22

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TO ALL
TRUE LOVERS
OF
MUSICK.



He Masters of the SONGS, in the ensuing Book, are of that Real Worth, and Eminence in their Faculty; that it would be a Fulsome peice of Disparagement in Me to presume their Commendation: My task therefore, (and the greatest thing I have to do, in Publishing these their Excellent Performances,) is to beg Pardon for my self, and endeavour to stand Fair in the Opinion of *Musical Souls*; and the best way I can imagine to compass this my Honest End, is, to acknowledge this first Attempt of mine a very bold one; a Fault, (I hope) will not be very hard to be Absolv'd because none that are Truly Harmonious, can be Ill-natur'd: And further I do Confess my self a very Hearty Well-wisher to this Noble part of the *Mathematicks*, which I would not by any means should suffer any Blemish by my Neglect and Inadvertency. What mistakes may have happ'ned in the Printing, I shall not altogether be answerable for, having imploy'd my utmost Care and Vigilancy in the Supervising of the *Press*: I hope the World will as easily excuse Mine, as they have formerly done the more unpardonable Faults of Old Pretenders; and am stedfastly resolv'd (if this first Essay may have the Good Fortune to find a Kind Reception in the World) to leave nothing Un-attempted that may Promote the Honour of *Musick*, by the most Assiduous, and most Earnest Diligence of

Your Humblest Servant

SAMUEL SCOTT.

A CATCH by way of EPISTLE,

And Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



O all Lo-vers of Mu-sicK, Performers, and Scra-pers ;

To those that love Catches, play Tunes, and cut Capers.



With a new *Catch* I greet you; And tho' I say it that shud'n, like a

Fiddle, 'tis *MUSICK*, tho' the Words are but wood'n : But my

Brother JOHN PLAYFORD and I shall present you e're long, with a Book, I presume will

con — tent you. 'Tis true, we know well the Sale of good *Mu-fick*; But to hear Us per-

form wou'd make Him sick, or You sick. My maggot Man Sam[†] at the first *Tem--ple-Gate*

will further in-form you; If not, my Wife *KATE*,

From between the two *Devils* near *Temple-Bar*,

I rest,

Your Friend & Ser-vant

JOHN CARR.

OW like E---li---zium is the Grove, when Chast Do---rin---da

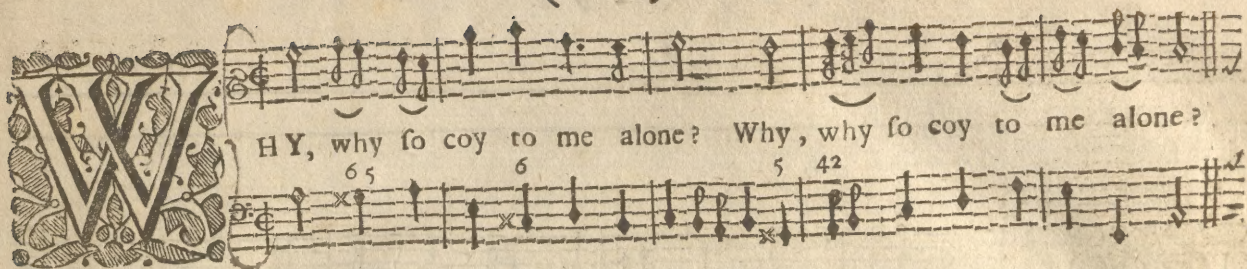
sings of Love! it Charms the troubled Soul to Rest, and makes a Calm in ev'ry Breast:

With various kinds of Harmony, she strikes at once the Ear and Eye; so soft her Voice, and

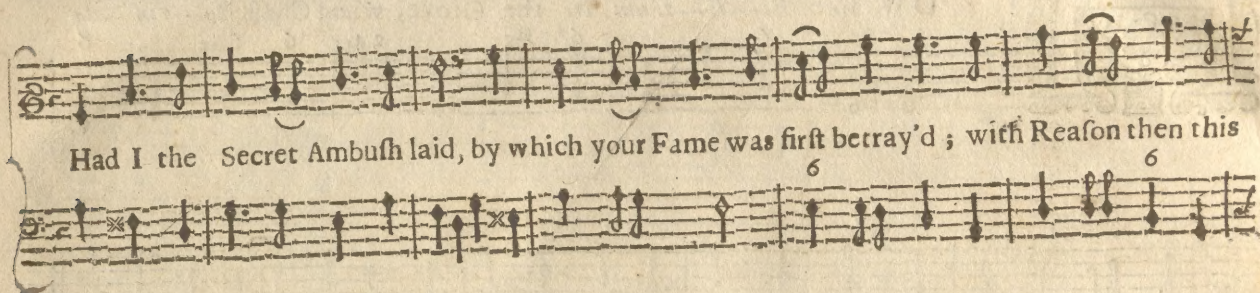
she so fair, gives double Sweetness to the Ear, gives dou-ble Sweetness

to the Ear.

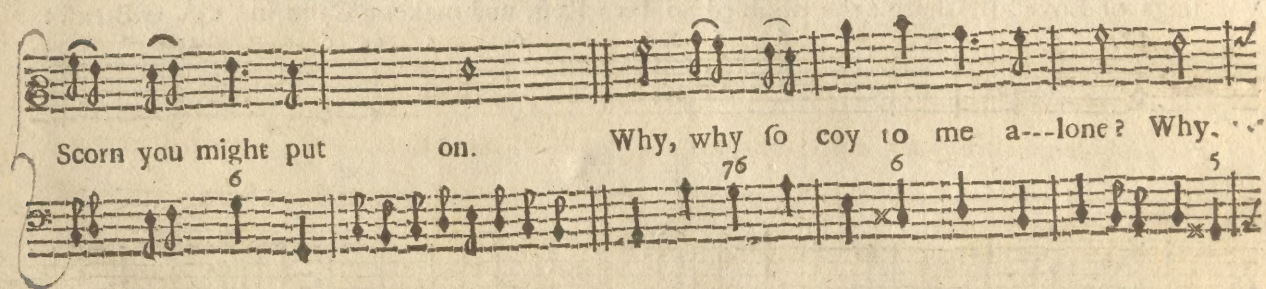
Mr. Robert King.



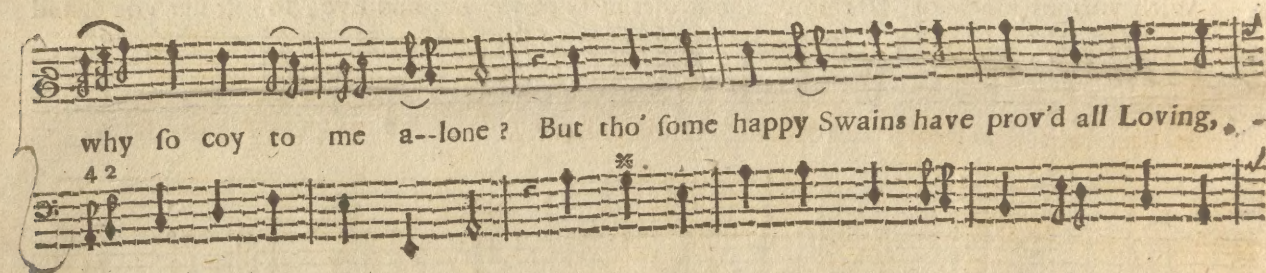
HY, why so coy to me alone? Why, why so coy to me alone?



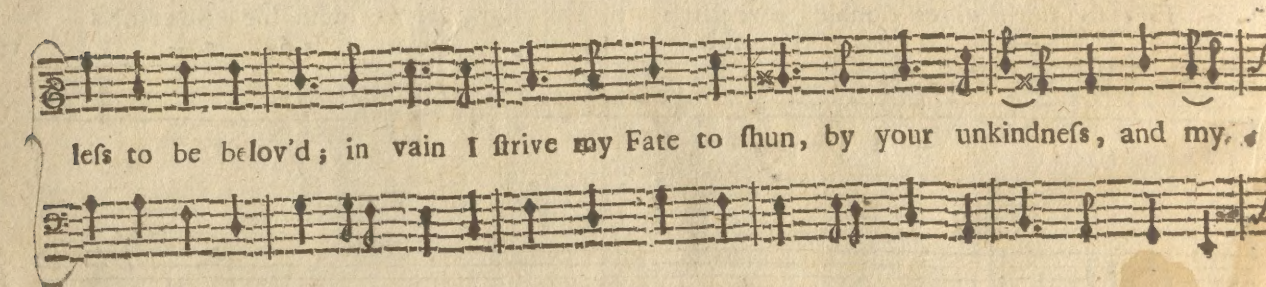
Had I the Secret Ambush laid, by which your Fame was first betray'd; with Reason then this



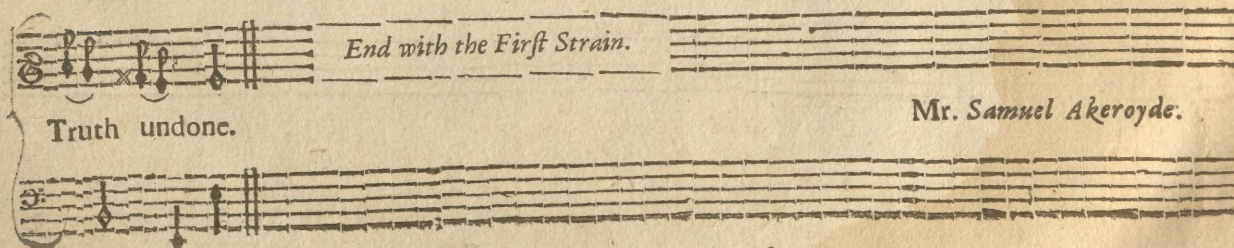
Scorn you might put on. Why, why so coy to me a---lone? Why...



why so coy to me a--lone? But tho' some happy Swains have prov'd all Loving,



lets to be belov'd; in vain I strive my Fate to shun, by your unkindness, and my,



End with the First Strain.

Truth undone.

Mr. Samuel Akeroyde.



Fear'd your Love, I know you're Fair, that might have caus'd my

Pain; my grateful Heart could not for—bear, but must have lov'd a—gain.

The sul-len Scorn your Eyes im-part, I would much rather have; your haughty

Pride has freed that Heart, your Kindness might enslave.

Mr. Tho. Farmer, B. M.

II.

As when Minds rage, and Seas grow high,
 They friendly bid beware;
 But when they're smooth, and calm the Sky,
 'Tis then they would ensnare:
 So Tenderness our Hearts beguiles,
 Whilst Scorn our Freedom crowns;
 There is more danger in your Smiles,
 Than can be in your Frowns.

O --rin--na, with In--no cence, Beau--ty, and Wit, ev'--ry

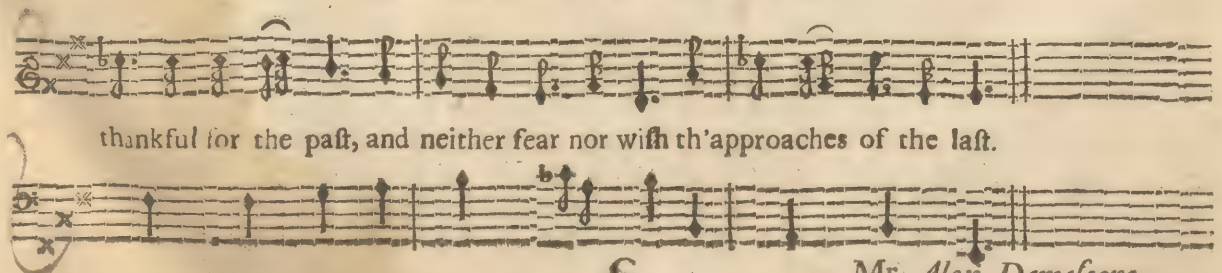
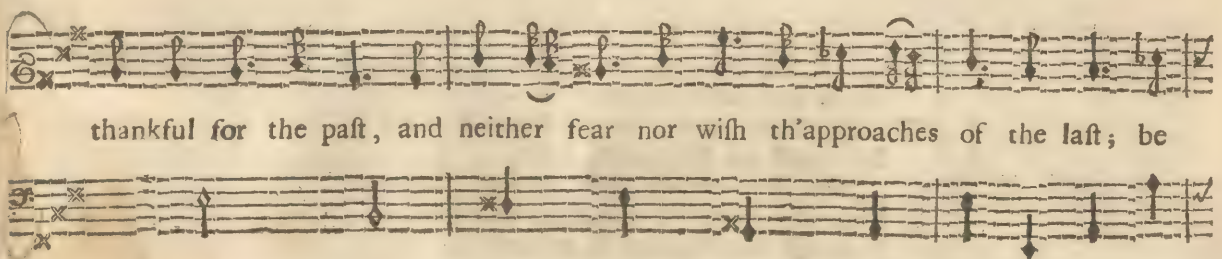
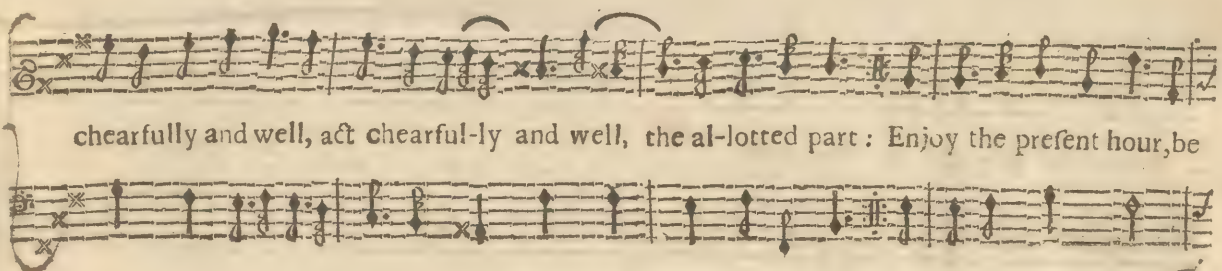
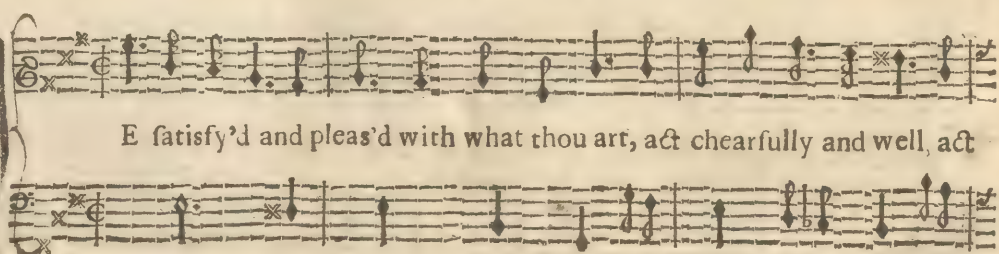
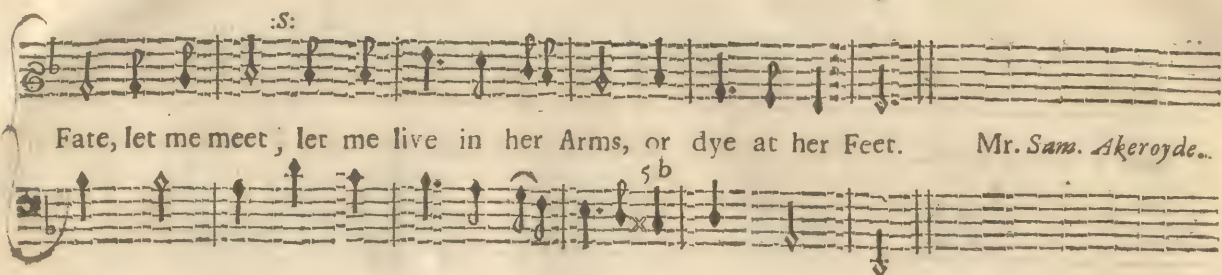
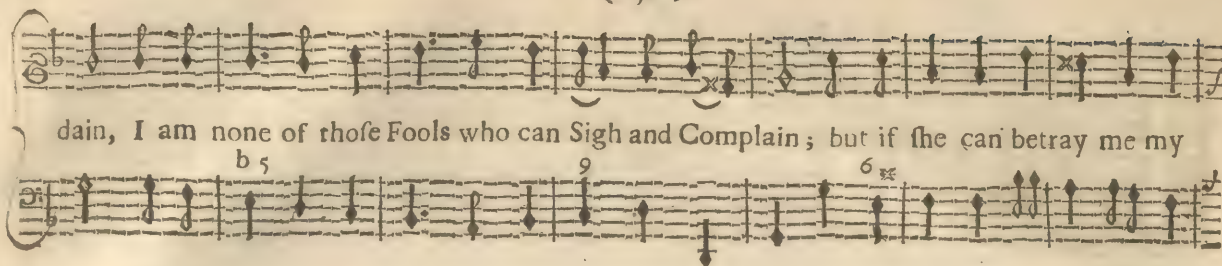
Sense does in--vade, and my Reason perswade, and with Pleasure compells me my

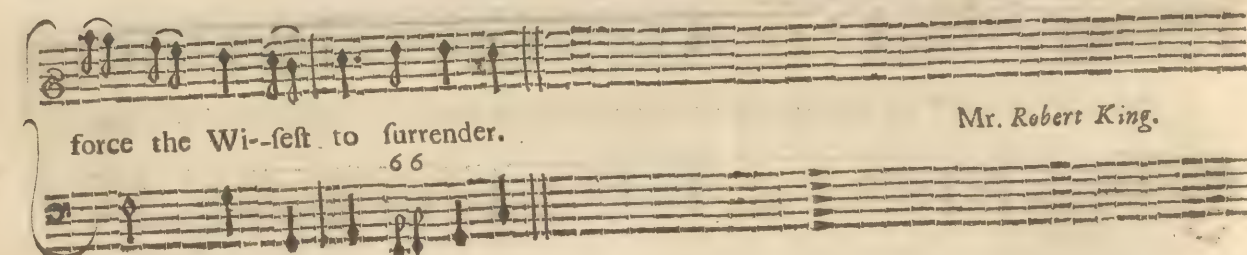
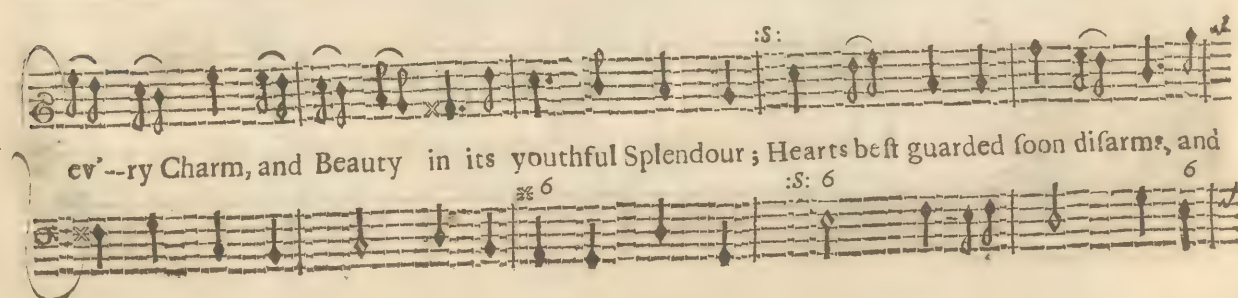
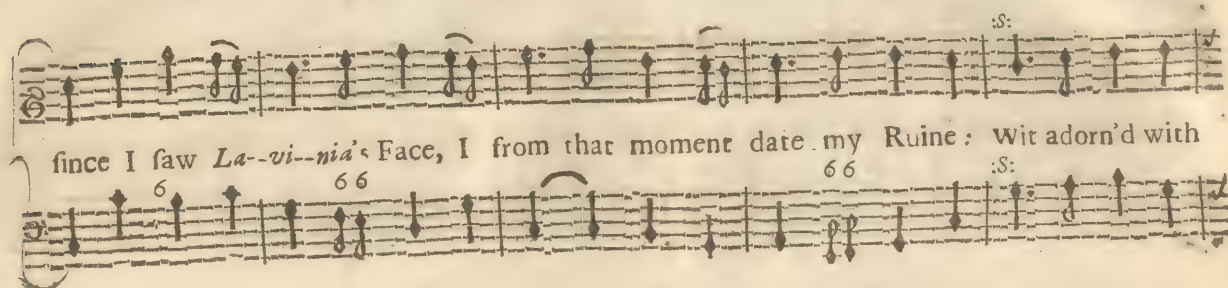
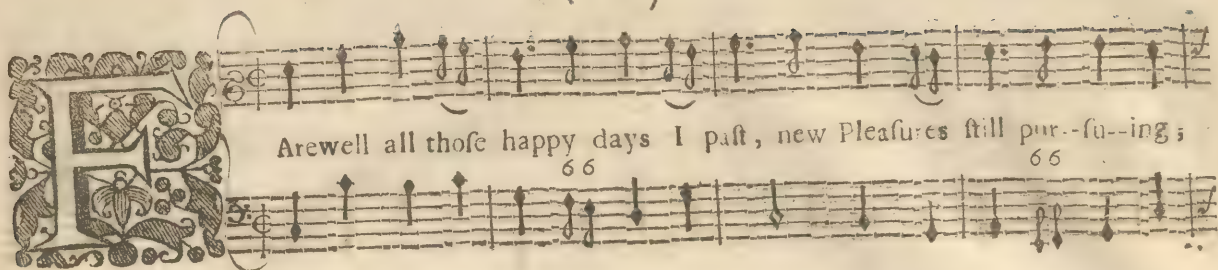
Freedom to quit. Tho' my Tongue has pre--ten--ded to Serve and A--dore, I

find my Heart ne're was in ear--nest before; but so bright are her Charms, all my

hopes I distrust, my want of De--sert makes my Jealousie just: If the Joys her Eyes

promise, I ne're must obtain, let 'em quickly de--ter--mine my Doubts by dis-



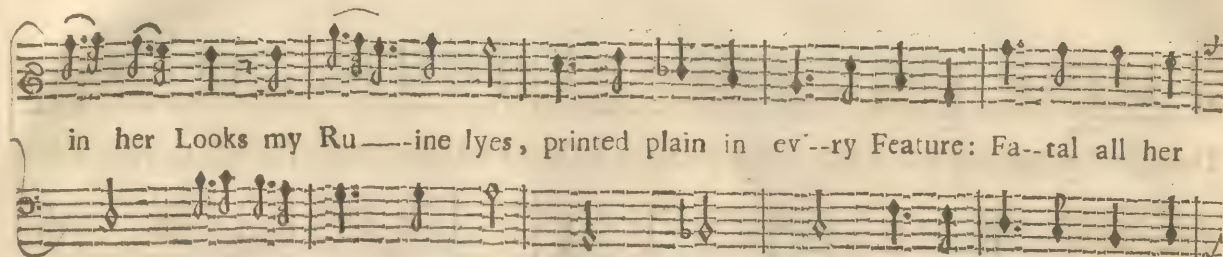


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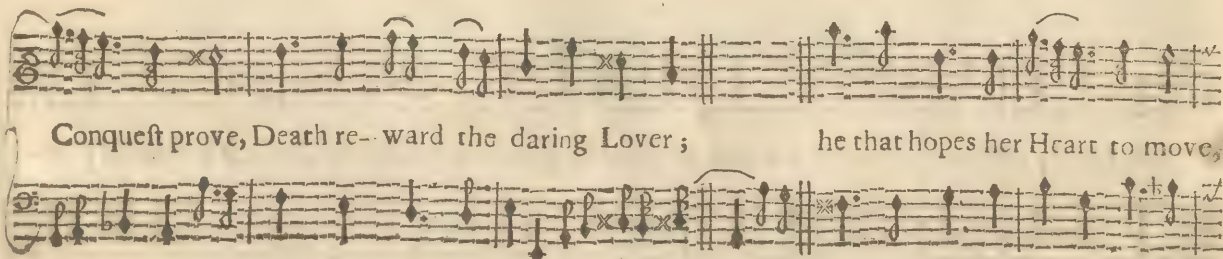
While her looks so Awful are,
 My Pain I never dare discover;
 But the Love she gives, I fear,
 Will soon betray their hopeless Lover:
 You who from whose Chains are free,
 Avoid her Presents so ensnaring;
 And in time be warn'd by me,
 From Love that must end in despairing.



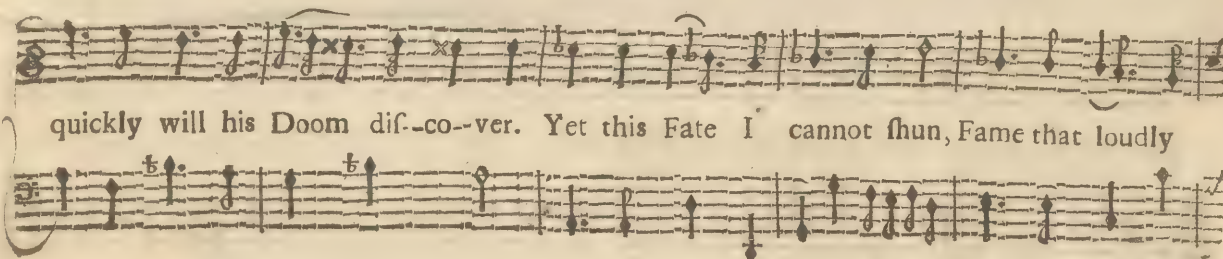
Uard my Heart, and hde my Eyes, from that Fair, that charming Creature;



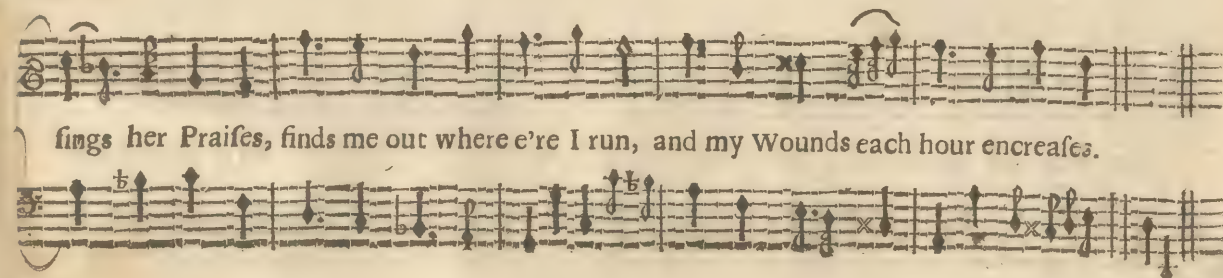
in her Looks my Ru—ine lyes, printed plain in ev--ry Feature: Fa--tal all her



Conquest prove, Death re--ward the daring Lover; he that hopes her Heart to move,



quickly will his Doom dis--co--ver. Yet this Fate I cannot shun, Fame that loudly

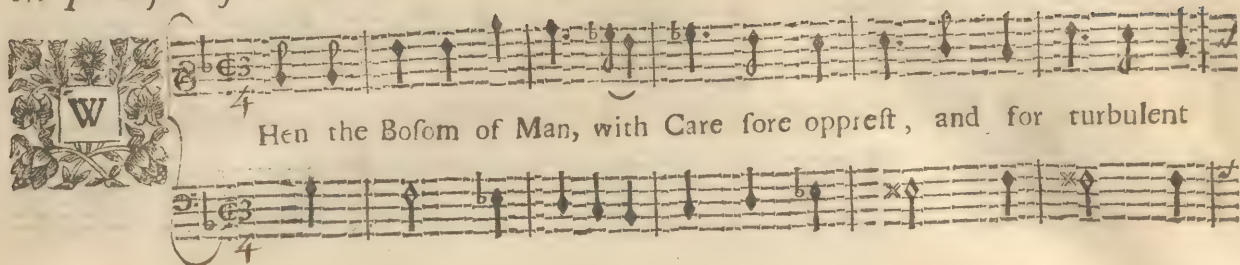


sings her Praises, finds me out where e're I run, and my Wounds each hour encreases.

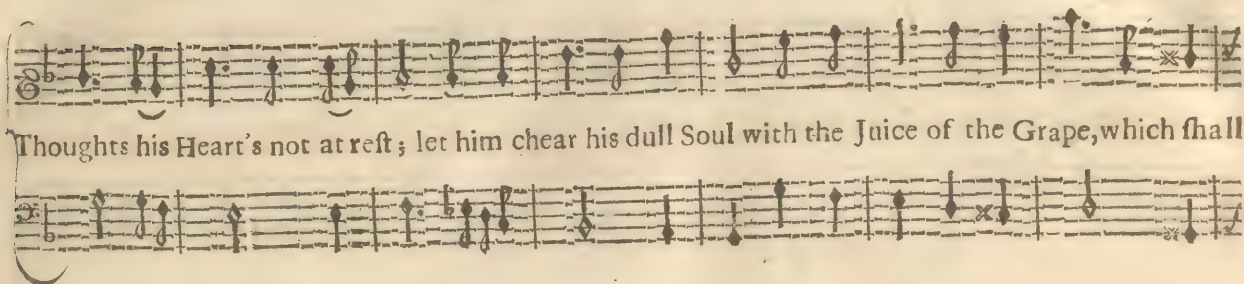
Mr. Alex. Damascene.

In praise of Wine.

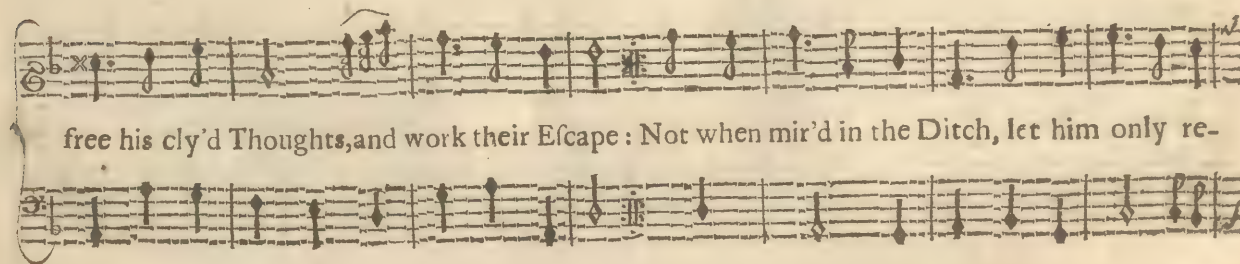
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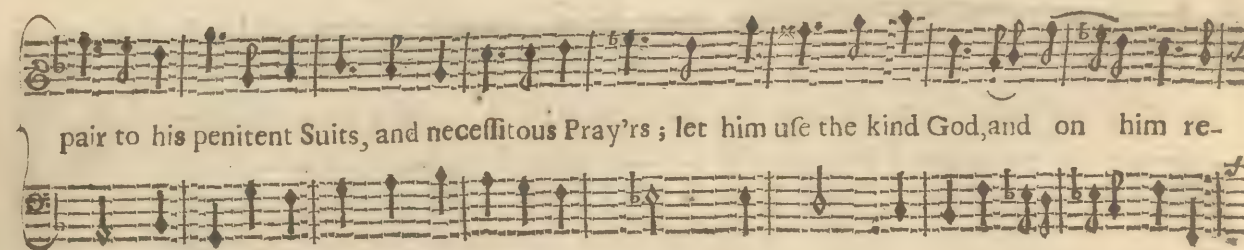
W
Then the Bosom of Man, with Care sore oppress'd, and for turbulent



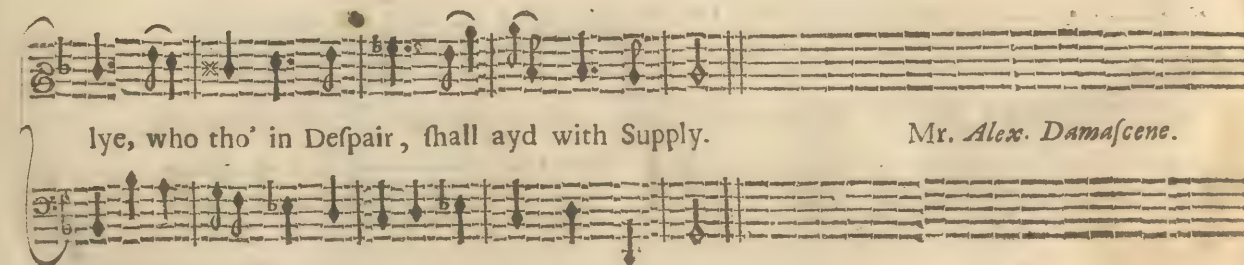
Thoughts his Heart's not at rest; let him cheer his dull Soul with the Juice of the Grape, which shall



free his cly'd Thoughts, and work their Escape: Not when mir'd in the Ditch, let him only re-



pair to his penitent Suits, and necessitous Pray'rs; let him use the kind God, and on him re-

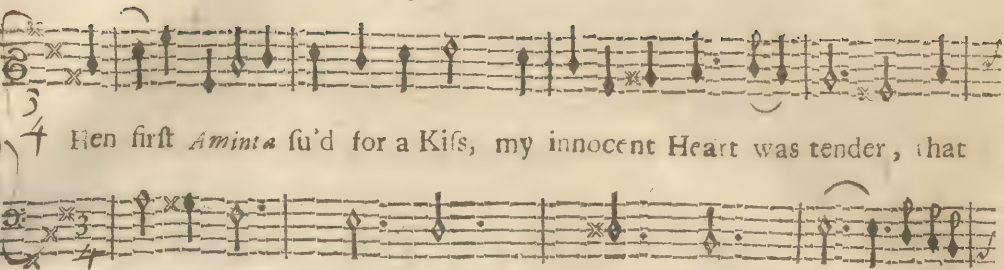


lye, who tho' in Despair, shall ayd with Supply.

Mr. Alex. Damascene.

II.

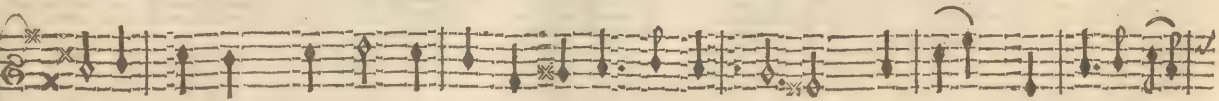
He old Age recruits, and makes Men look young,
Adds Strength to the Weak, and Life to the Strong;
Nay, in the winter of Life he makes my Blood boy!,
And Nature's deep Sorrows he turns to a Smile:
With *Ceres* he feasts, and *Venus* he sports,
Nay, there's none of the Gods but his Company courts;
His Nature's all free, there's Mirth where he goes,
He is true to his Friends, and laughs at his Foes.



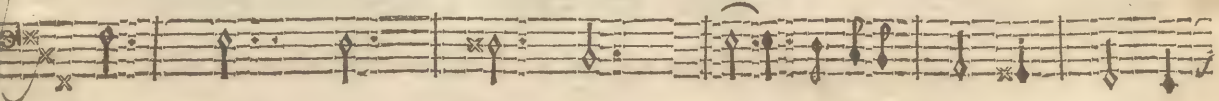
Then first *Aminia* su'd for a Kiss, my innocent Heart was tender, that



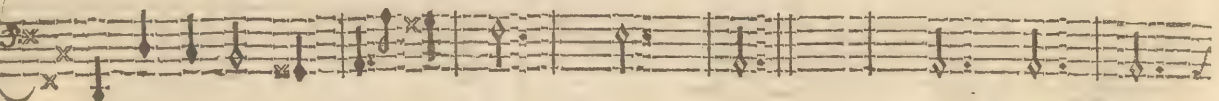
though I pusht him away from the Bliss, my Eyes declar'd my Heart was won, I fain an



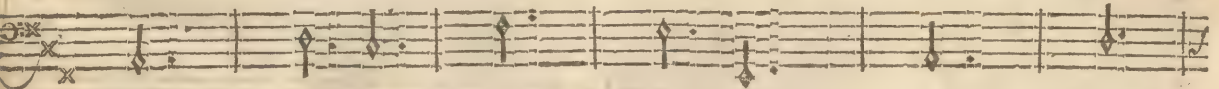
Art-ful Coynefs wou'd use, be--fore I the Fort did sur-ren-der : But *Love* wou'd suffer no



more such a-buse, And soon a--lafs my Cheat was known. He'd sit all day, and laugh,



and Play, a thousand pretty things wou'd say; My Hand he'd squeeze, and press my



Knees, till fur--ther on he got by de-grees.



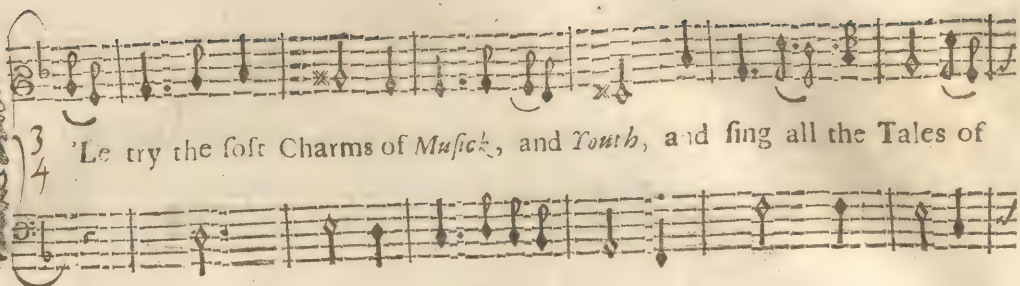
II.

My Heart just like a Vessel at Sea,
Wou'd toss when *Aminia* was near me.
But ah! so cunning a Pilate was he,
Through Doubts & Fears he'd still sail on,
I thought in Him no danger cou'd be,
So wisely he knew how to steer me:

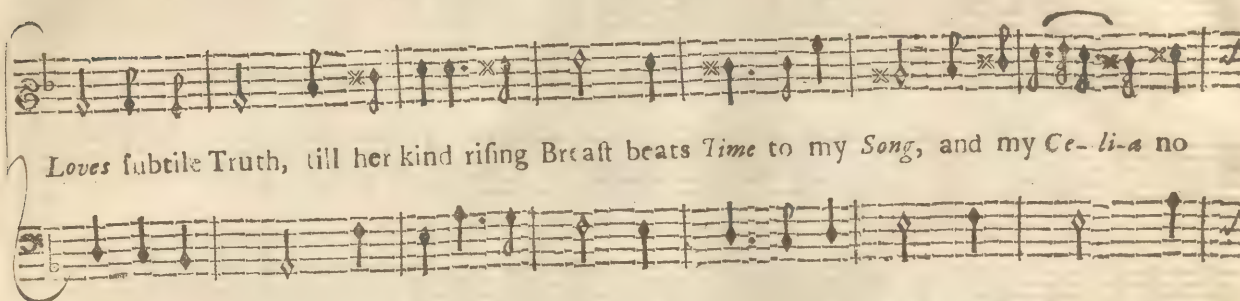
And soon alafs was brought t'agree,
To taste of Joys before unknown.
Well might he boast his pain not lost,
For soon he found the Golden coast.
Enjoy'd the Oar, and toucht the Shore,
Where never Merchant went before.

D

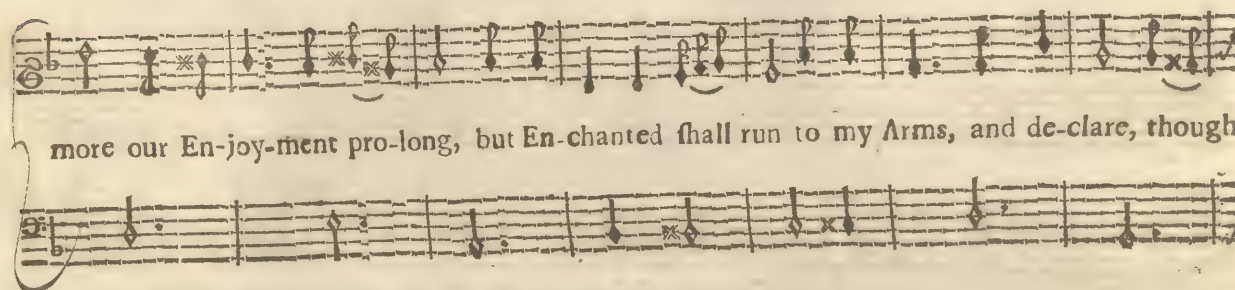
Ple



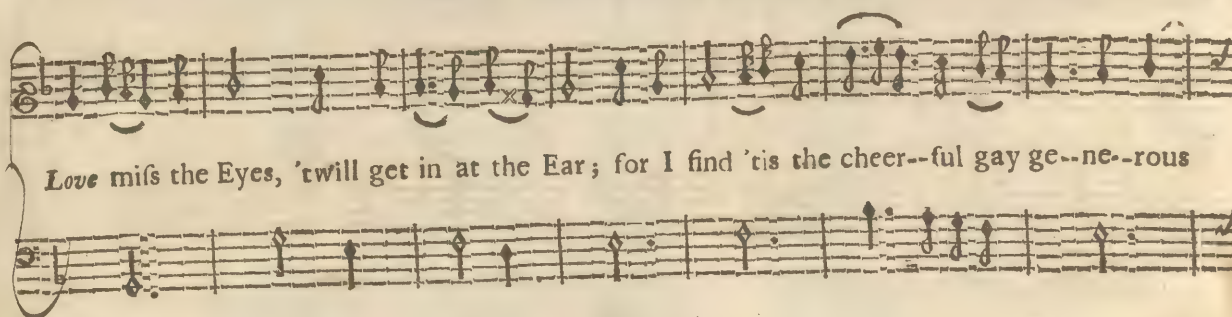
Le try the soft Charms of *Musick*, and *Touth*, and sing all the Tales of



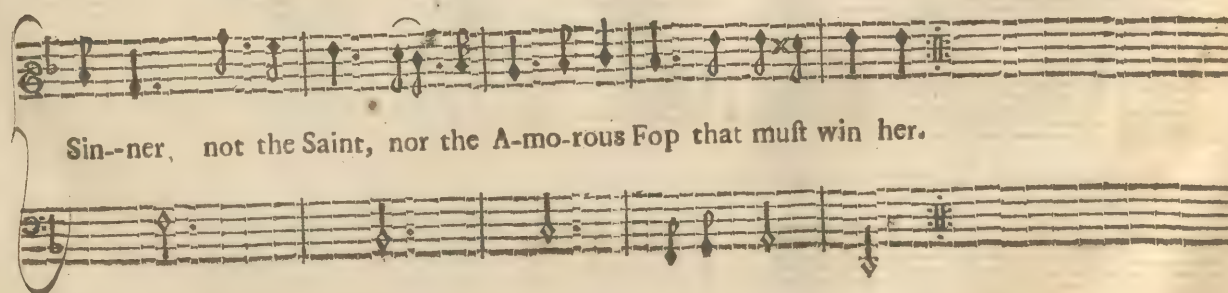
Loves subtle Truth, till her kind rising Breast beats *Time* to my *Song*, and my *Ce-li-a* no



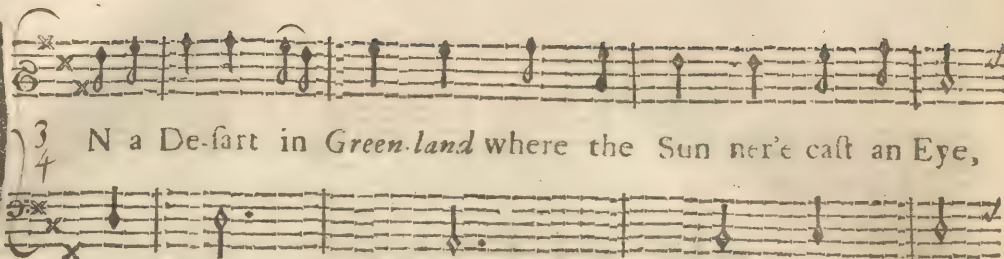
more our En-joy-ment pro-long, but En-chanted shall run to my Arms, and de-clare, though



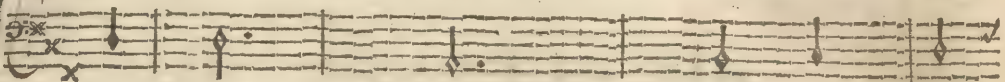
Love mis the Eyes, 'twill get in at the Ear; for I find 'tis the cheer--ful gay ge--ne--rous



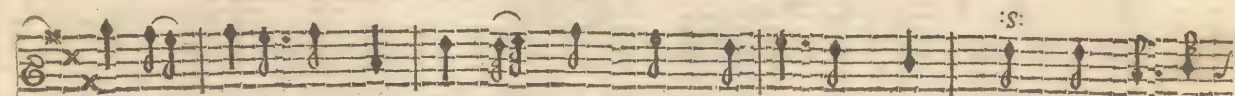
Sin--ner, not the Saint, nor the A-mo-rous Fop that must win her.



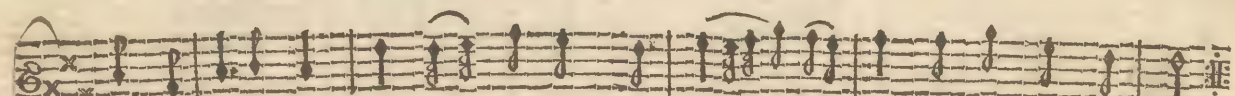
3 N a De-fart in *Green-land* where the Sun ner'e cast an Eye,



in contempt to all the world, I cou'd live with thee my Joy. No Nymph



with her slye subtile Art e're shall have pow'r to steal my Heart, Thou art all in



all; in ev'ry part each Vein of me, shall e—ver be pan-ting for love of thee.



II.

On the Sands of Scorch'd *Africk*,
Where the Sun-burnt Natives fry :
Blest with thee, my Dear *Philander*,
I could choose to Live and Die.
No Swain with his Wit, Wealth or Art,
E're shall have Power to Storm my Heart.
Thou art, &c.

S O N G.



Et am I by the Women told, poor *A-na-creon*, thou grow'st old;

Et am I by the Women told, poor *A-na-creon*, thou grow'st old;

Look how thy Hairs are fall-ing all; poor *A-na-creon*, how they fall. Whether I grow

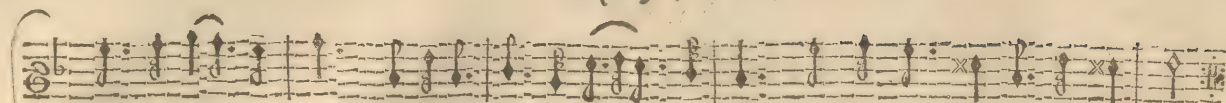
Look how thy Hairs are fall-ing all; poor *A-na-creon*, how they fall. Whether I grow

old or no : By th'effects I do not know. This I know without be--ing told, 'tis time to

old or no : By th'effects I do not know. This I know without being told, 'tis time to

Live if I grow old, 'tis time short pleasure now to take, of lit-tle

live, 'tis time to live if, I grow old, 'tis time short pleasure now to take,



Life the best to make, of little Life the best to make, and manage wisely the last Stake.



of lit-tle Life the best to make, the best to make, and manage wisely the last stake.

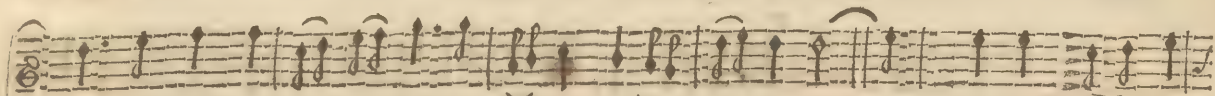


Mr. Henry Purcell.

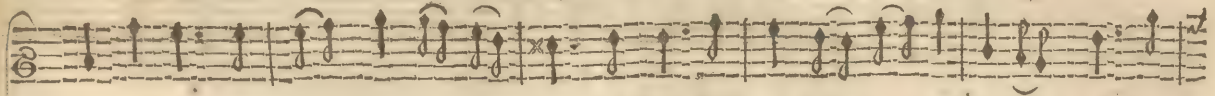
S O N G.



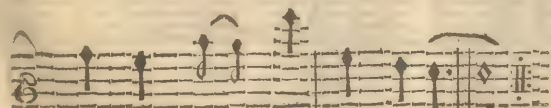
A-dam since you think *I* Love, and all my wankings are in vain I'de



have you know *I* am a--bove the for mal mel-ting ly-ing strain; *I* thought you lov'd as



well as *I*, which made me gen-tly mine express; by that confounded leer-ing Eye, you



long for some thing more *I* guess.



l. l.

What if *I* desir'd a Kiss?
I'm sure you know the reason on't,
Enjoyment's next to Heavenly Bliss,
And both had shar'd if we had don't;
But You forsooth seem'd to deny,
And call your Honour for your guide,
Honour can never satisfy,
Or heal a Wound so deep and wide.

The Good Fellow.



Fill me a Glas of Mighty Wine, Come, bring it here, and fill it high, 'tis

That a-lone makes Us Di-vine, and gives us Im-mor-ta-li-ty. 'Tis mighty Wine a-lone can

give all pleasures wretched Mortals gain. By it such Blessings we receive that Gods them-

selves can ner'e obtain, did they its mighty Virtues know, all other Joys they wou'd resign,

all Joys a-bove they wou'd for-go, and glad-ly quit their Heav'n for mine.

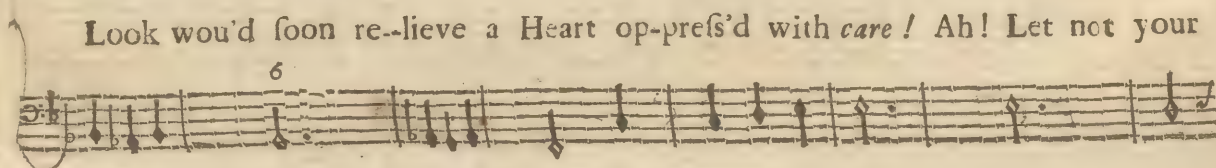
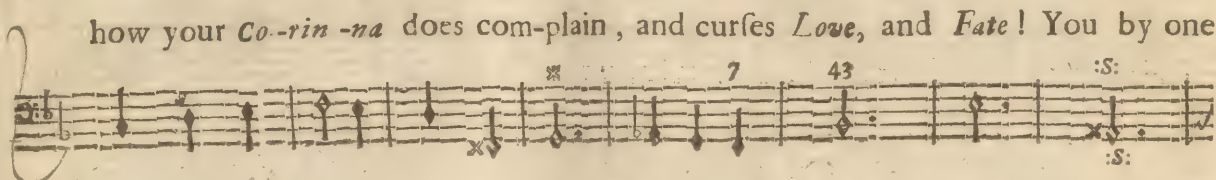
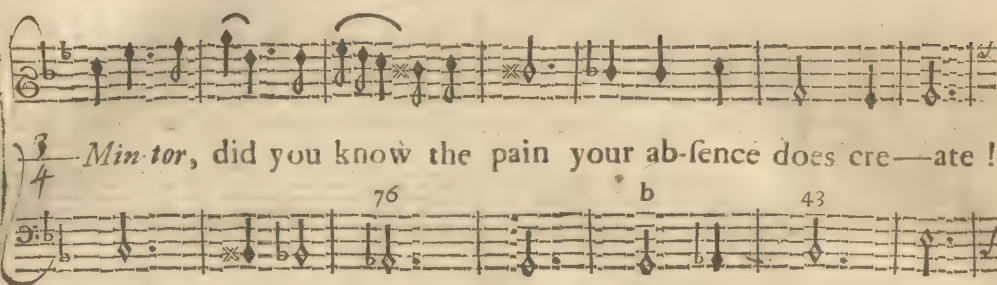
Chorus.

Fill then, fill high the jo-vi-al Glas to all who the brisk Li-quer love, the time in Drink-ing

Chorus.

while we pass, we're e-qual to the Gods a-bove.

A M I N T O R.



Co-rin-na, grieve, lest She at last Despair.

Answer to the same Ayre.

While You of Absence thus complain,
Corinna I confess,
 I'm pleas'd to think you are in pain;
 Nor can I wish it less.
 Think not that this ill Nature shews,
 Or does unkindness prove;
 For 'tis with Joy *Aminator* Knows
 Your Grief is caus'd by Love.

Mr. Thomas Shadwell.

DORINDA.

4 **D** Orinda, since your Charms decline, in vain you bid me Love you

more, when Beau·ties cease to be Divine, 'tis I—do—li—zing to Adore.

Your Eyes that once with pow'rful Influence Loves richest Fruits pro—duc'd

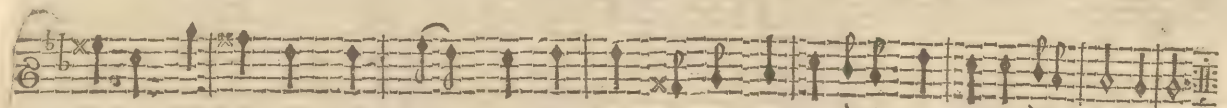
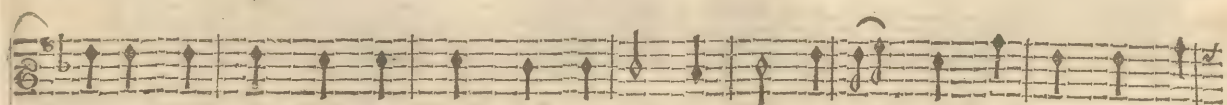
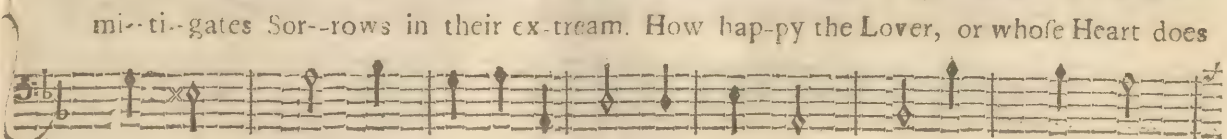
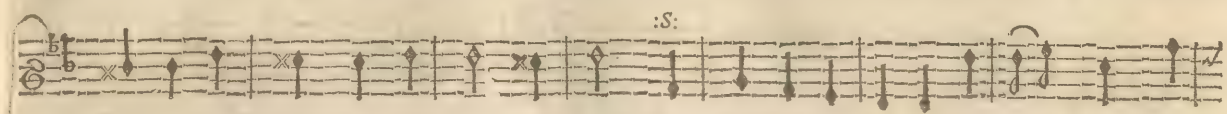
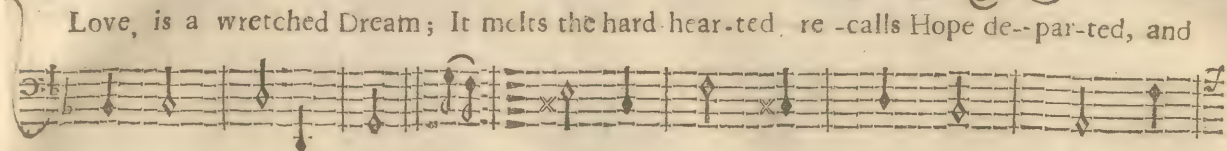
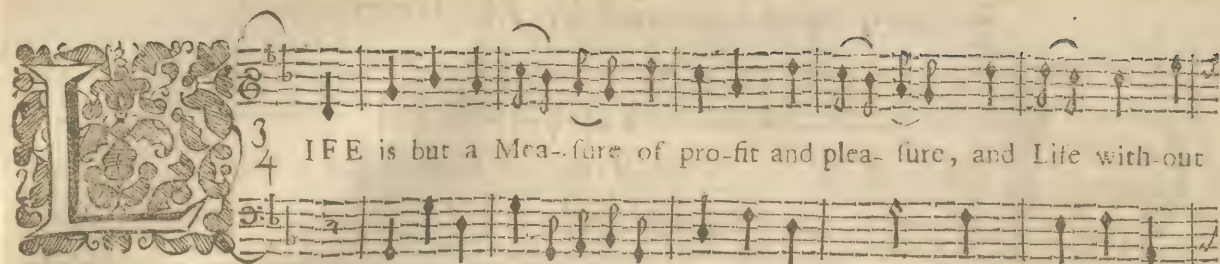
upon my Heart; Now, now with diminish'd Light their Beams dispence, and

fail to wound with all the helps of Art, with all the helps of Art.

II.

Yet out of Gratitude I strove,
 When Passion could no longer last,
 To guild the failures of my Love,
 And act with pain the pleasures past.
 But your too curious Sense discern'd the Cheat,
 Conceal'd in the disguise of labour'd Joy;
 And in the midst of Loves misterious treat,
 A nice disgust did all your Blifs destroy,
 Did all your Blifs destroy.

Mr. Sam. Akeroyde:



II.

While Youth is growing, Love longs to be knowing,
 The Blossom must open when Warmth draws near.
 Kind Nature near ceases to grant us what pleases,
 And Love is the Musick of our Sphere.
 'Tis Musick's soft motion that helps Loves Devotion;
 'Tis Musick, 'tis Musick what Love injoyn'd;
 Makes Fools (void of Measure,) Have sense of our Pleasure,
 And makes the precise hater of Women
 In Loves pow'rful Charms grow blind.

A SONG upon a Ground by Mr. Henry Purcell.



O So-li-tude my sweet — rest choice; O So-li-tude,

O So-li-tude, my sweet — rest, sweetest choice places, de-vo-ted to the Night, re-

mote from Tumult, and from Noise how ye my rest — — — less thoughts de-light. O

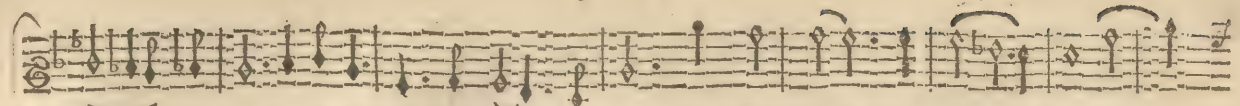
So-li-tude, O Solitude, my sweet — — — rest sweetest choice. O Hea-vens what

con-tent is mine, to see those Trees which have ap-pear'd from the Na-ti-vi-ty of Time, and

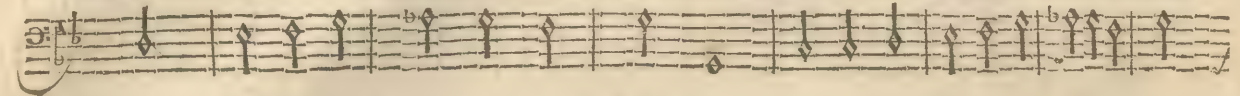
which all a-ges have re-ver'd to look to day as fresh and Green, to look to day as fresh and

Green. as when their Beau-ties first were seen. O, O,

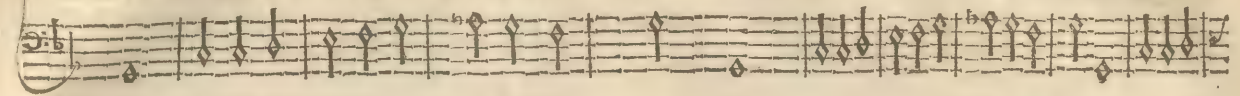
how a-gree-able a sight these hang-ing Moun-tains do ap-pear which th'un-hap-py



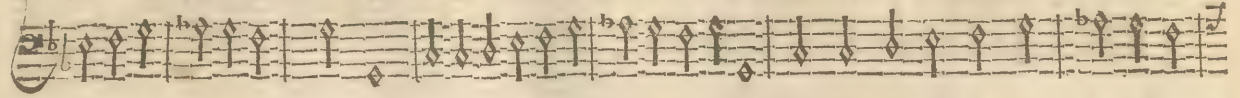
would in-vite to finish all their sor-rows here when their hard, their hard Fate makes



them en-dure such Woes, such Woes as on-ly Death can cure. O! O! How I



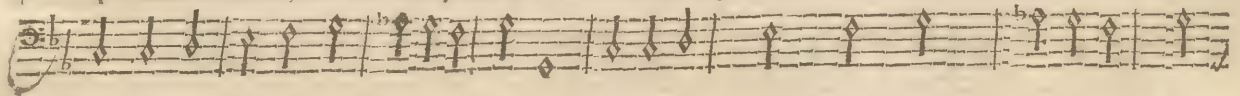
So — li-tude a-dore! O! O! how I So — li-tude a-dore! That E-le-ment of No — blest



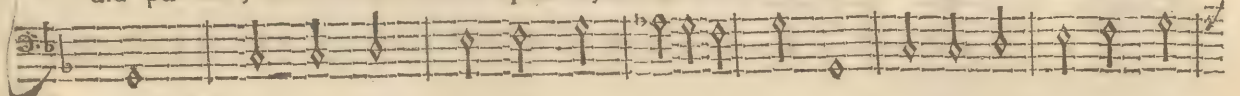
wit, where I have Learn'd, where I have Learn'd; A-pollo low'r without the pains, the



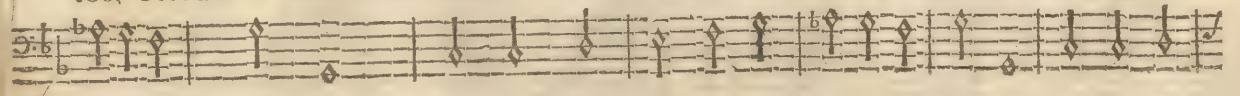
pains to study it. For thy sake I in Love am grown, with what thy Fancy, thy Fancy



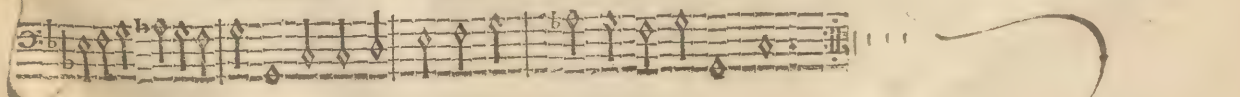
did pur-sue; But when I think upon my own, I hate it, I hate it, for that rea-son



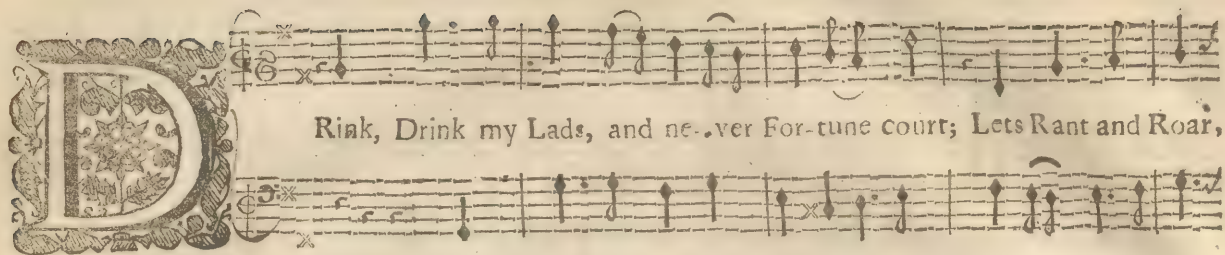
too, because it needs must hinder me from seeing, from seeing, and from serving thee.



O So-li-tude! O! how I So — li-tude a-dore!



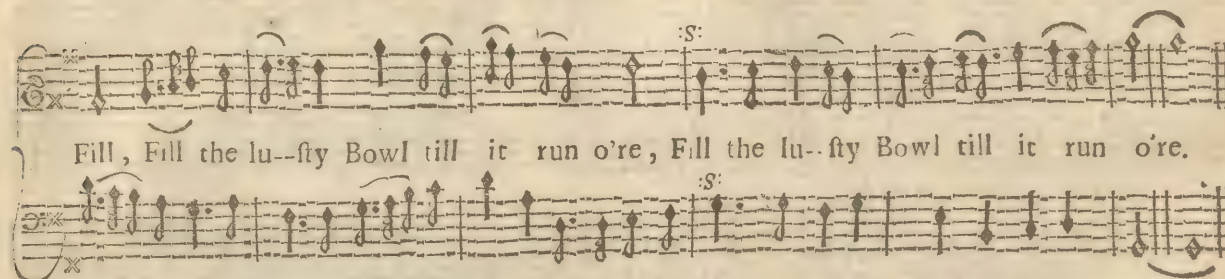
S O N G.



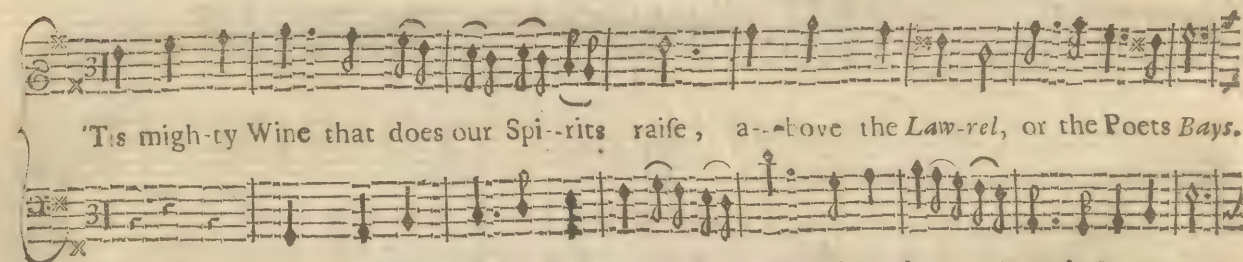
Drink, Drink my Lads, and ne-ver For-tune Court; Lets Rant & Roar,



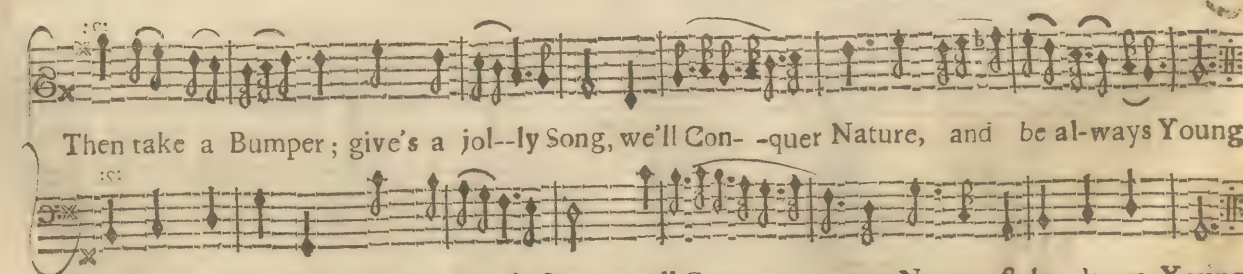
Lets Rant and Roar, and make the Jilt our sport. Let so-ber Fools the fic-kle Quean a---dore. Fill,



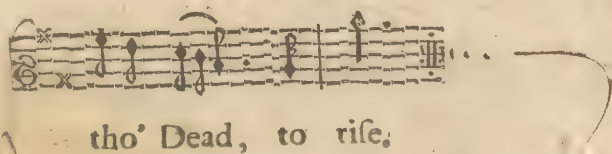
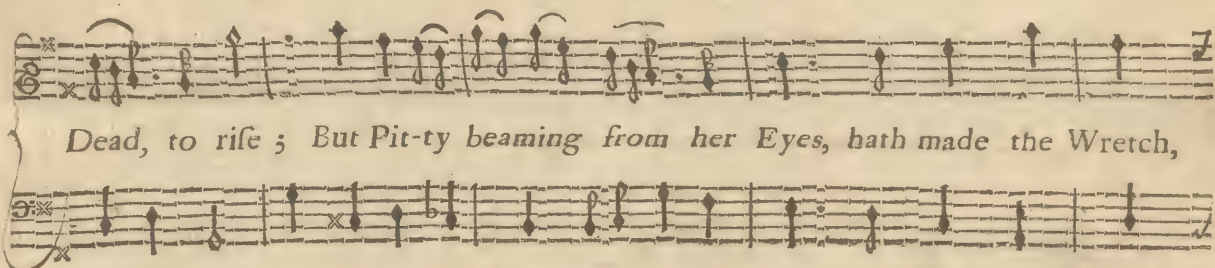
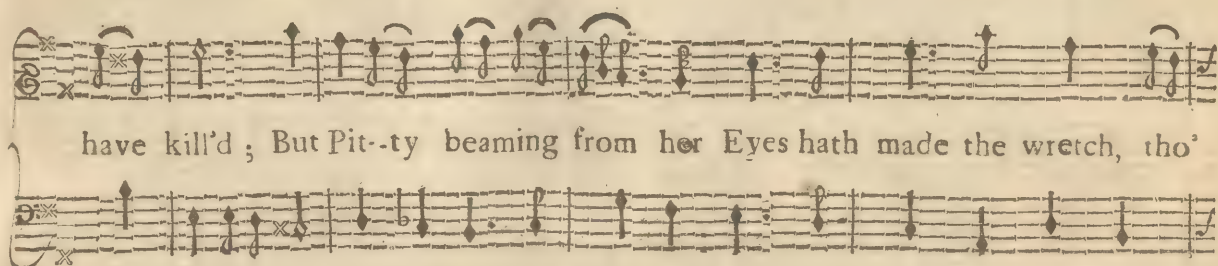
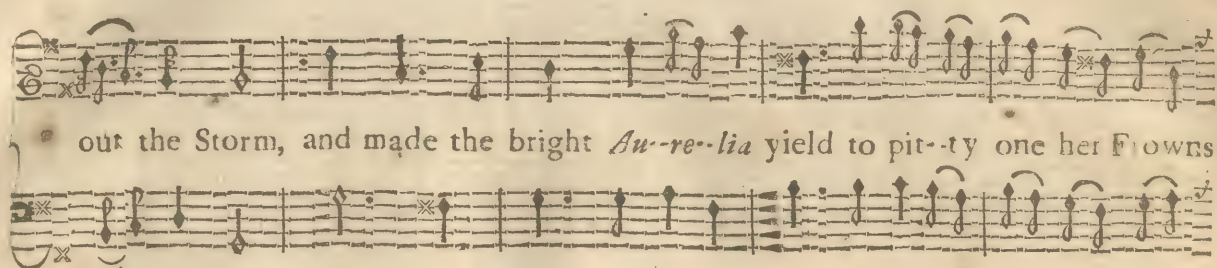
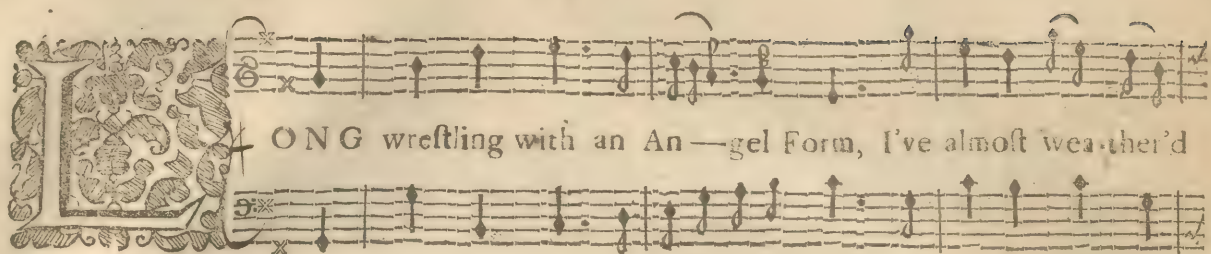
Fill the lu-fty Bowl, the lu--sty Bowl; Fill, fill the lusty Bowl, the lu-fty Bowl, till it run o're.



'Tis migh-ty Wine that does our Spi-rits raise a--bove the Law-rel, or the Po-ets Bays.



Then take a Bumper; give's a jol-ly Song, we'll Con-quer Nature, & be always Young



II.

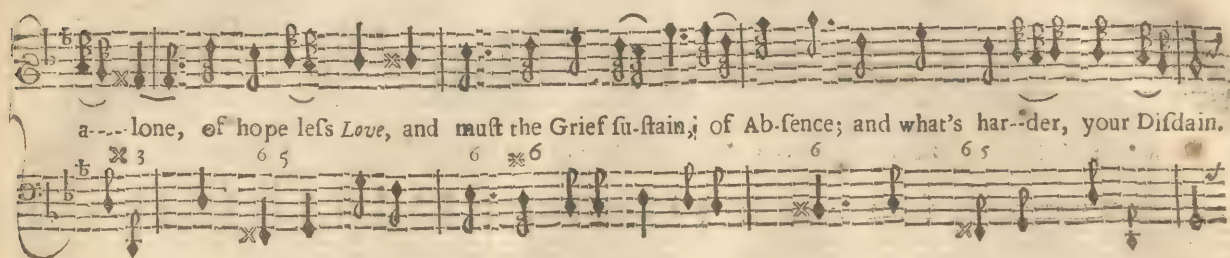
All her Words express her kind,
 And all her Actions speak her mind,
 Ten thousand ways she Love betrays,
 And to her *Strephon* Heav'n displays.
 Happy I dy'd, since from my Dust
 I rise to th' Honour of the Just,
 Happy I dy'd since Heav'n my Fate,
 I rise to so Divine a state.

G

Mr. R. Courteville.



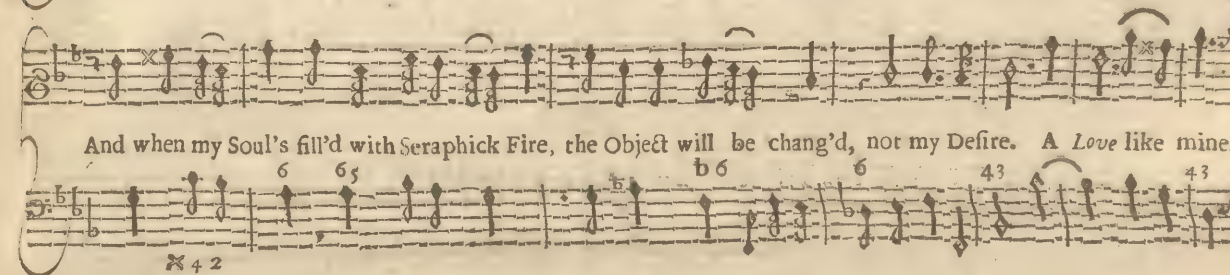
Ye're now for ever from A---strea---a gone, She the sad burthen must sup-port,



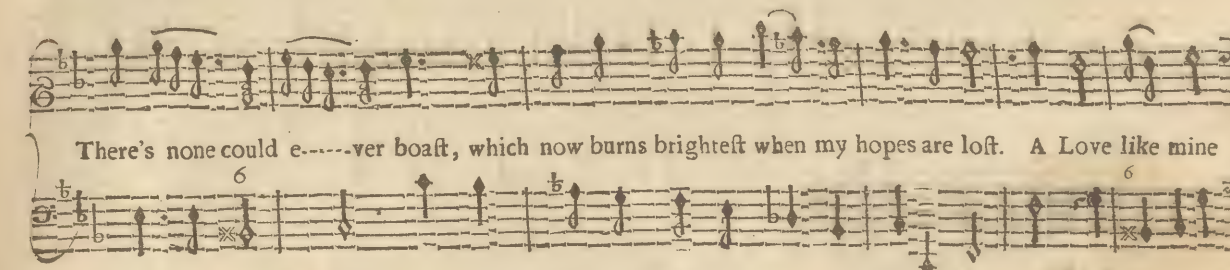
a---lone, of hope left Love, and must the Grief su-stain, of Ab-sence; and what's har-der, your Disdain.



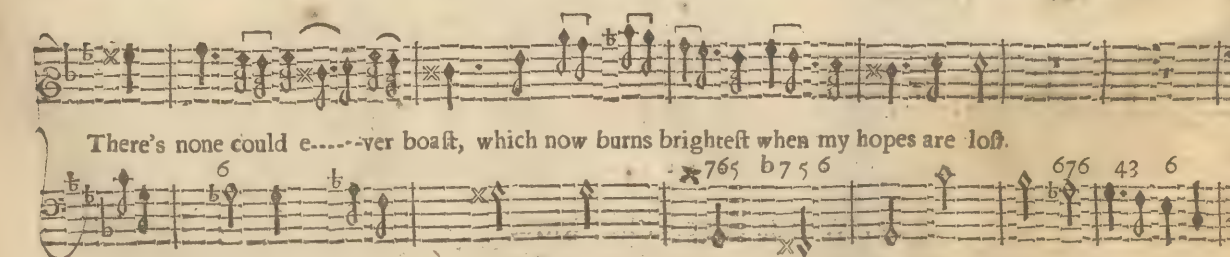
My Heart's still yours, nothing can e're re-move, so fix'd, so perfect, and so sure a Love.



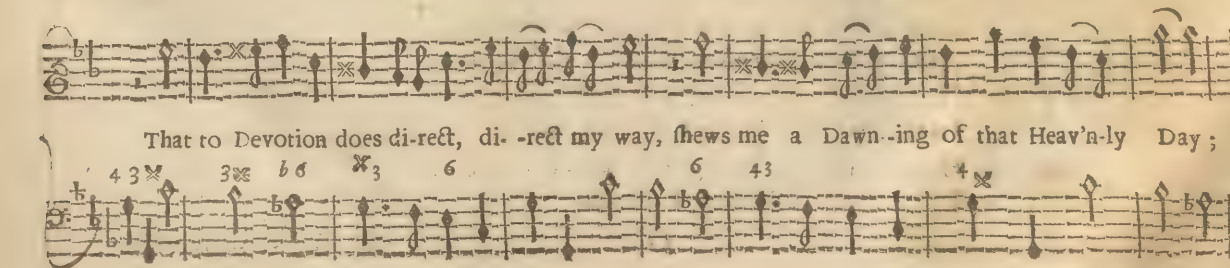
And when my Soul's fill'd with Seraphick Fire, the Object will be chang'd, not my Desire. A Love like mine.



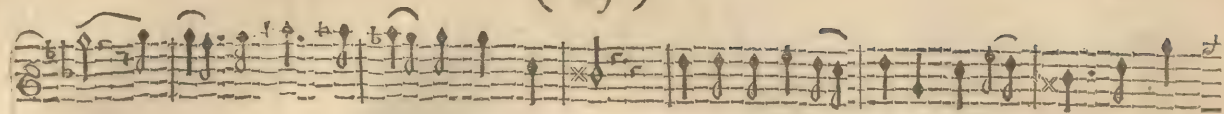
There's none could e-----ver boast, which now burns brightest when my hopes are lost. A Love like mine



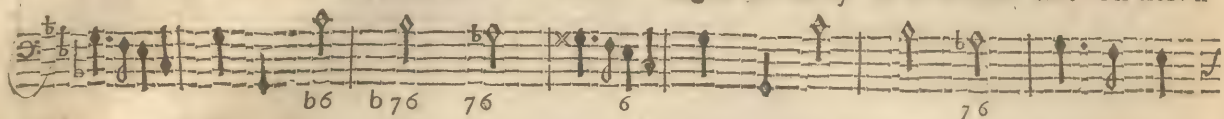
There's none could e-----ver boast, which now burns brightest when my hopes are lost.



That to Devotion does di-rect, di-rect my way, shews me a Dawn-ing of that Heav'n-ly Day ;



For all must own who CE-LADON have seen, Angels are on-ly fit to Ri-val him. 'Tis Heav'n



a-lone can sa-tis-fie that Breast, that with his Charm-ing I-mage was possesst.

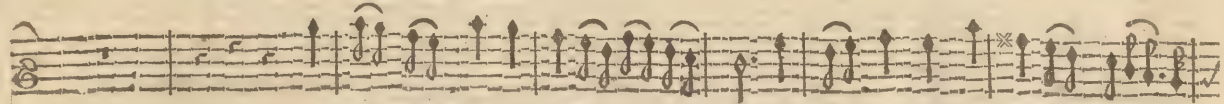
Who



E're de-priv'd of such dear Hopes can live, with Ease may part with all the world, the world, can



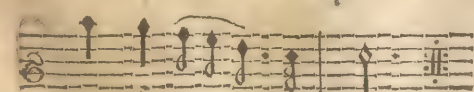
give, with ease, with ease, with ease may part with all the world can give.



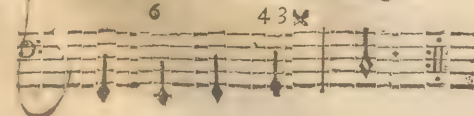
Then let none wonder if A-stre---a flies the fight of all, when banisht from his



Eyes : When he's re--mov'd, she thinks on Earth, there's naught de-serves the trou- - - - ble



of one mo- - - - ments thought.



Mr. R. Courteville.



W
Ith thee for e ver, e — — — ver, with thee for ever I in Woods could

rest, with thee for e-ver I in Woods could rest, where ne- - - ver Humane Foot the ground has prest.

With thee for ever I in woods could rest, where never humane foot the ground has prest.

Thou from all Shades, all Darknes canst exclude, and from a Defart and from a De- - - fart

banish so-li-tude; Thou from all shades, all darknes canst ex-clude, and from a De-fart,

and from a De-fart banish so-li-tude, and from a shade all darknes canst exclude, and

from a De — — — fart, De — — — fart banish so-li-tude, and from

a De-fart ba-nish so — li-tude.

The Symphony to the following SONG.

By Mr. R. Courteville.

6 6 6 4 3 6 6 5 4 3 6 6 7 6 6 6 5 ++ 3 4 3 6 6

7 6 # 3 6 5 5 1 6 5 6 7 6 4 # 3 4 3 # 5 6 b 7 6

7 6 7 6 6 # 3 # 3 6 6 6 5 # 3 # 4 3 # 6

6 7 6 6 6 6 5 6 6 6 6 4 3 #

all be hush, all be hush, whilst I go sleep.

Creep, creep soft-ly, creep pur-ling streams

whilst I go sleep

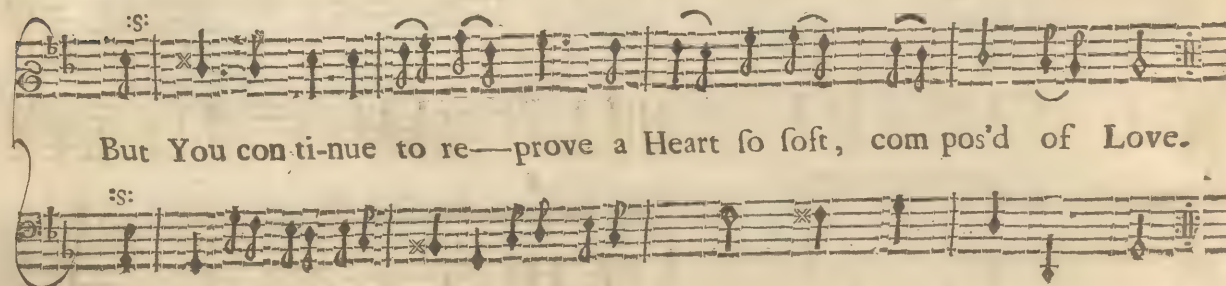
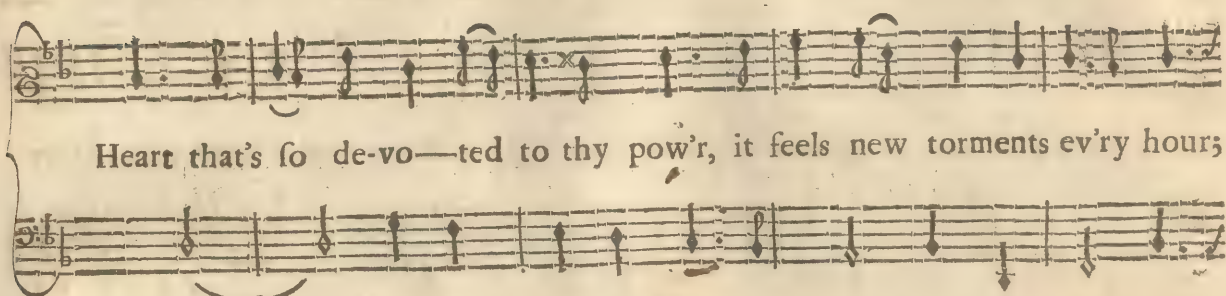
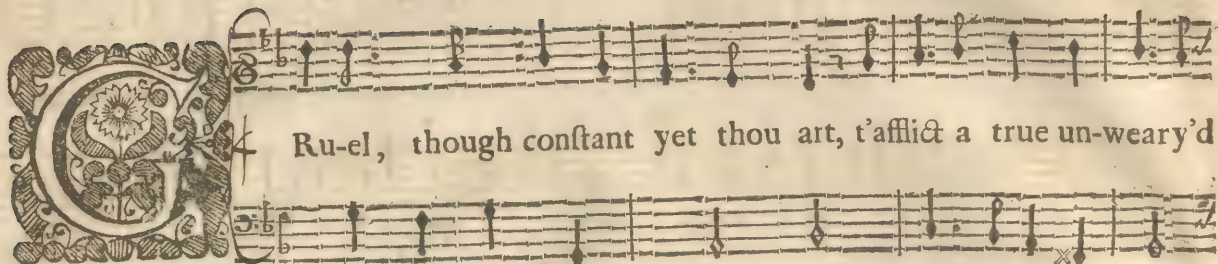
Floods that flash from Rocks so steep; Gen-tly dash, gent-ly

dash, whilst I go sleep. Creep, creep soft-ly, creep pur-ling streams, whilst I go sleep.

Creep, creep soft-ly, creep pur-ling streams, whilst I go sleep.

Critet

S O N G.



II.

Though You forbid, it will Love on;
 Tis positive, though 'tis undone.
 Where conquering Love does Regent sit,
 It will no Negative admit:
 Then Heart pursue the Fatal prize,
 Resolv'd to be Loves Sacrifice.

Mr. Charles Green.



Hat *Cælia* now my Heart does claim, *Phil-lis* You must not

think it strange, the Object alter'd not the Flame; Or, if it cease to be the

same, 'tis You have made the cha—nge. E—ter—nal con-stant cy I swore, and

held, till *Phil-lis* chang'd her Mind; But since you'l hear of Love no more, My Vow is

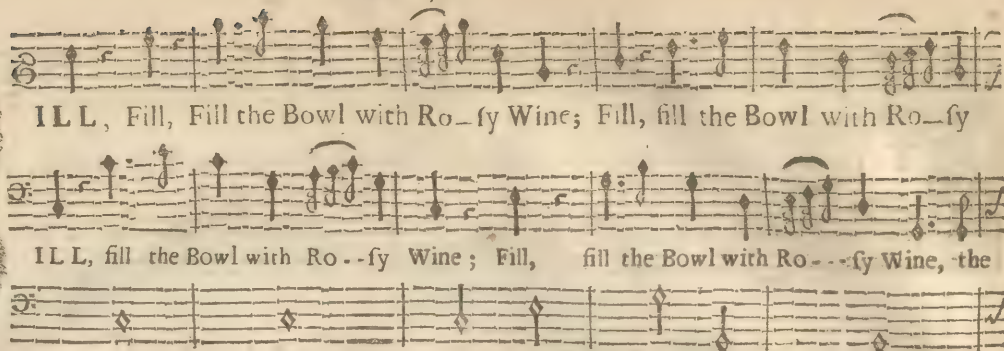
kept while I a—dore a Nymph that's tru—ly kind.

II.

Plac'd high the Element of Love,
My Heart wou'd always point one way,
As Weather-cocks wou'd constant prove.
But when the Veering Winds remove,

The Engines must obey.

My Heart tho' several Beauties gain,
The Fort is still Loves constant seat,
As Rocks are constant to the Main,
And their old Stations do retain,
When fickle Waves retreat.



ILL, Fill, Fill the Bowl with Ro-fy Wine; Fill, fill the Bowl with Ro-fy

ILL, fill the Bowl with Ro-fy Wine; Fill, fill the Bowl with Ro-fy Wine, the

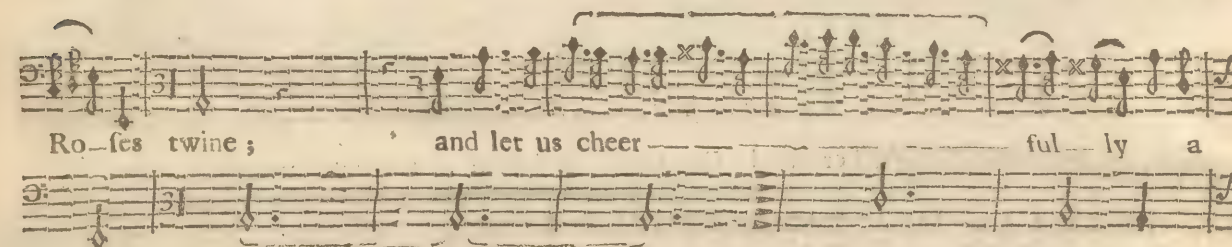


Wine, with Ro-fy Wine, a--rou ———— nd our Temples, a--ro ———— und our Temples

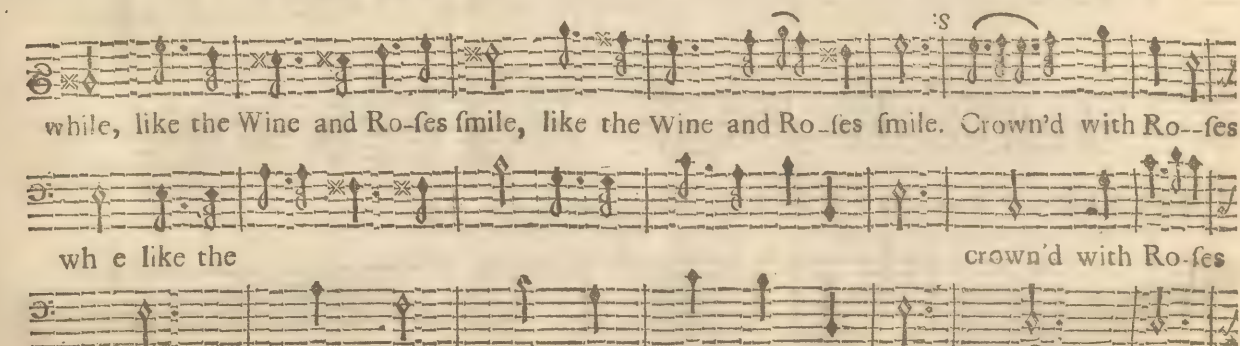
Bowl with Ro-fy Wine; a--ro ———— und our Temples



Ro-fes twine, and let us cheer ———— ful-ly a while, and let us cheer-ful-ly a

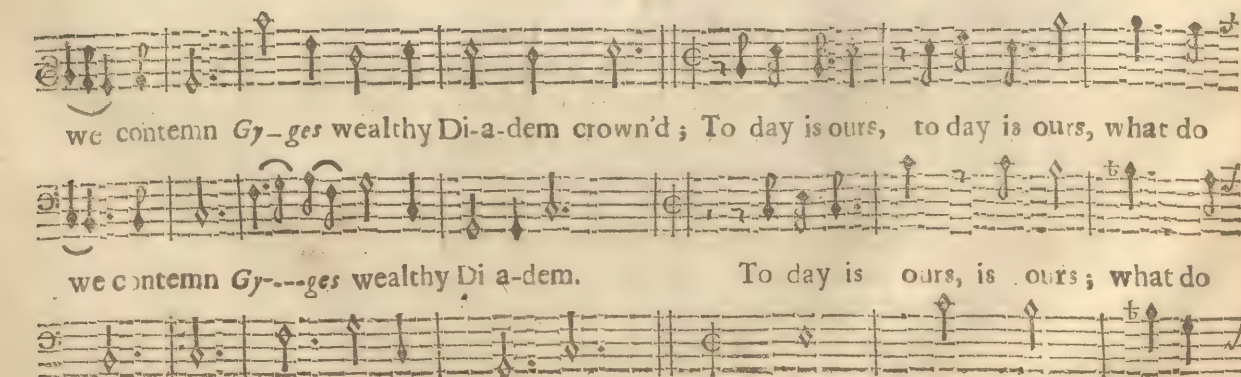


Ro-fes twine; and let us cheer ———— ful-ly a



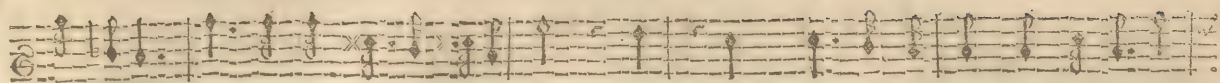
while, like the Wine and Ro-fes smile, like the Wine and Ro-fes smile. Crown'd with Ro-fes

wh e like the crown'd with Ro-fes

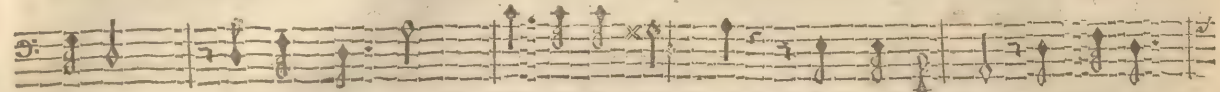


we contemn Gy-ges wealthy Di-a-dem crown'd; To day is ours, to day is ours, what do

we contemn Gy-ges wealthy Di a-dem. To day is ours, is ours; what do



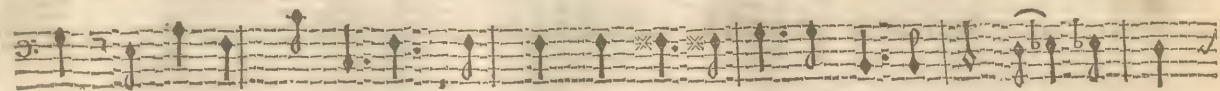
we fear; what do we fear to day is ours ; what, what, what do we fear, to day is ours,



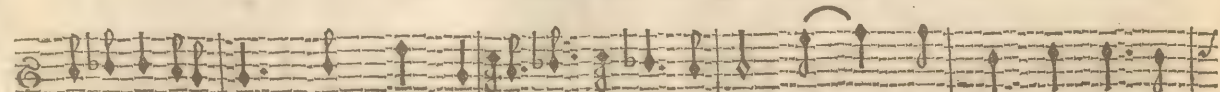
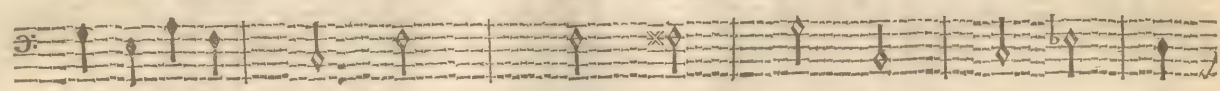
we fear, to day is ours ; what do we fear, what, what do we fear, to day is



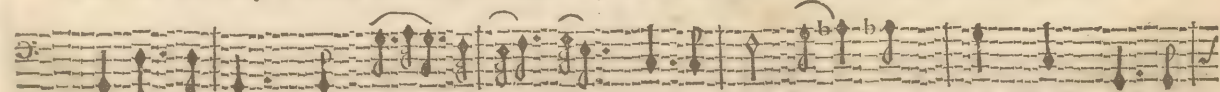
is ours; we have it here, let's Treat it, treat it kind--ly, that it may wish at least,



ours, is ours; we have it here, let's Treat it, treat it kindly, that it may wish at least,



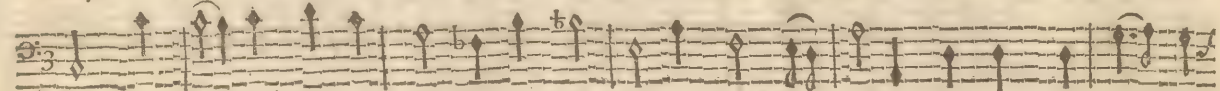
with us to stay; Let's Treat it kind---ly, that it may wish, at least, with us to



with us to stay; Let's Treat it kind---ly, that it may wish, at least, with Us to



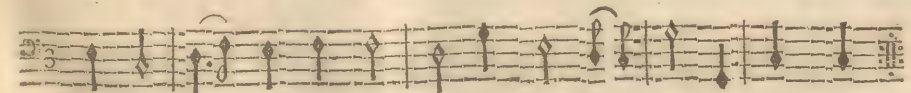
stay. Let's ba-nish Business, ba-nish for-row, to the Gods be-long to mor-row. Lets ba-nish



stay. Let's ba-nish Business, ba-nish for-row, to the Gods be-long to mor-row. Let's ba-nish



Business, ba---nish for-row, to the Gods be-long to mor-row.



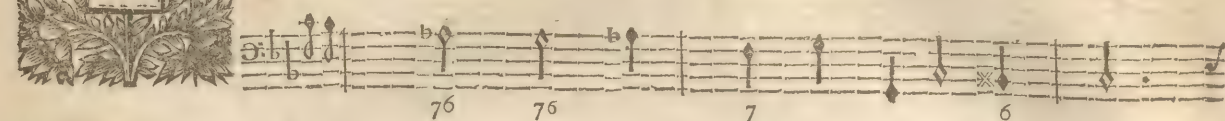
Business, ba--nish for-row, to the Gods be-long to mor--row.



Mr. Henry Purcell



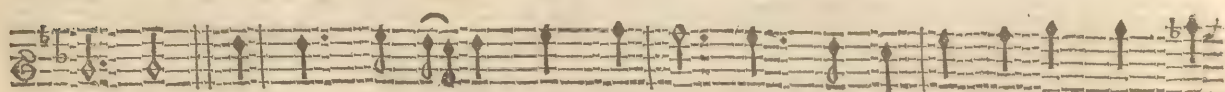
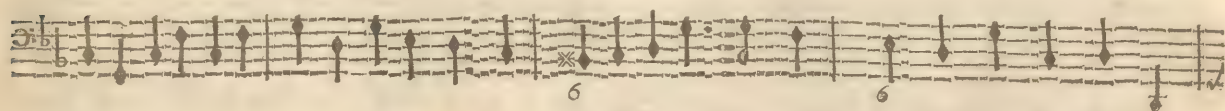
IS cer tain dear Syl-via, that Times are now chang'd from Beauties



soft Charms I must fol-low Al-larms, and leave thy dear Arms for a Suit of hard Armour the



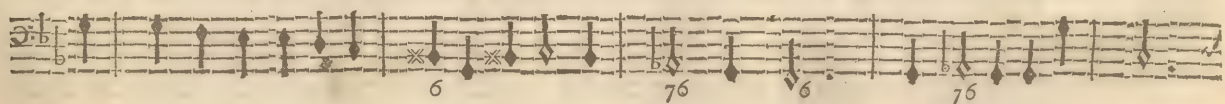
Robe of the War. War, War that makes *Hero's* immortal, and builds up a Monarchs Re-



nown.. 'Tis true, when I see those dear Eyes, Ah! when I think of those Joys that



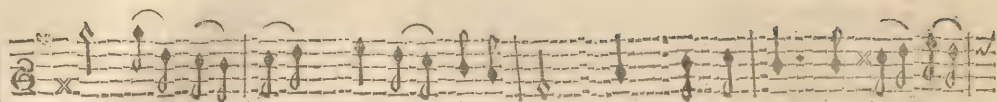
have charm'd thy Soul and mine, tho' I cou'd curse that bui--ly bufs--ling Time. Then I



cou'd wish that *ambition* were flown from the Court to the Camp, add let Love a-lone



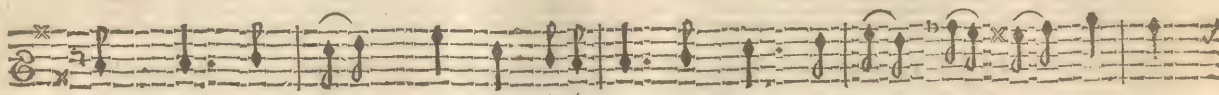
Mr. Sam. Akroyde.



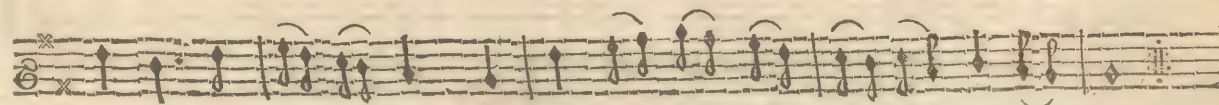
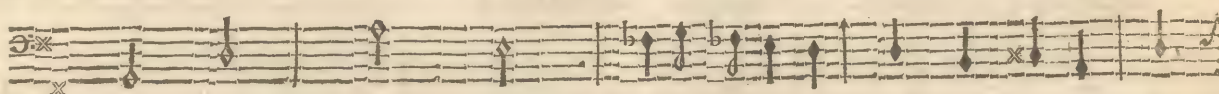
IS *Cælia's* sweet pre.vail-ing Face meets ev'ry winning melting



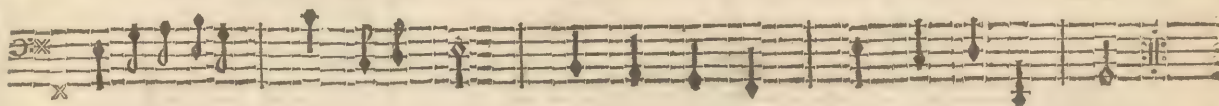
Grace; the Glory's of her conqu'ring Eyes, delight ev'n then when they sur-prize.



And when their charms they do im-part, and conquers where she finds a Heart,



all her mind, Riches here conspire, and with fresh Fu - - el feed the Fire.



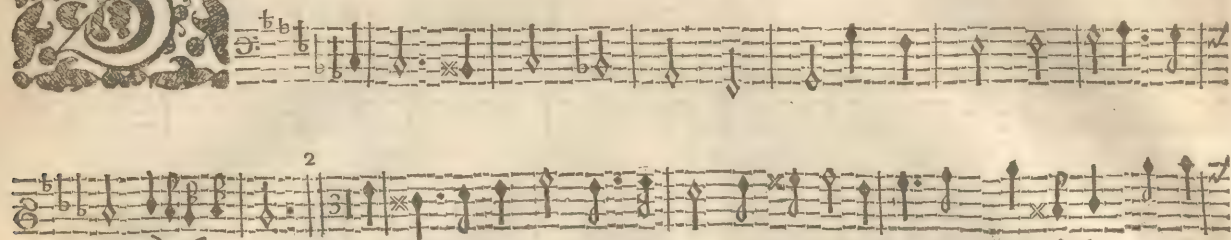
II.

Nor are her Charms so low and mean,
 No more than in her Features seen:
 Her kind Expressions still agrees,
 And with her Graces sympathy's.
 Who hears her speak, and's not amaz'd?
 How strangely are the Senses seiz'd?
 A pleasant humour She'l mantain,
 Her powerful Wit secures her Reign.

Mr. C. Green.

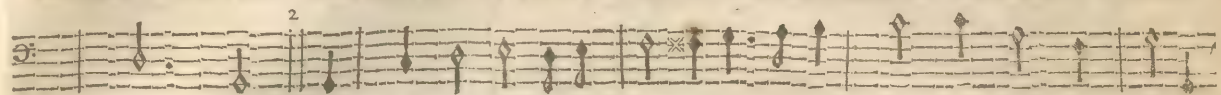


Ince Men are so false, and their flat-te-ry so true, should a Nymph be lieve, and their





the Name of a Lover. When fix'd on our Eys they in Agonies wait the Consent of their Blifs, or Decree of



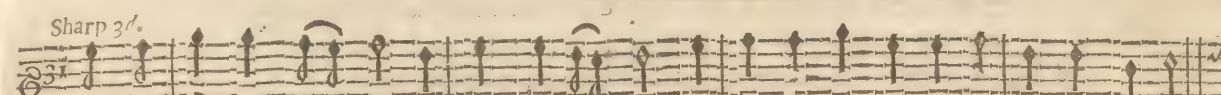
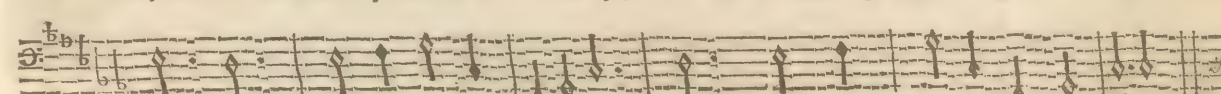
their Fate. But how can we believe what's us'd to deceive? what Credit to bro - ken Vows can we give?



Our Beauty we fondly Re-sign. In vain 'tis we hope to con - fine their Spi-rits; They're boundless, and



free, nor to be rul'd by Loves Di - vi - ni - ty, Nor to be rul'd by Loves Di - vi - ni - ty.



Then our selves we'll Em-brace, we'll Court our own Face, and on our own Temples new Chaplets we'll place.

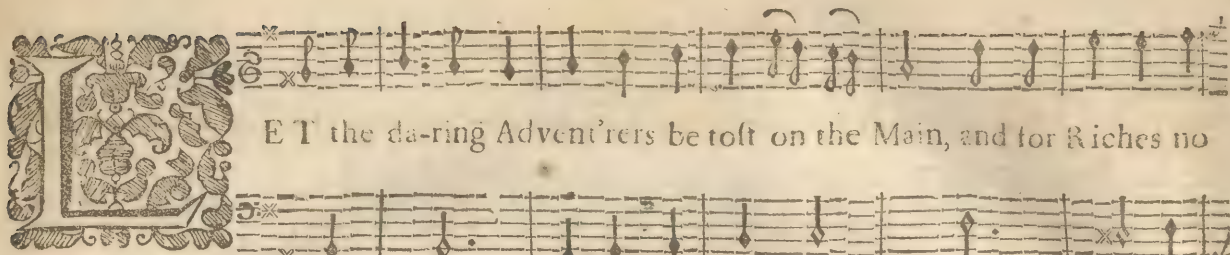


A Pride in their Ruine we'll take, and scorn the Addreses They make. Our Beauty shall fit Try-umph-ing



a - bove the reach of their Flar'ry, and the pow'r of their Love.

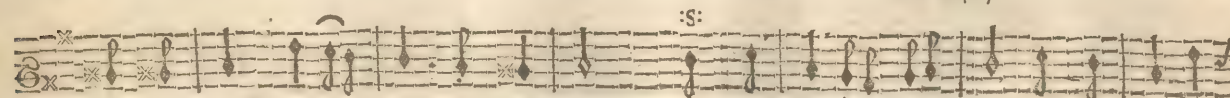




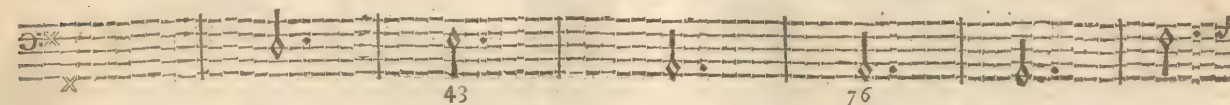
E T the da-ring Advent'ers be tost on the Main, and for Riches no



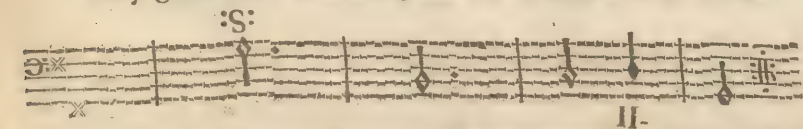
Dangers de-cline, tho' with hazard the spoils of both *In--dies* they gain;



They can bring us no Trea-sure like Wine; Tho' with ha-zard the spoils of both *In--dies*



they gain, they can bring us no Treasure like Wine.



II-

Let the Gaudy young Fop, who spends most of his time
At his Glas, the Court, Play-House, and Park;
Write Sonnets to *Chlores*, and sweat for each Rhime,
To be thought a Poetical Spark.

Let the Lover look wan, sigh, and mourn for his Dear,
The bold Bully look pale with his Claps;
We who drink, spend our nights without any such care,
And ne're die of such foolish Mis-haps.

I I I.

The Juice of the Grape can a Beggar enrich,
And supply greater want in a KING;
'Twill sooth all the cares of a comfortless wretch,
And make Men in Dungeons, to sing.
There's none can groan under a burthensom life,
If this Sovereign Cordial he gains:
'Twill make a Man bear all the Plagues of a Wife;
And of Rage, and Diseases in Chains.

I V.

It swells all our Veins with a kind purple flood,
And puts Love and great thoughts in our Mind;
There's no Peasant so rank, but it fills with good Blood;
And to Galantry makes him inclin'd.
There's nothing our Hearts with such joy can bewitch
On Earth, 'tis a Pow'r that's Divine,
Without it we're wretched, though never so rich;
And no Man is poor that has Wine.

Mr. Tho. Shadwell

A New Scotch SONG.



Ong cold Nights when Winter--Fro--z 'em *Joc-keys* Head lay on my

Bo-som, now each wan-ton Lafs pur-sues thee ; Ah we'as me! that *I* must loose thee.

Saw-ney and *Jon-ny* came of-ten to try me, *Phil-ly* and *Wil-ly* wou'd fain ligg by me;

But A-lafs they do but tease me, *Joc-key* a-lonc knows how to please me:

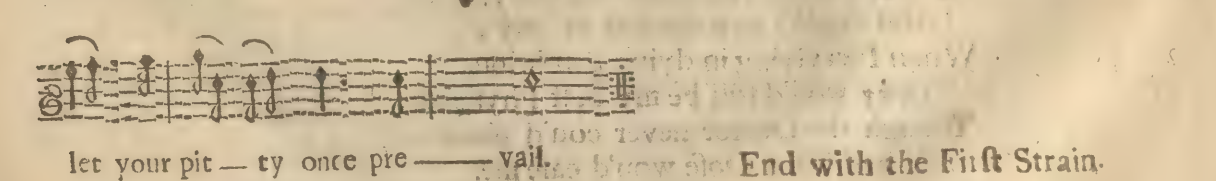
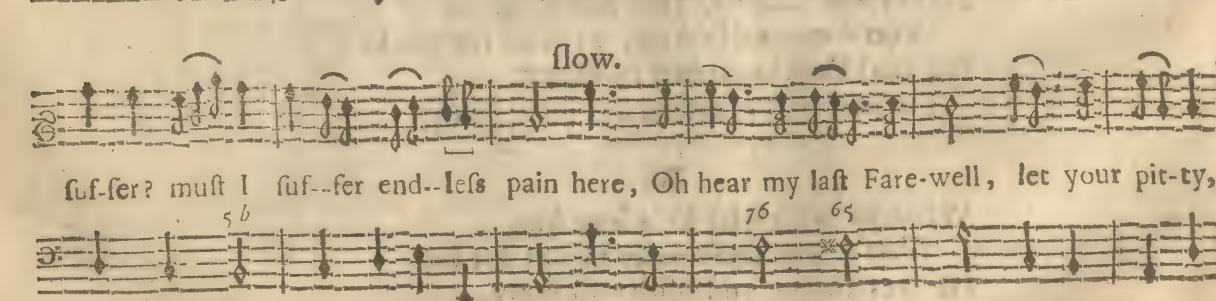
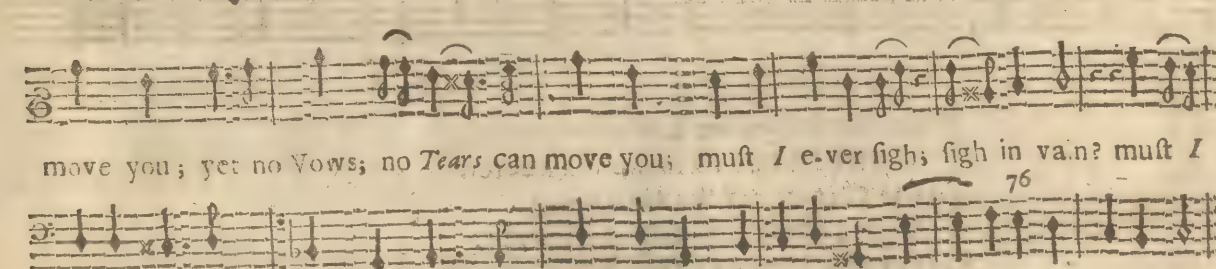
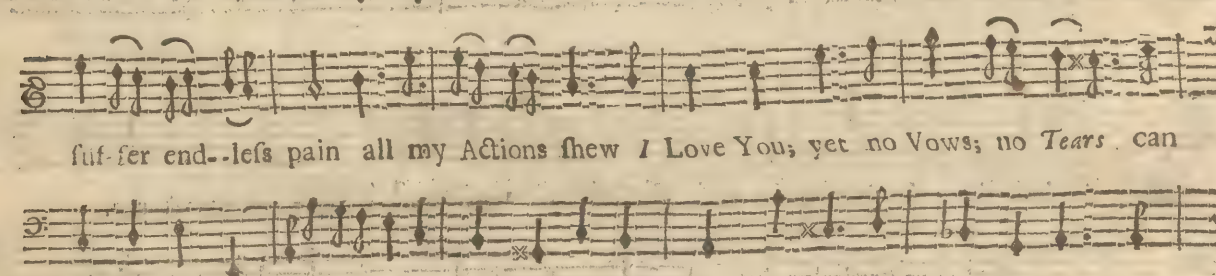
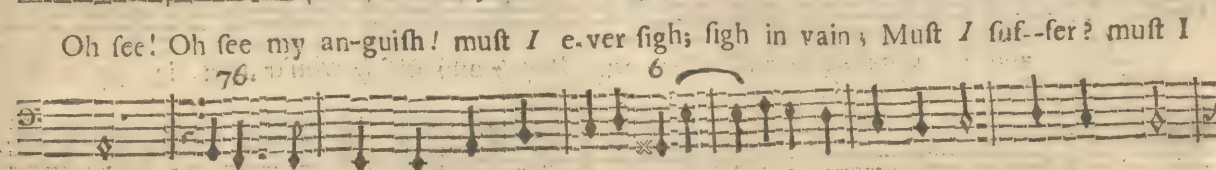
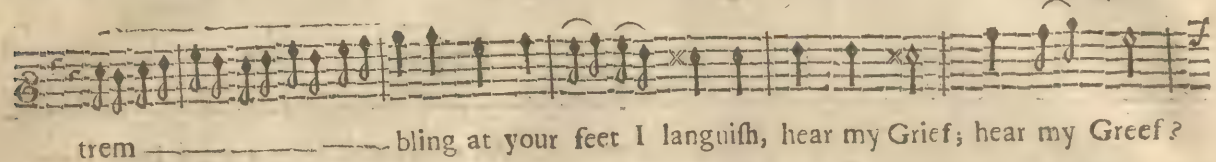
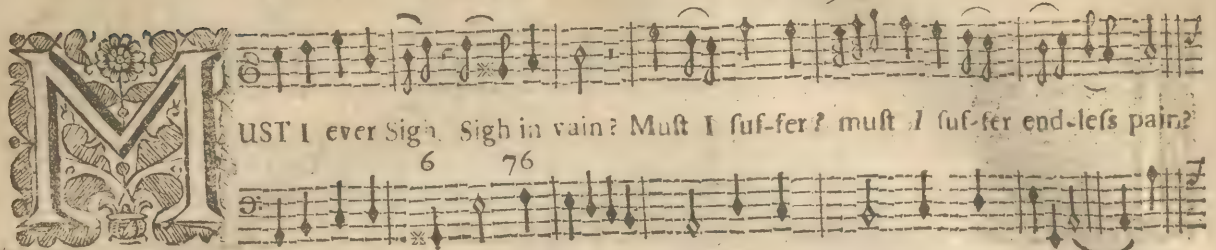
II.

When he writes his Love in Meeter,
When he Sings to make it sweeter.
To the Clouds my Soul is driven,
Then I think my self in Heaven.
Fether and Mather, that know mickle of it,
Woo'd me and su'd me, to Wed for Profit ;
But had Fate been bad or lucky,
I wou'd ner're forsake my poor *Jocky*.

III.

What ye weel why Ise adore him,
Wou'd you know why Ise die for him.
He was Young, and Blith and Bony,
And could Love me best of any ;
When I was lying in dying condition,
Jocky wou'd still be my best Physician ;
Though the Doctor never cou'd please me,
He had still a Dose wou'd ease me.

The last New SONG of Mr. Sam. Akroyde's Setting.





Ome *Cælia*, let's a-gree at last to Love, and live in quiet; and

tie the Knot so very fast, that Time shall ne're untie it. Love's purest Joys they

ne-ver prove, who free from Quarrels live; 'Tis sure the tender'st part of

Love each o-ther to for-give. When first I seem'd concern'd, I took no plea-sure,

nor no Rest; And when I shew'd an an-gry look, A-las! I Lov'd You best.

Say but the same to Me, you'll find how hap-py is our Fate. Ah! to be grateful,

to be kind, it ne-ver is too late.

End with the First Strain.

Mr. Will. Turner.



Would my *A-mi-n-a* once be kind, how grateful would I prove to the

great good-ness of her mind, how Just unto her Love! But she owns too much Un-be-lief,

and al-ways gra-ti-fies a saw-cy, bold, as-pi-ring Theef, and who de-serves, de-nies.

Thou sa-cred God that Go-vern'st Hearts, draw forth thy Fa-tal Bowe, and Tip with

Pass'nate Love thy Darts to strike the fu-rer blow; If my *A-mi-n-a* thou dost hit thy

Judgement Ple pro-claim, and thy great Pow'r shall then be writ in the Re-cords of Fame

Mr. Will. Turner.

F I N I S.

COMES AMORIS: OR THE Companion of LOVE.

Being a Choice COLLECTION
Of The Newest SONGS now in Use.

WITH

Thorow-Bafs to each SONG for the *Harpfichord*, *Theorbo*, or *Bafs-Viol*

THE SECOND BOOK.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *Tho. Moore* for *John Carr* at his Shop at the *Middle Temple Gate*, and
Sam Scott at his Shop in *Bell-Yard* near *Temple-Barr*. 1688.

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(rmb 159)

A Table of SONGS contain'd in this Book.

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Bright <i>Gloriana</i> , By what I've ſeen,	18 13	No <i>Silvia</i> no, Now, now we are met and humours, Now, now we are met, we're reſolv'd	4 28 28
C		S	
Call me no more untrue, Cold and Raw,	15 16	Sum up all the Delights, Stretch'd upon the Graſs,	26 24
F		T	
Farewel Love, From a Due Doſe of Claret, For the few hours of Life,	12 22 27	The Miller's Daughter, Tinking <i>Tom</i> was an,	25 21
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How unhappy alaſs, How can they taſt of Joy,	5 6	Unhappy 'tis that I,	9
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I ſaw the Laſs,	8	VVelcome, welcome, VVhen Mony has done, VVhilt ſighing,	17 2 20
L		Y	
<i>Lucinda's</i> lovely Charming Face,	1	Youth and VVit do,	10

M U S I C K Books ſold by John Carr at the Middle-Temple Gate.

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Alſo all ſorts of *Musical Instruments*, and *Strings*.

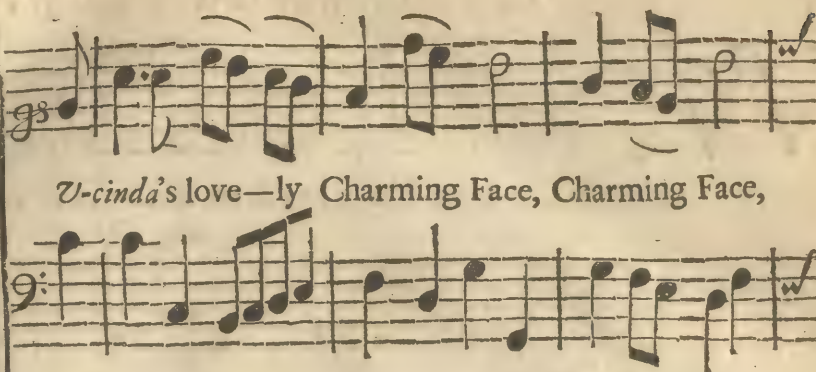
A List of the Contents of the

1	The History of the	The History of the
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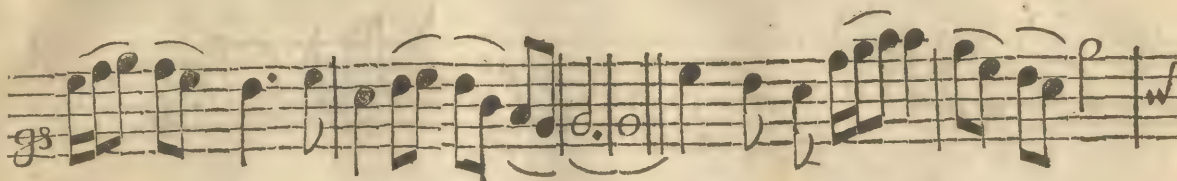
The following is a list of the contents of the book, arranged in alphabetical order of the authors' names. The list is intended to give a general idea of the scope and extent of the work, and to enable the reader to find the particular parts of the book which he may be interested in.

The book is divided into two main parts, the first of which contains the history of the country from the earliest times to the present day, and the second of which contains the history of the country from the present day to the future. The first part is divided into three sections, the first of which contains the history of the country from the earliest times to the present day, the second of which contains the history of the country from the present day to the future, and the third of which contains the history of the country from the future to the present day. The second part is divided into two sections, the first of which contains the history of the country from the present day to the future, and the second of which contains the history of the country from the future to the present day.

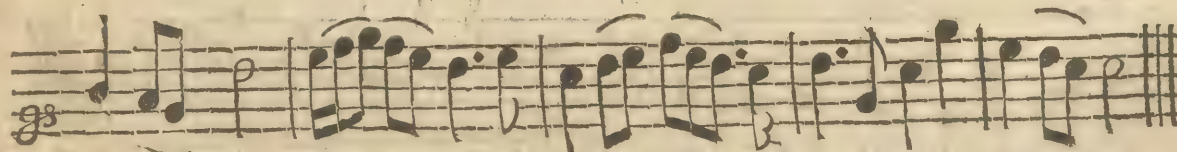
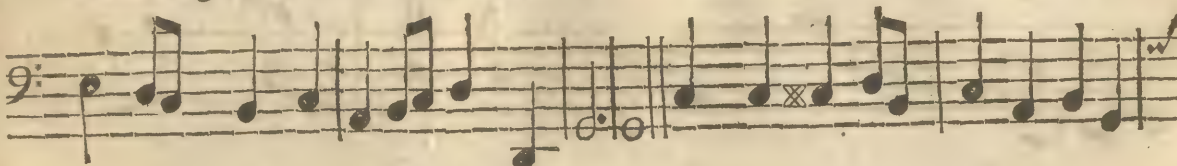
The book is written in a clear and concise style, and is intended to be a useful and interesting work for all who are interested in the history of the country. The list of contents is intended to give a general idea of the scope and extent of the work, and to enable the reader to find the particular parts of the book which he may be interested in.



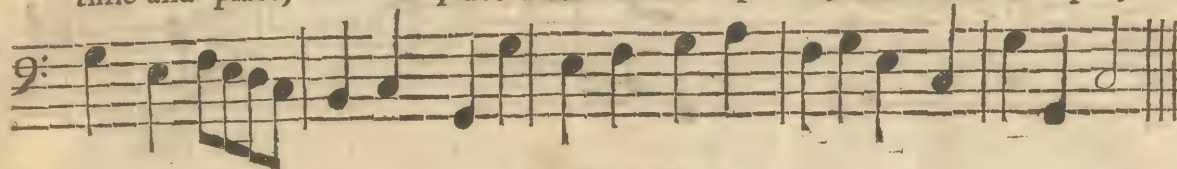
U-cinda's love—ly Charming Face, Charming Face,



Charming Face, in all its splendour free sweet was the happy time and place,



time and place, time and place I had her Comp~~a~~—ny. I had her Company.



I wish each Minute was an Age,
So blest in Love was I,
I prest her lips and did ingage
What Love could not deny.

Both equally we soon exprest,
Claspt in each others Arms,
My Head upon her Snowy Brest
We lay desolv'd in Charms.

Mr. Sam. Ackroyde.

The Words by Mr. Weeden to Mr. Reddings Tune.

W

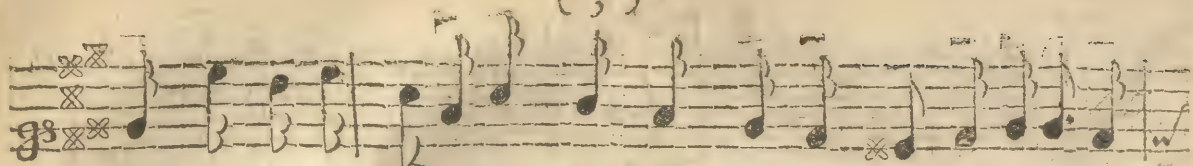
Hen Mony has done what e're it can, and round a--bout

run to pleasure a Man, whose life's but a span, with worldly Joys and the glittering

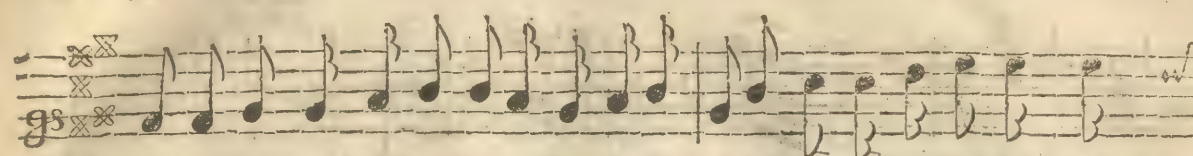
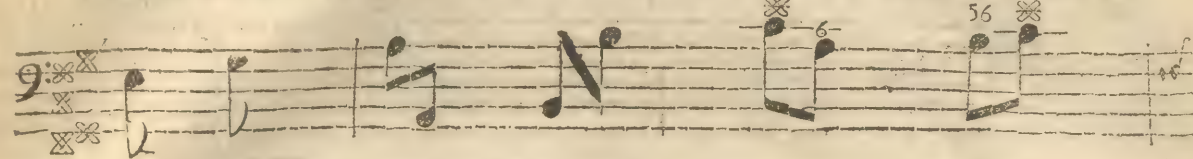
toys, which do make such a noise as confound all ad--vice that's gi--ven by the

Wife, and in a trice re--duce the wretch to mi--fe--ries, and there they leave him ;

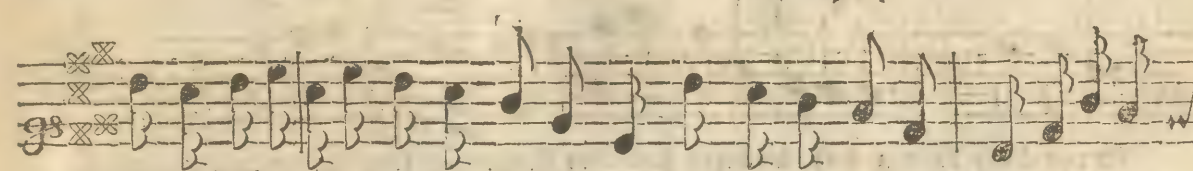
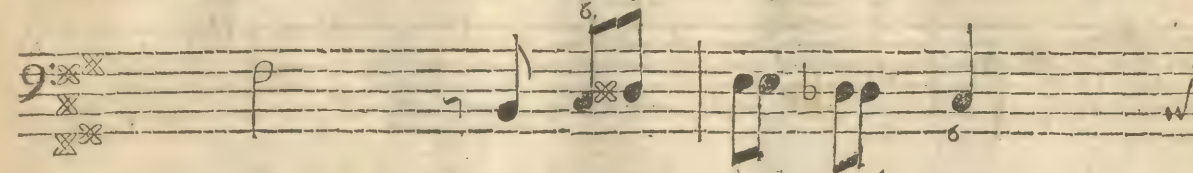
Then the World which before for his store did a---dore him, strait seems afraid of one de-



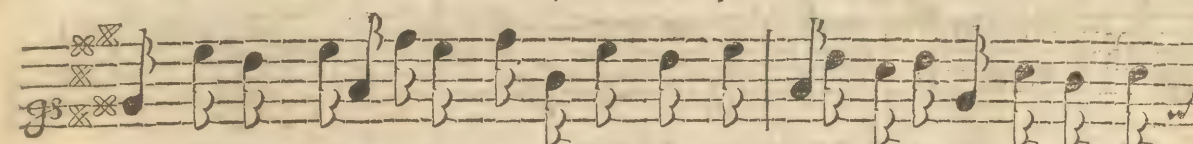
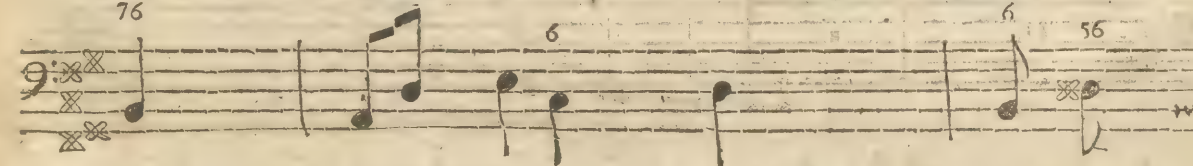
cay'd, and him up--braid of the Wealth which each by's Trade did before de-



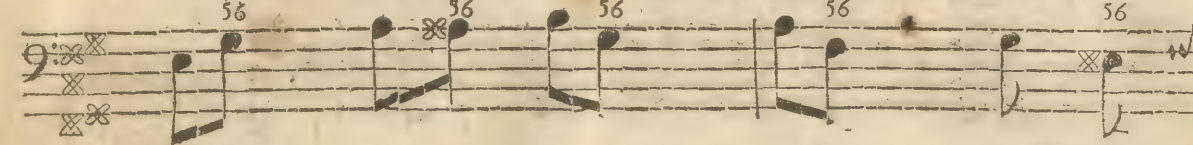
ceive him, but when the Mortal sees his own un--doing, finds his acquaintance and



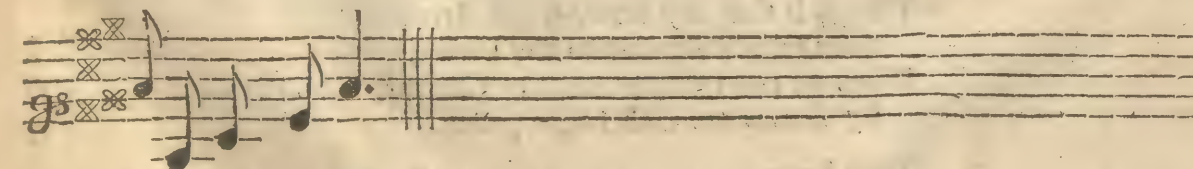
friends are all a going, then he sighs and moans, and then he pines and groans, at last he



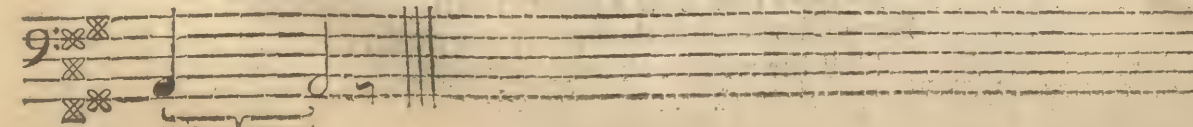
craves, his friends deny, at which he raves & swares he'l die, & thus he cries he ne're was

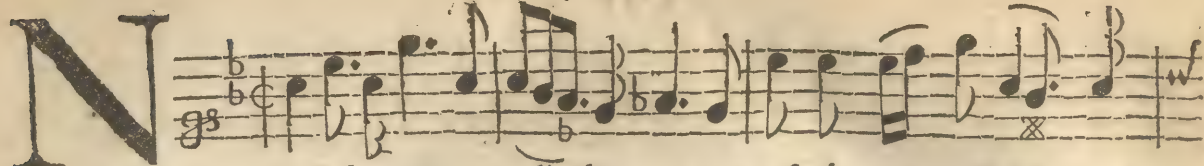


wife until in mi--se--ry he dies, and thus the wretched spendthrift lies, fare him well for

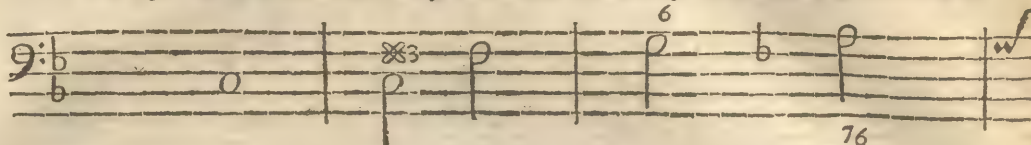


e--ver more, A--men.

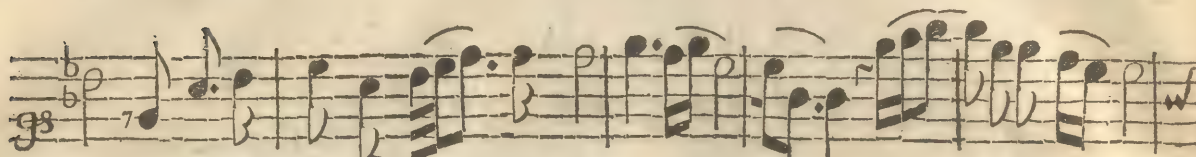




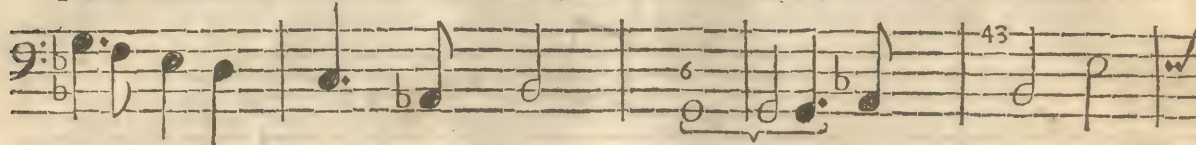
O *Sylvia* no, not all thy care can ease thy wretched Lo—ver's



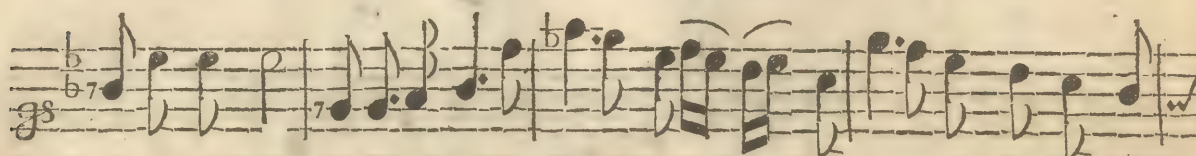
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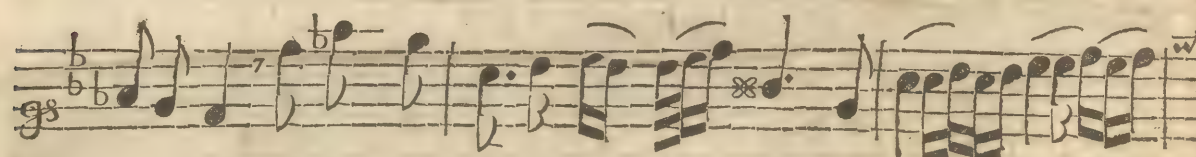
pain, these fond en-dearments thou maist spare, smiles, kisses, ten-----der vows are vain



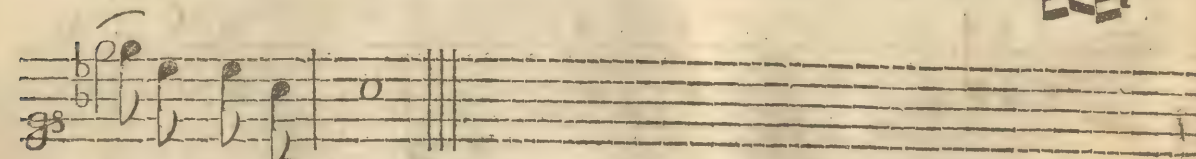
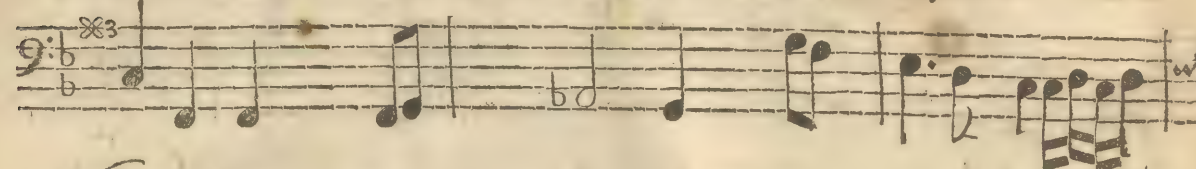
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for cou'd thy Face a way invent to shew thee kinder then thou art it wou'd not give the

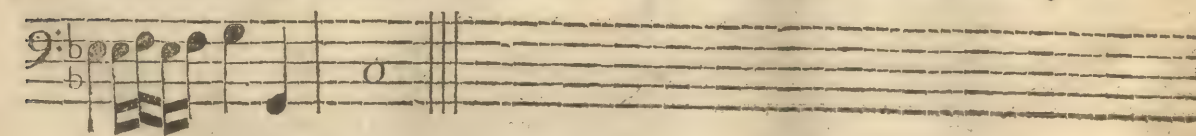


least content, it wou'd not give the least con---tent to my— di—



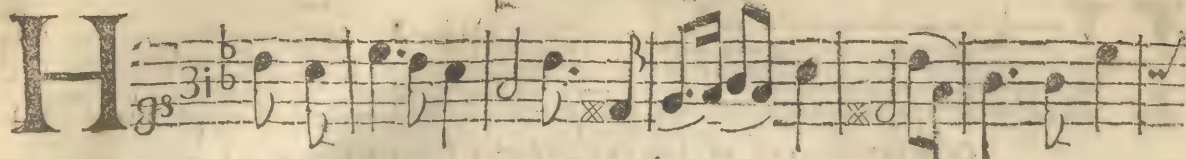
fracted Jealous Heart.

Mr. Peter Ifack.

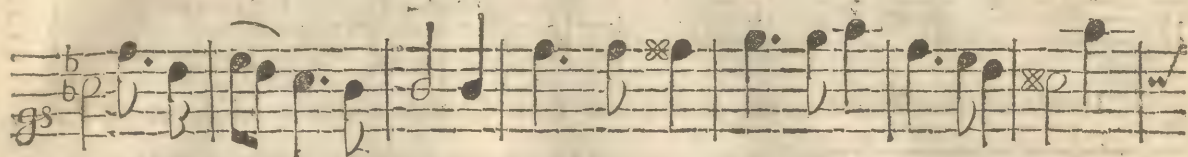
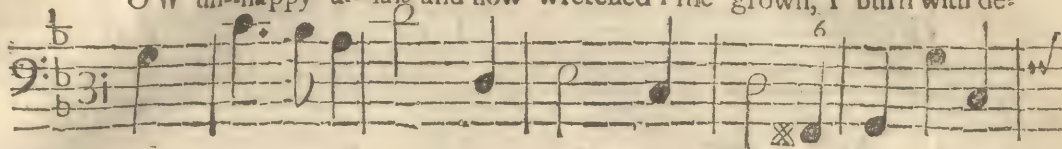


Why is it that thy Snow-white Arms
Soeagerly clasps me to thy Breast,
When all thy Beauties, all thy Charms,
By Damon are each Night possesst.

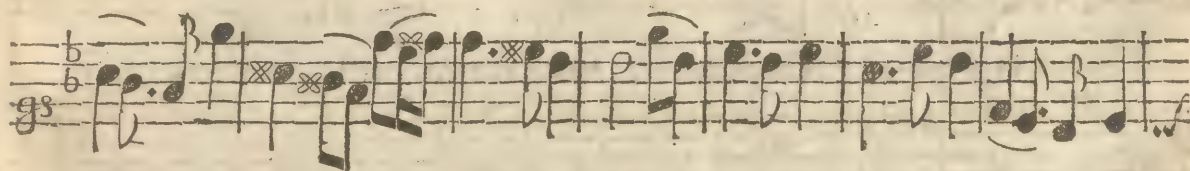
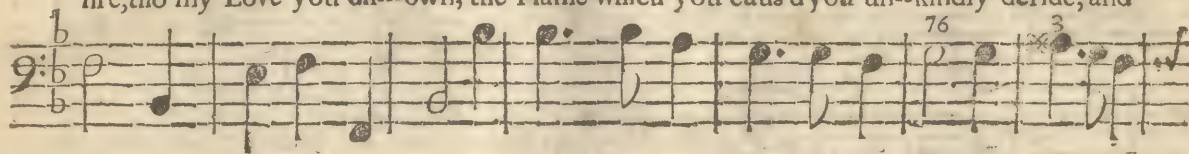
Then strive no more my grief to ease,
In Love I'me such a Miser grown,
Not all the Wealth thou giv'st con please,
'Till the rich stock be all my own.



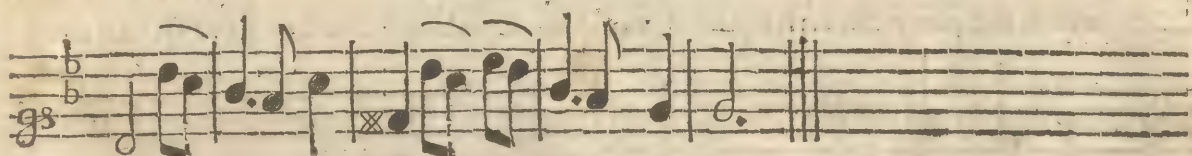
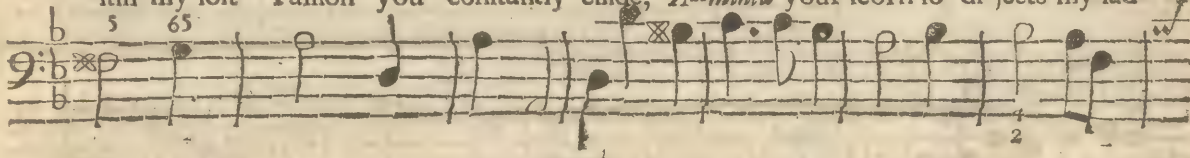
O W un-happy a--lafs and how wretched I'me grown, I burn with de-



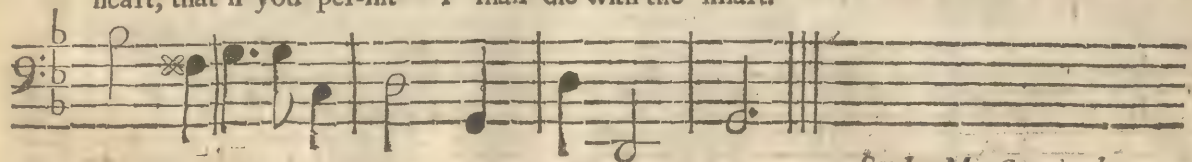
fire, tho my Love you dis--own, the Flame which you caus'd you un--kindly deride, and



still my soft Passion you constantly chide, A--mint a your scorn so di-jects my sad

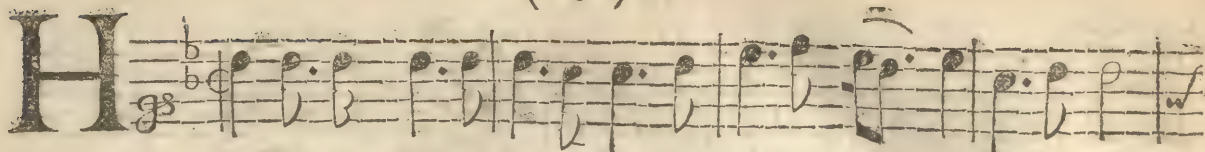


heart, that if you per-sist I shall die with the smart.

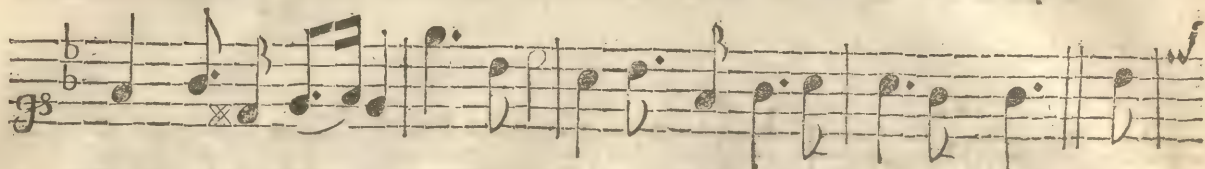
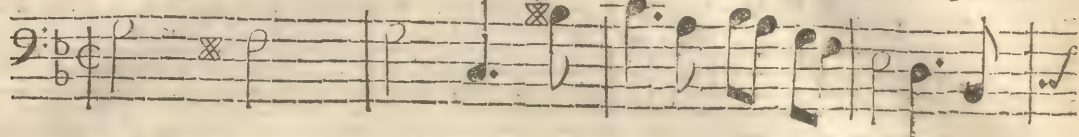


Set by Mr. Courtroul.

When alone I lament and sigh out my anguish,
 Deluded with hopes you still let me languish,
 Your Eyes are so bright and so feed the fierce fire,
 With Love still I burn and consume with desire,
 I sigh, much oppress'd, to give ease to my pain,
 But the Flame in my Brest does still burn and remain.



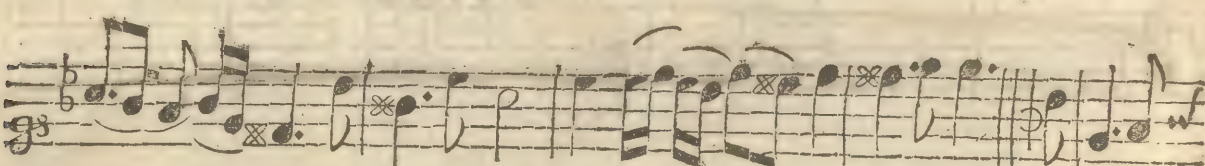
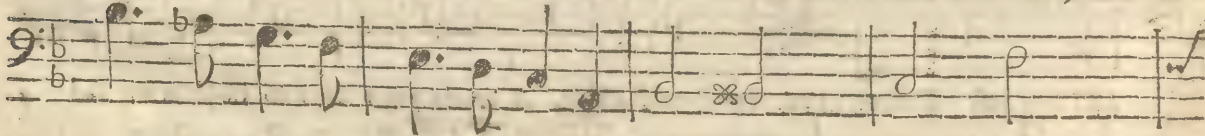
O W can they tast of Joy or Grief who Beauty's Power did never prove,



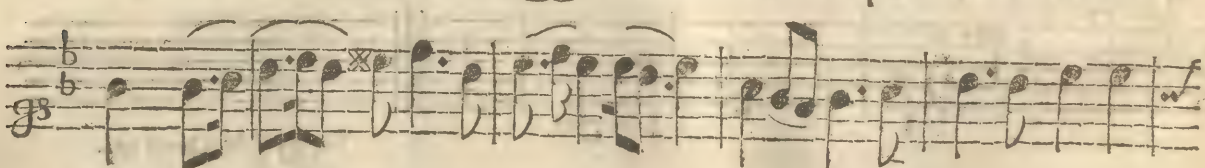
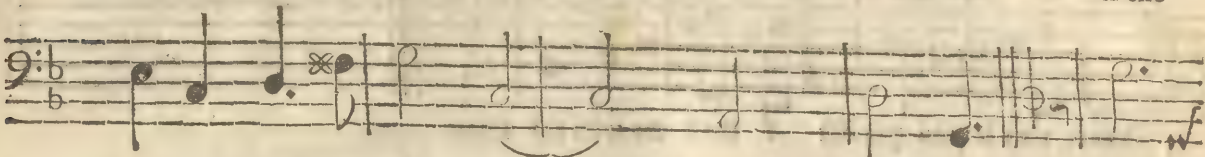
Love's all our Torment, our Relief, our Fate depends a---lone on Love. Were



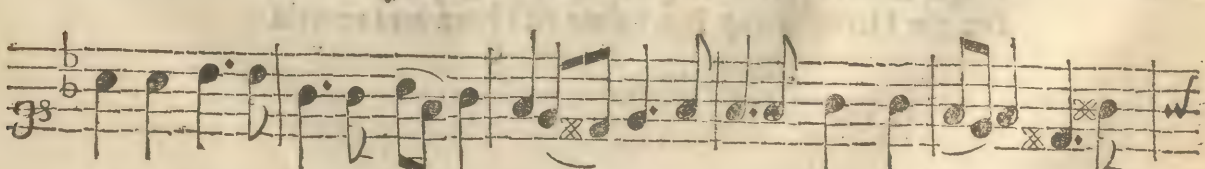
I in hea---vy Chains confin'd, Ne--eras smiles wou'd ease that state, nor



wealth nor pow'r can bless my mind, curs'd by her ab--sence or her hate. Of all the

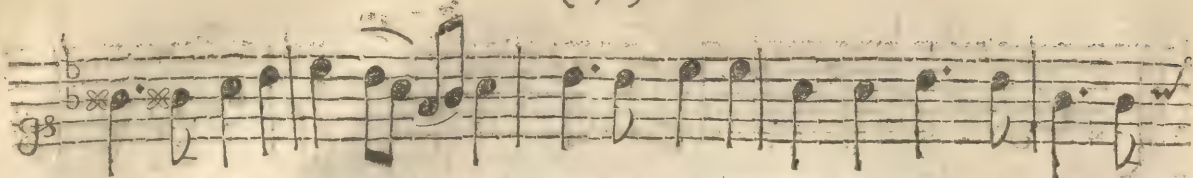


Plants which shade the field, the fragrant Myrtle does surpass, no Flow'r so gay that

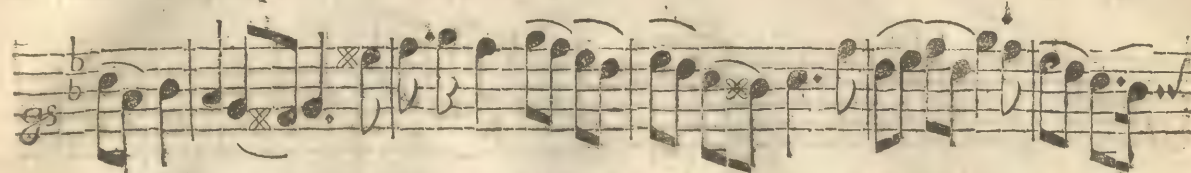
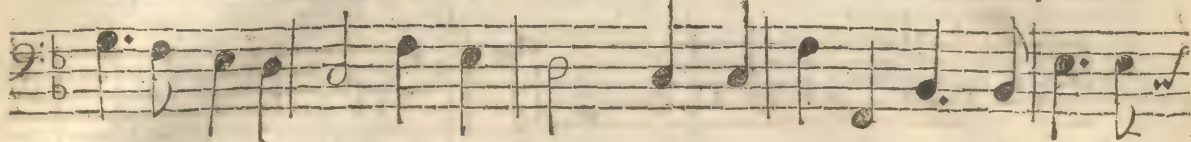


does not yeild to blooming Ro-ses gau---dy dress, no star so bright that can be seen when

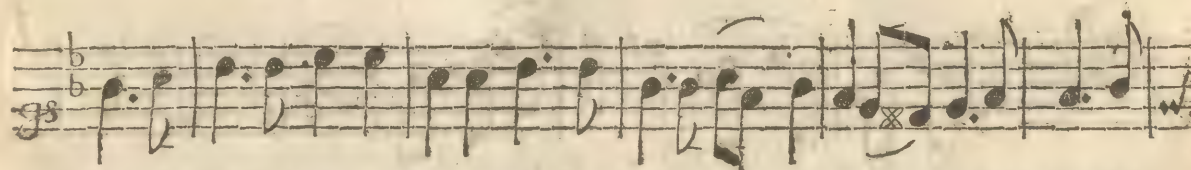
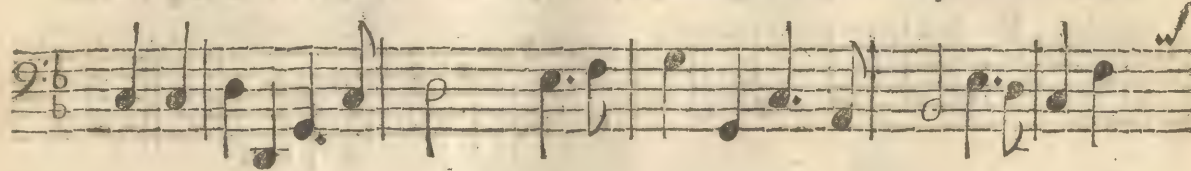




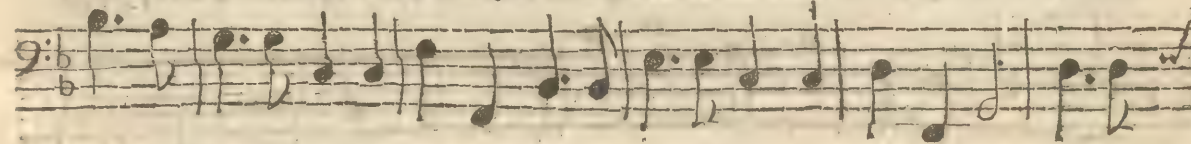
Phebus's Glories guild the Skies, no Nymph so proud a--dorns the Green, but yeilds to



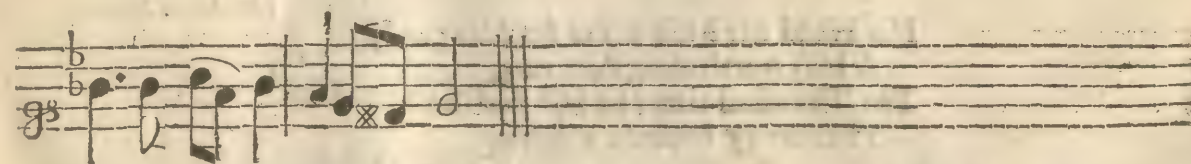
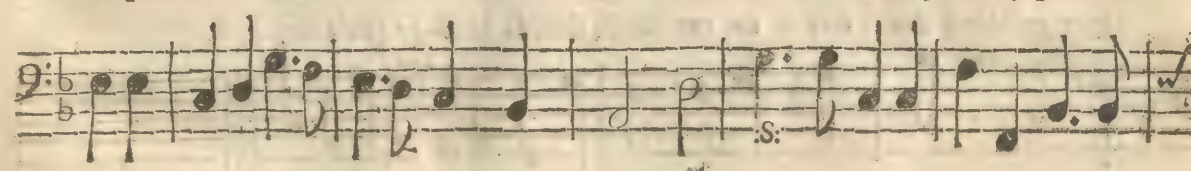
fair Ne--eras Eyes, the Amorous Swains no Offerings bring to Cu-pids Altar as be-



fore, to her they play, to her they sing, and own in Love no other Pow'r, if thou thy

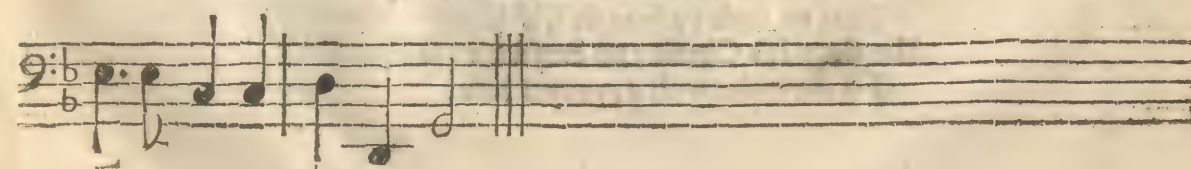


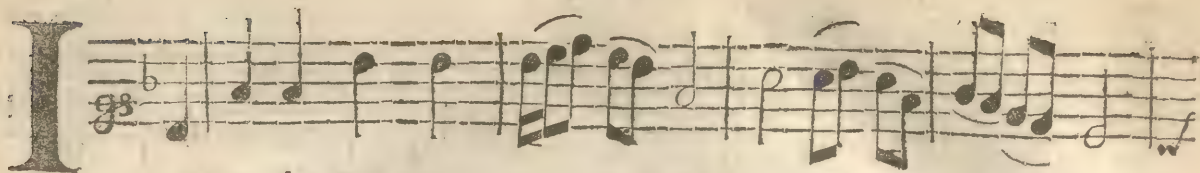
Empire wilt regain, on thy Conqu'rour try thy Dart, touch with pittty for my pain Ne-



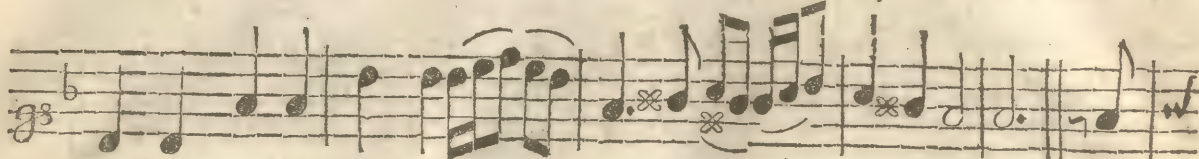
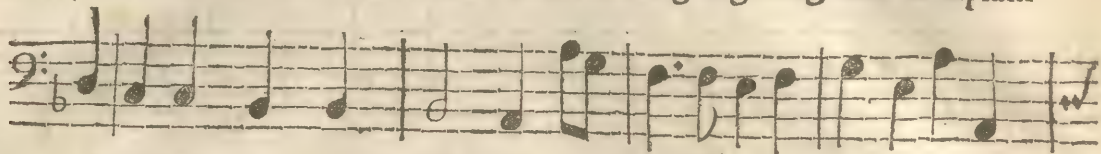
e--ras's cold dis-dain-ful Heart.

Mr. James Hart.

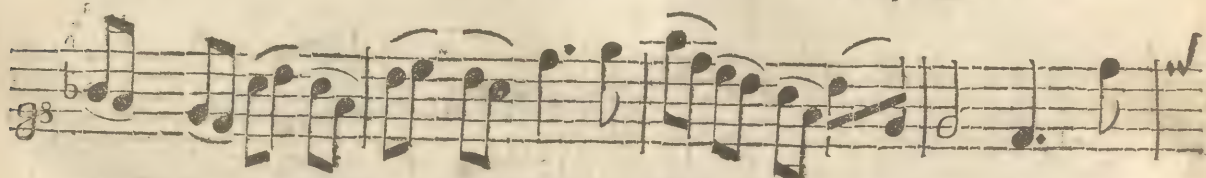
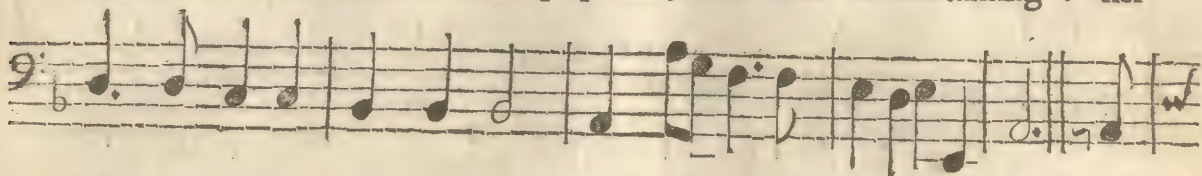




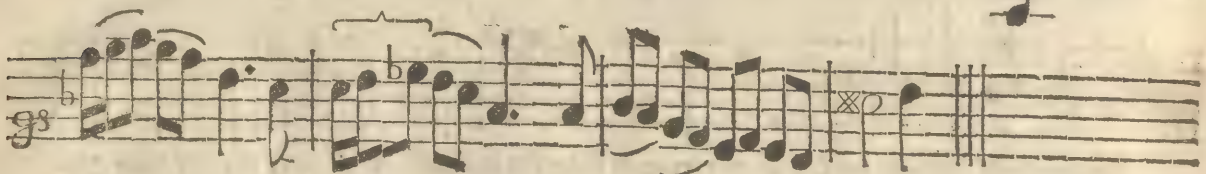
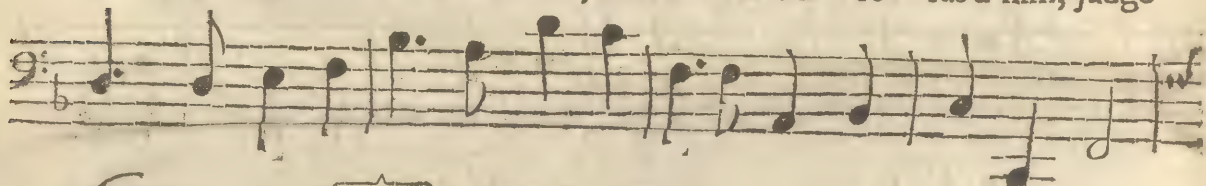
Saw the Lads whom dear I lov'd long sigh-ing and complain-



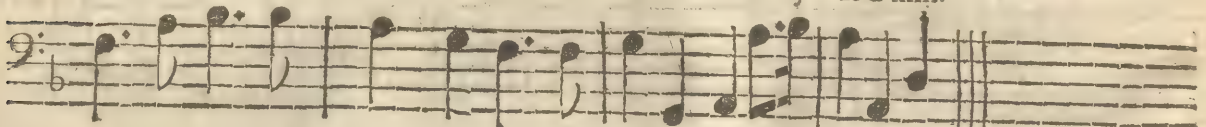
ing, while me she shund and dis-ap-prov'd, a--no--ther en--tertaining : her



hand, her lips, to him were free, no fa-vour she re--fus'd him, judge



how un-kind she was to me while she so kind-ly us'd him.

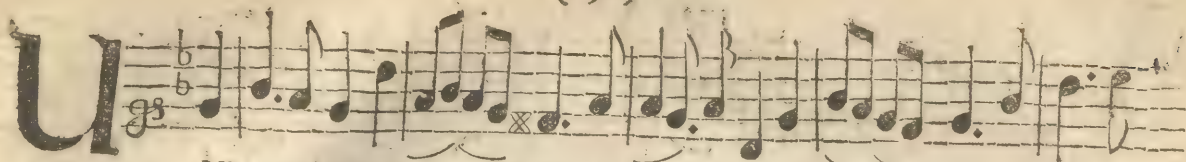


Mr. Moses Snow.

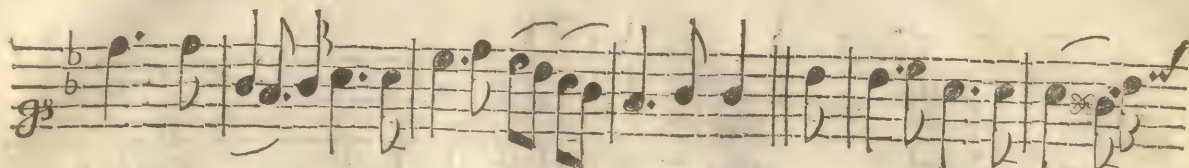
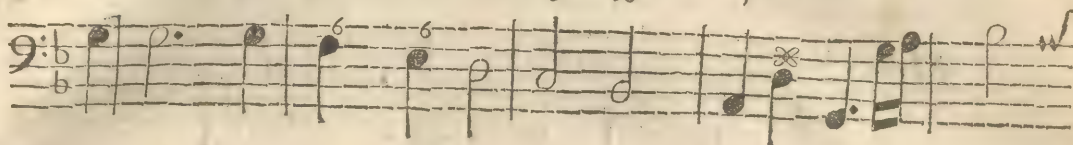
His Hand her Milk white Bubbies prest,
A blifs worth Kings desiring,
Ten Thousand times he kist her Brest,
The Snowy Mounts admiring.

While pleas'd to be the Charming Fair,
That to such Passion mov'd him,
She clapt his Cheek and curl'd his Hair,
To shew she well approv'd him.

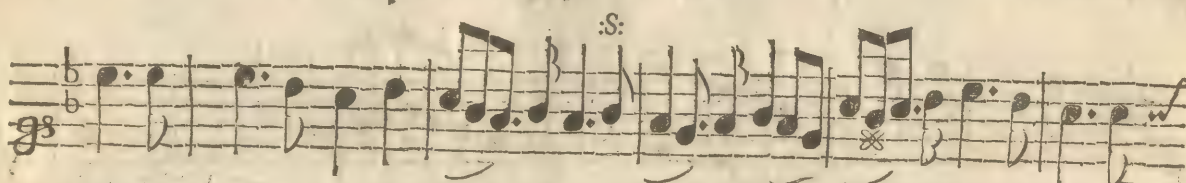
(3)



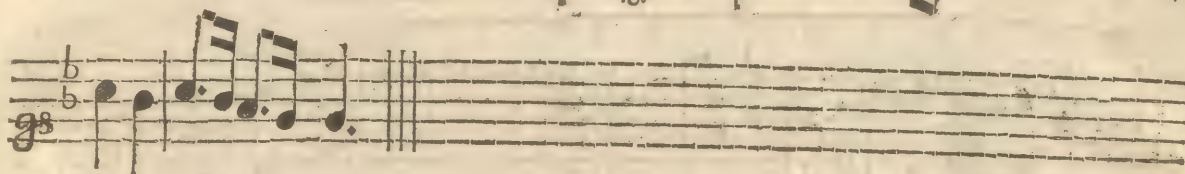
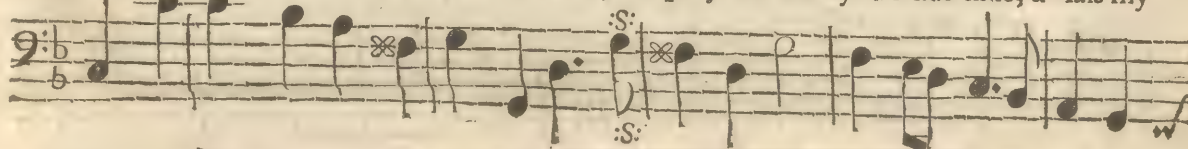
Nhappy 'tis that I was Born, to be undone by Ce-⁶lia's Scorn, no time nor



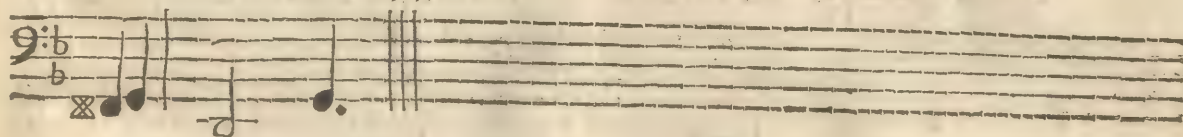
Tongue can e're relate the Tra--ge--dy of my hard Eate ; I in a Feavour scorch &



burn with Love but none do you return; if pity on me you'll not take, a-las my



tender Heart will break.



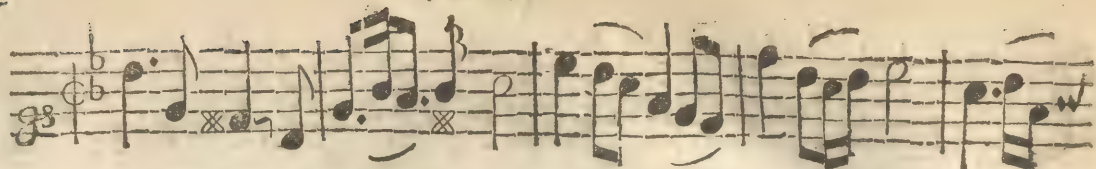
Ah Charming Creature cast an Eye,
I wish a thousand times to dye,
But if ten thousand pains invade,
By one kind look they all are paid,

For should I live and not obtain,
That trouble is a greater pain,
No lovely fair I only find
To let me Dye is to be Kind:

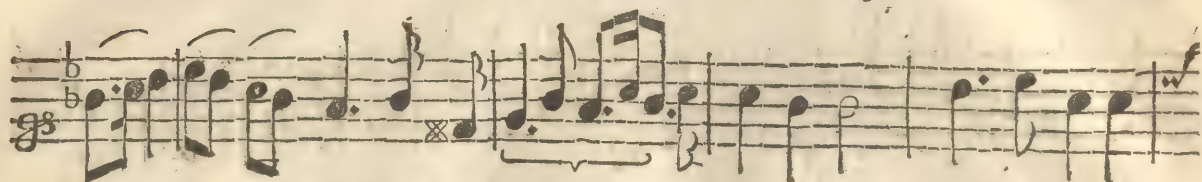
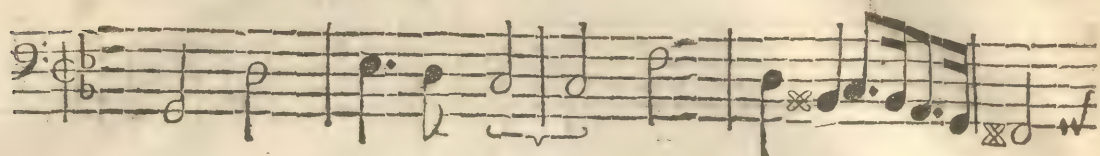
Mr. Rob. King.

D

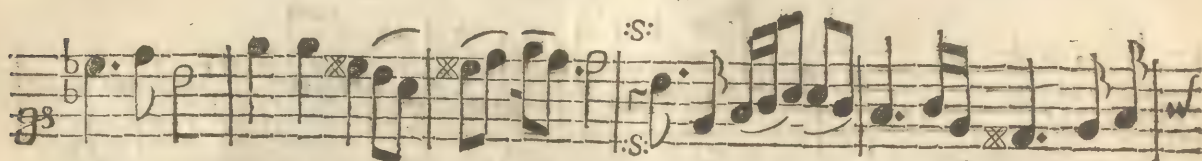
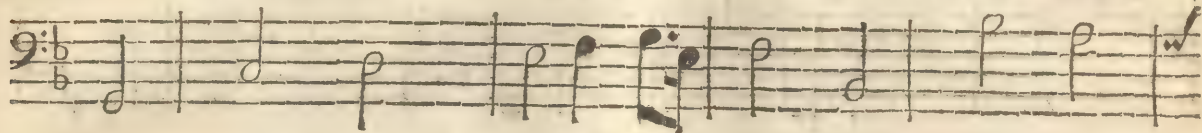
Y



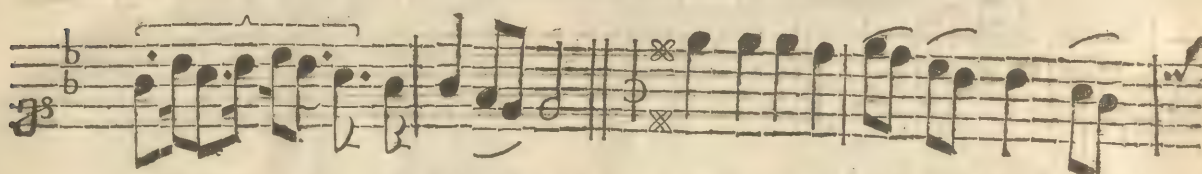
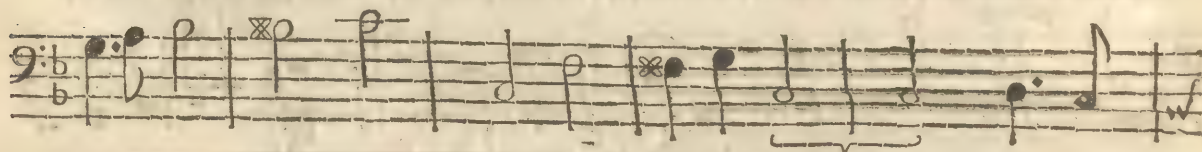
outh and Wit do fo a--bound in each feature and each word, that the



can all Shepherds wound with the Charms of fair and good, Youth and Wit do

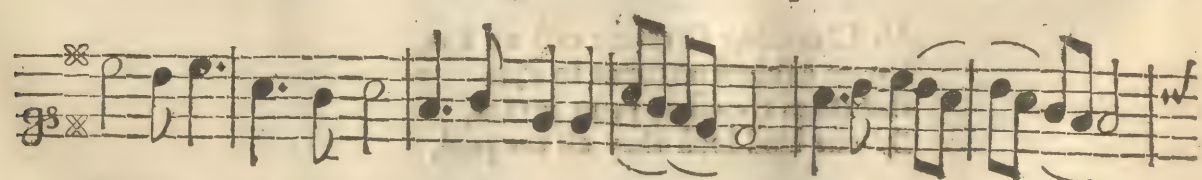
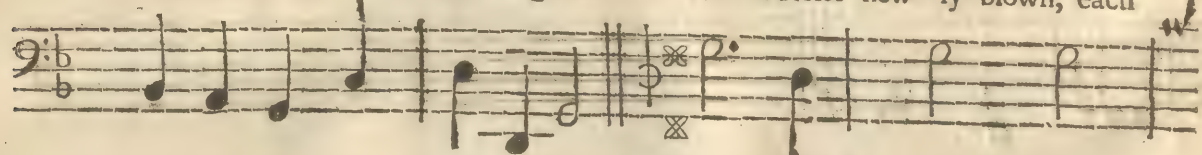


fo a--bound in each feature and each word, that the can all Shepherds wound with the

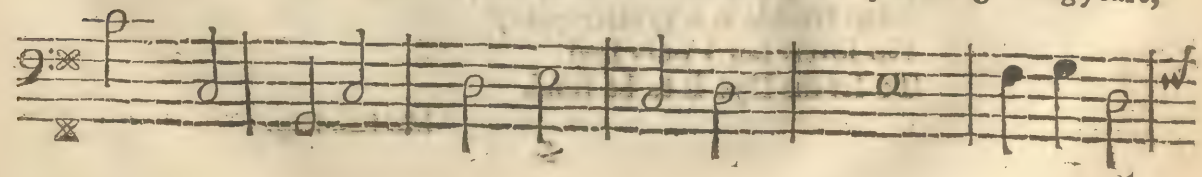


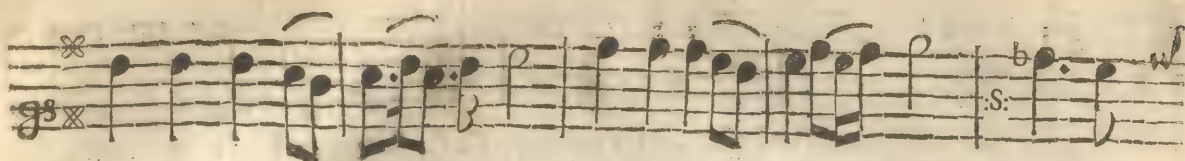
Charms — of fair and good.

Red as Roses new--ly blown, each

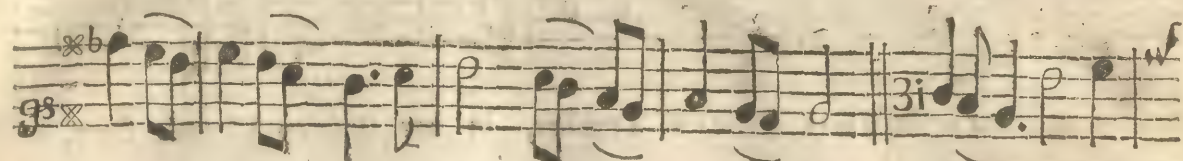
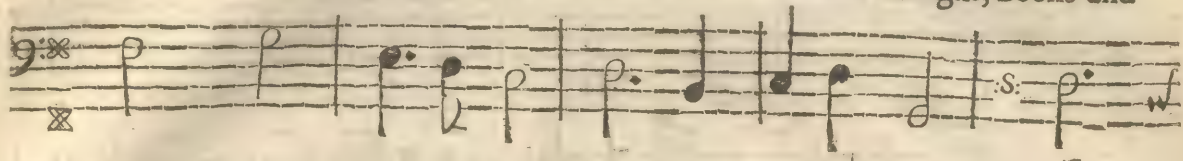


dear budding Lip appears, sweetness in her Look is shown, Beauty in her growing years;

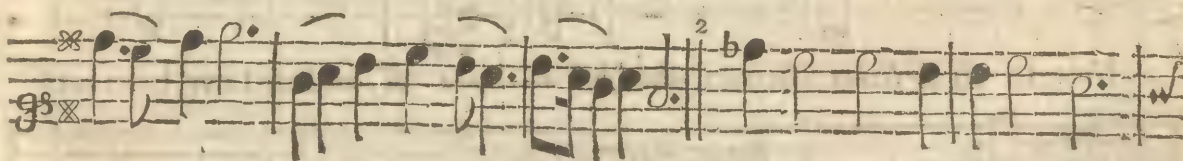




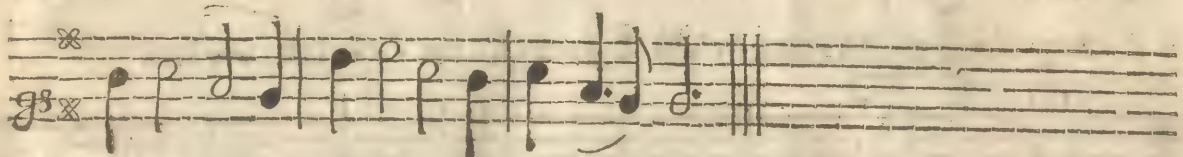
True and Constant are her ways, kind & secret is each thought, Books and



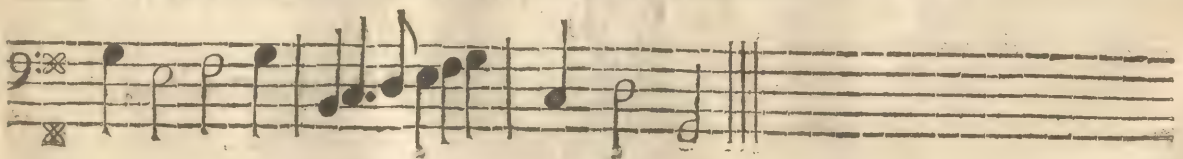
Musick pass dull days, in pure Dreams her Love is fought. Happy Shepherd



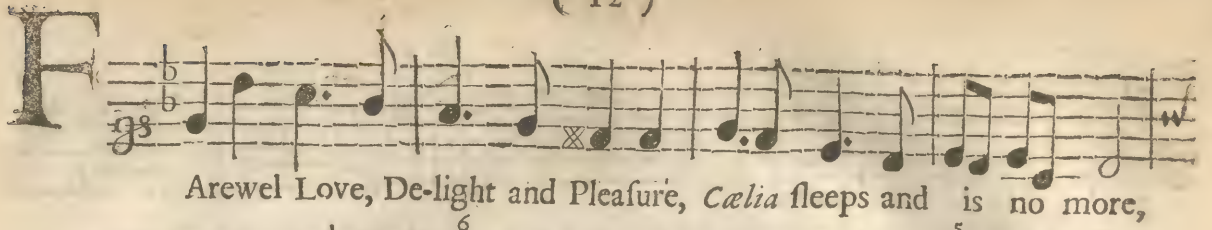
that can say, all her Love is his Entire; Happyer much in Cupids Play,

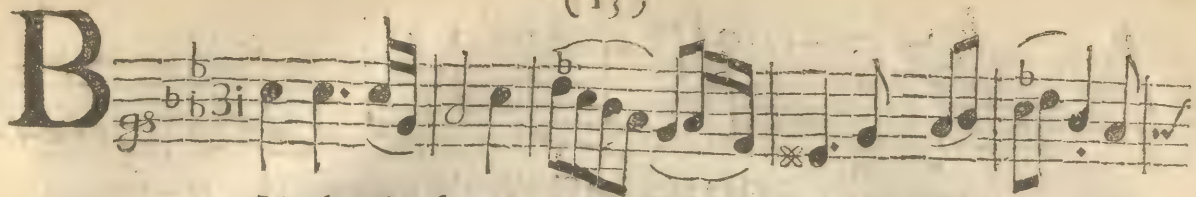


than a Victim, than a Victim in Loves Fire.

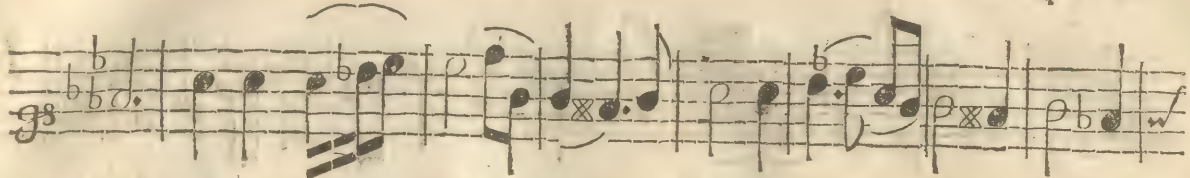
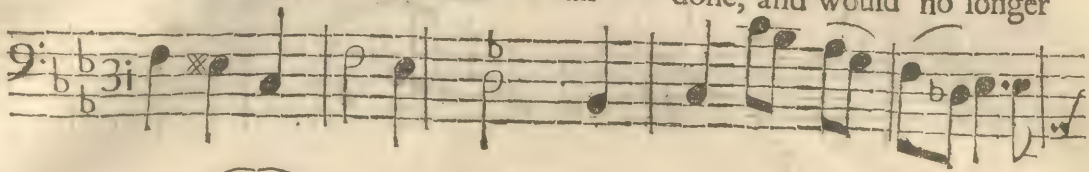


Mr. James Hart.

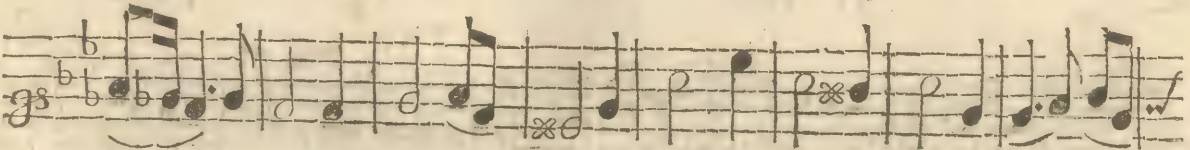
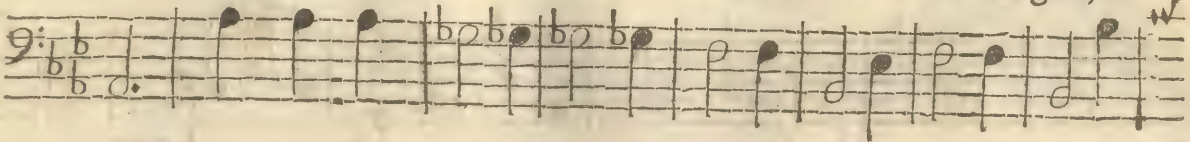




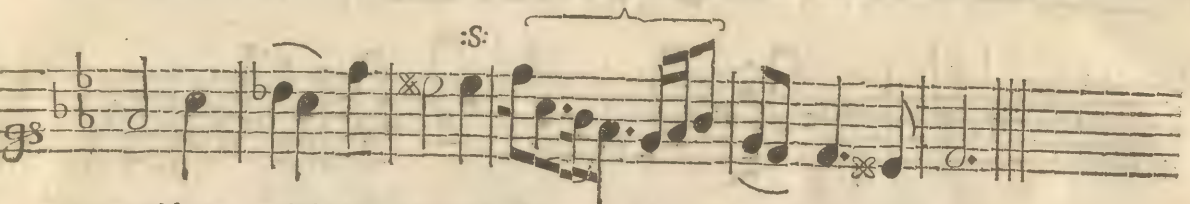
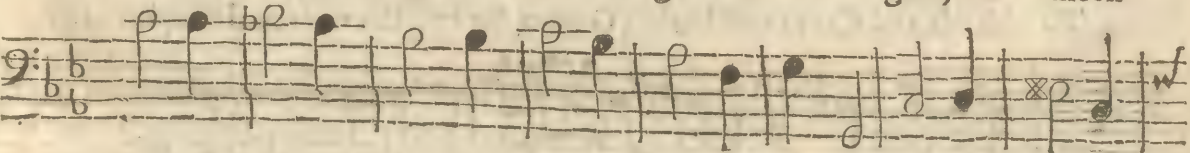
Y what I've seen I am - - un - - done, and would no longer



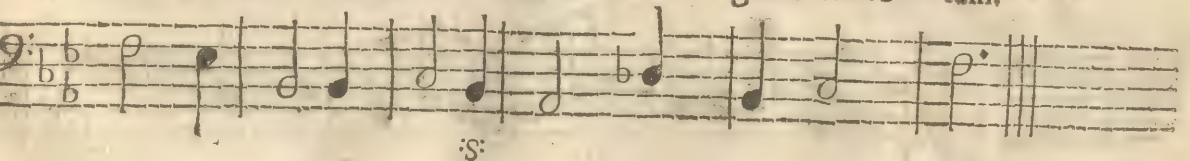
live, *Strephon* Be - - - *linda's* Heart has won, the Pirse I saw her give, or



if be - fore her Heart was his she gave it o're a - gain, he uncon-

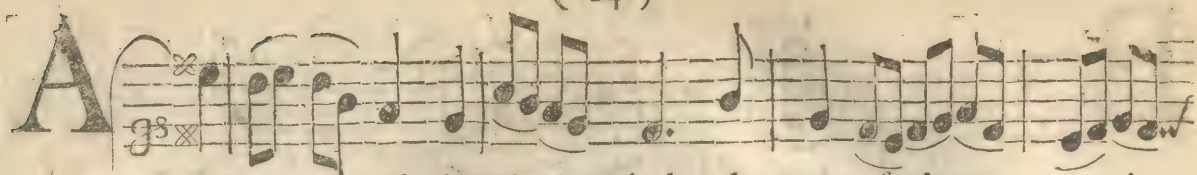


cern'd re - ceiv'd the bliss I Lan - - guish to ob - tain.

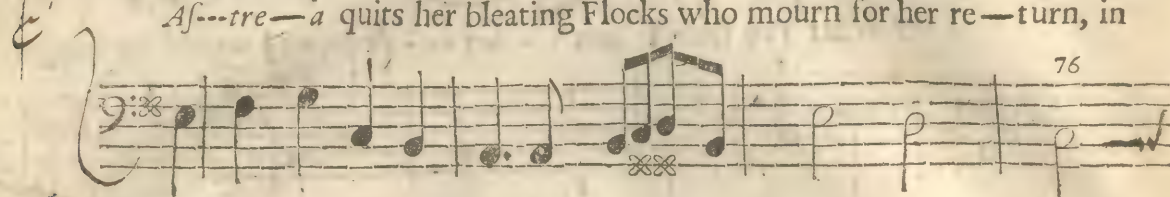


Cruel *Belinda* cease to give
Those looks when I am by,
Cannot my Rival happy live
Unless he see me Dye.
If you delight to punish me,
I will no more complain,
But let not him my Torments see,
To glory in my pain.

Mr. *Daniel Purcell*.



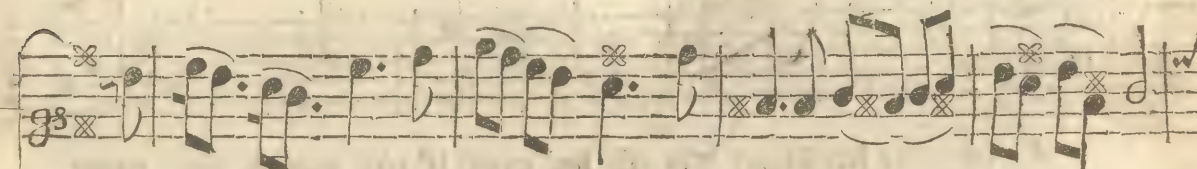
As---tre---a quits her bleating Flocks who mourn for her re---turn, in



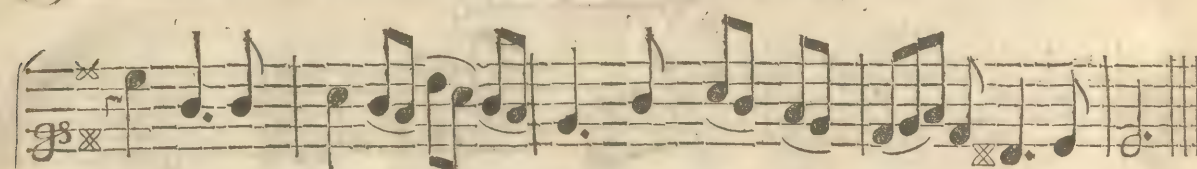
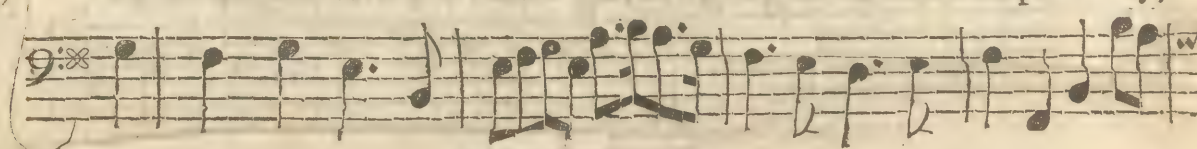
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vain, some hiding in the Neigh'ring Rocks while others wander o're the plain.



To Meads and Caves and leafless Groves for ease the wretched Shepherds fly,



who weep and curse their Fa-tal Loves, then break their Oaten Pipes and Dye.



But now Revenge their wrongs require,
And find her guilty of the Plot,
Her Charms will set the Town on Fire,
Then Marr'age Chains must prove her lot,
So she from whence such wonders spring,
VWhere Graces all in Consort meet,
This Bird confin'd too late will sing,
O Virgin's Liberty is sweet.

Mr. William Turner.

C

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All me no more un—true to justifie your hate, 'twas my despair

3
4

of Love from you that made me try to mend my Fate, expiring with the

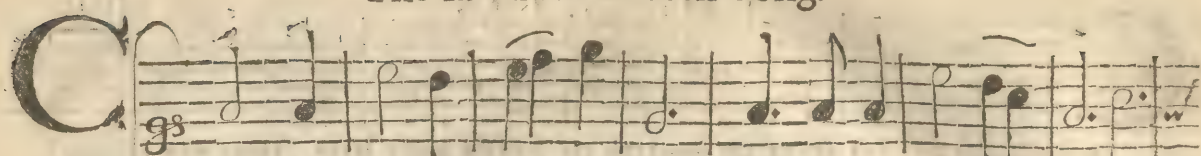
wound which your unkindness gave, that Heart was by another found which

you a - lone had Pow'r to save.

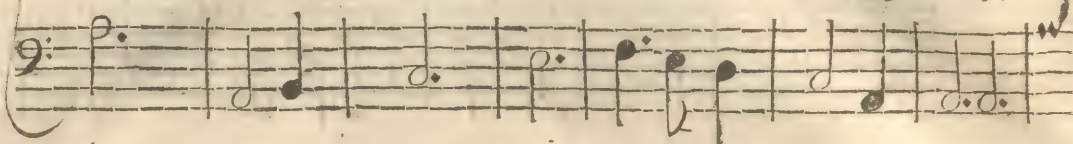
As Men benighted stray,
 Led by some treacherous Fire,
 Pleas'd with false Light I lost my way,
 And mist the place of my desire.
 A Morning Sinners Vow
 Just Heaven with Pity meet,
 My Soul forsakes all Idolls now
 To serve for ever at your Feet.

Mr. William Turner

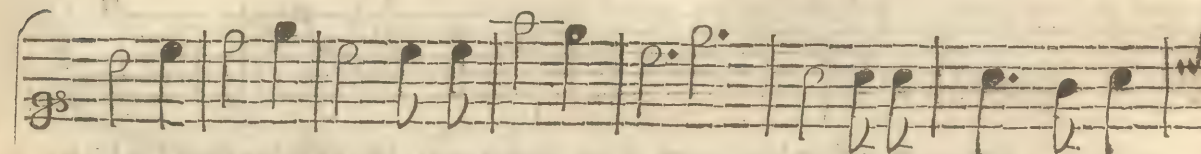
The last New Scotch Song.


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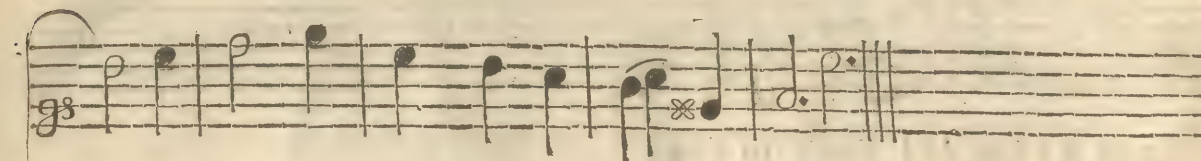
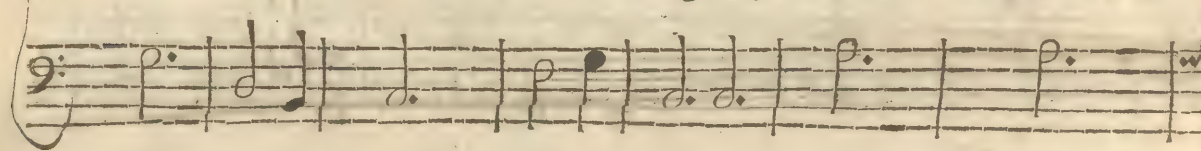
Ould and Raw the North did blow, Bleak in the Morning Early,



all the Trees were hid with Snow dagled in Winters yearly. As I come riding



on the Slow. I met with a Farmers Daughter, with Rosie Cheeks and a



bonny Brow, good Faith made me Mouth to water.

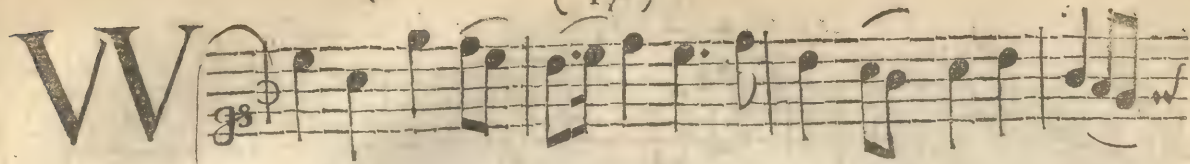


Down I veld my Bonnet low,
Thinking to shew my Breeding,
She return'd a graceful bow,
A Village far exceeding,
I ask'd her where she went so soon,
I long'd to begin a parley;
She told me to the next Market Town
On purpose to sell her Barley

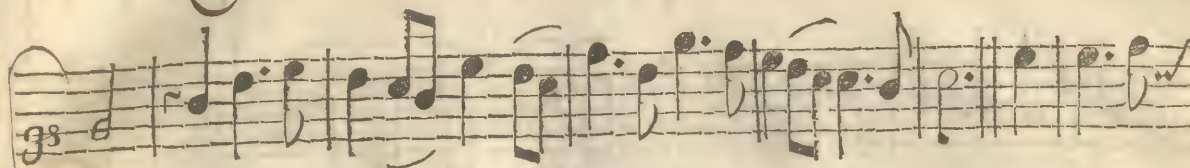
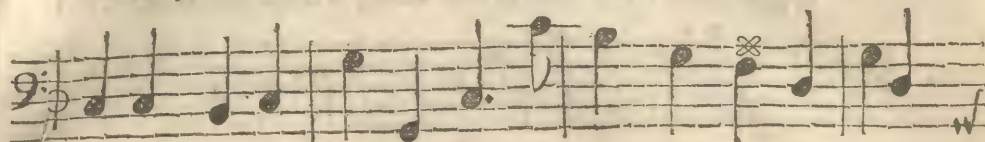
In this Purse sweet Soul said I
Twenty pounds lye fairly,
Seek no further one to buy,
For Ple take all thy Barley,
Twenty more shall purchase delight,
Thy Person I love so dearly,
If thou wot lig with me this Night
And go home in the Morning early.

If Forty Pounds would buy the Globe,
This thing I wou'd not do Sir,
Or were my Friends as poor as Job
I would not raise them so Sir,
For if this Night you prove my Friend,
We's get a young Kid together,
And you'll be gon at the Nine Months end,
And where shall I find a Father.

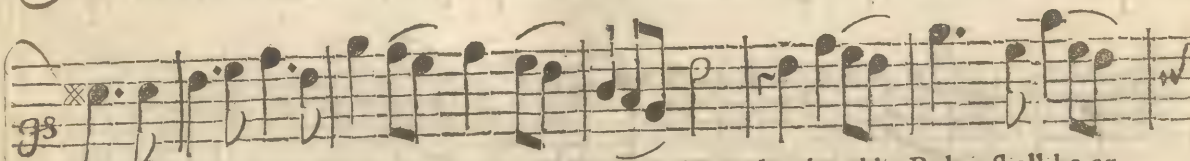
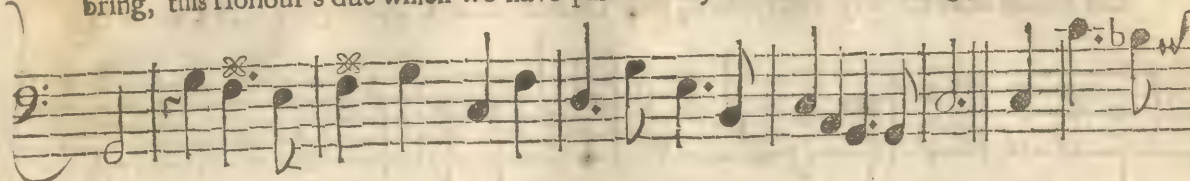
I told her I had Wedded been
Fourteen Years or longer,
Else I would take her for my Queen
And tye the knot much Stronger,
She bid me then no further come
But manage my Wedlock fairly,
And keep Purse for poor Spouse at home,
For some other should have her Barley.



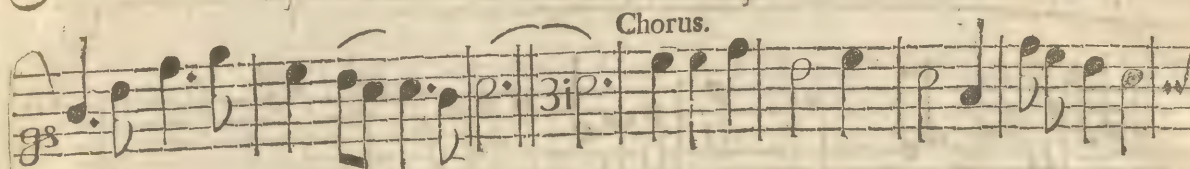
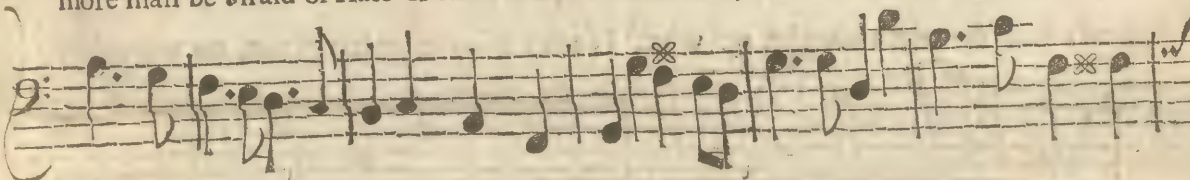
Elcome, welcome Glorious Maid to meet those Joys we to you



bring, this Honour's due which we have paid for thy He - roick suffering ; Thou never

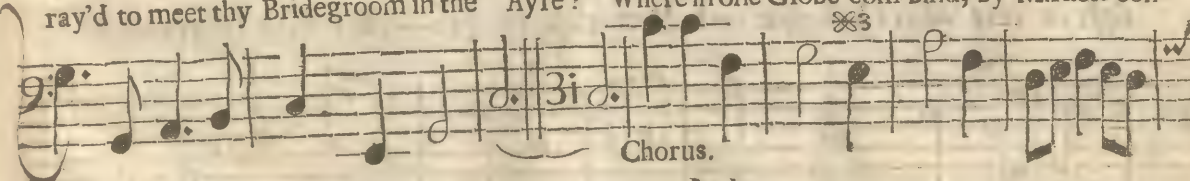


more shall be afraid of Hate or Love which Princes bear, but in white Robes shall be ar -



Chorus.

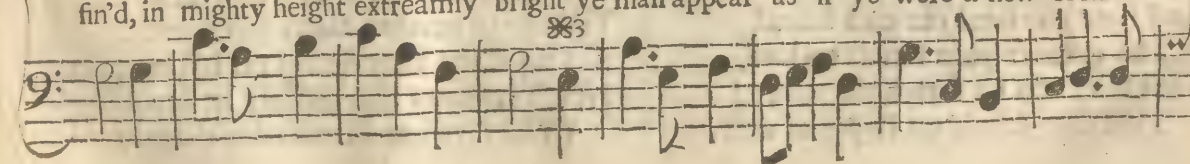
ray'd to meet thy Bridegroom in the Ayre : Where in one Globe com-bind, by Miracle con-



Chorus.



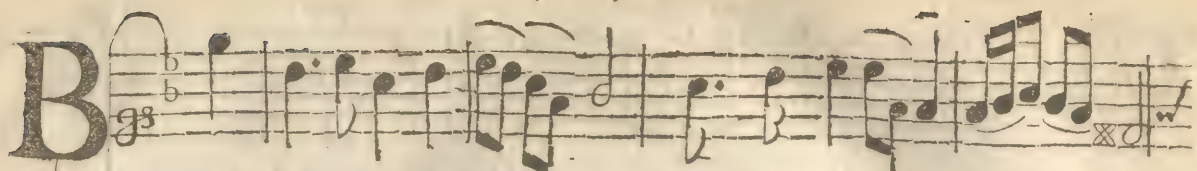
fin'd, in mighty height extreamly bright ye shall appear as if ye were a new created



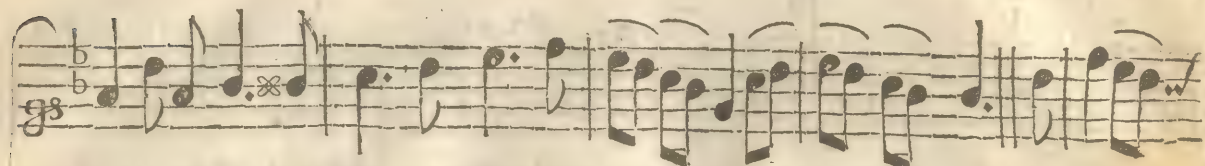
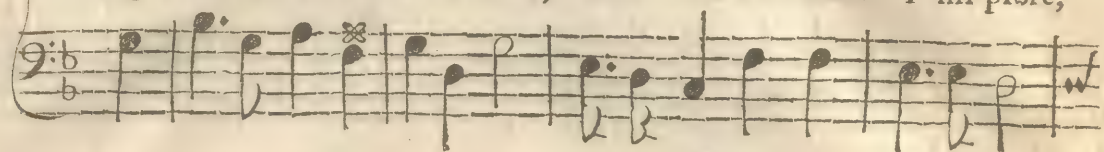
Star, ye shall appear as if ye were a new Created Star.

Mr. William Turner.

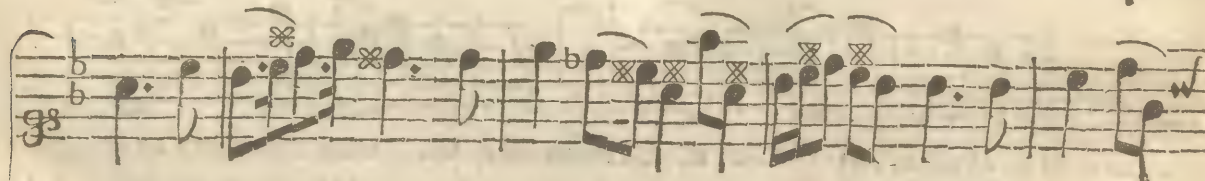
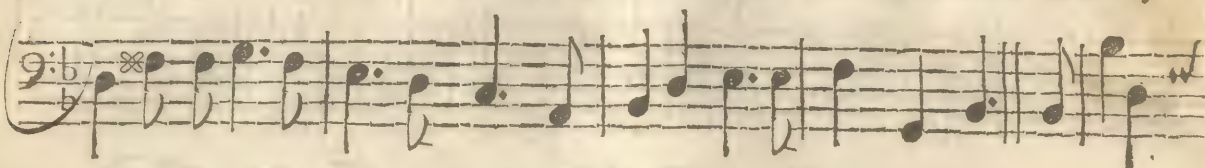




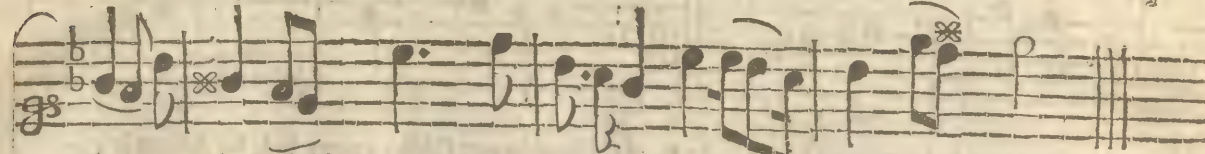
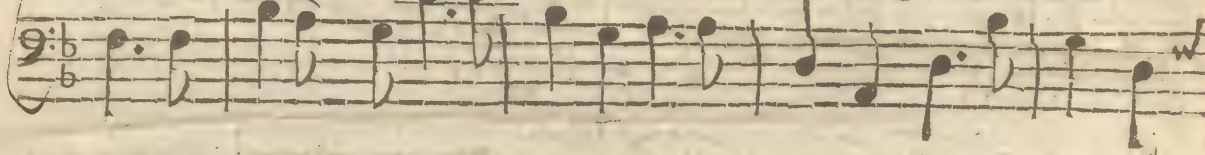
Right *Glo-ri-a-na* is the Saint, whom with Devotion I im-plore,



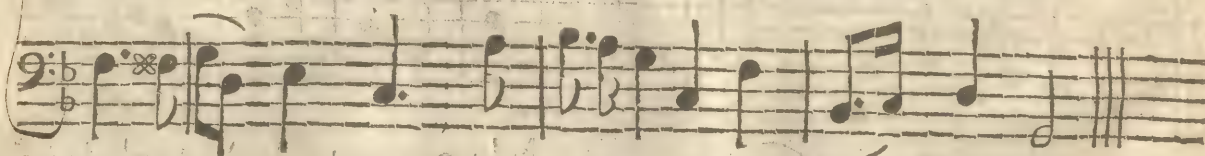
but she is deaf to my complaint, her silence tells I must give o're; is it my



zeal's not fervent thought, or what I ask't of—fence has given, no word but



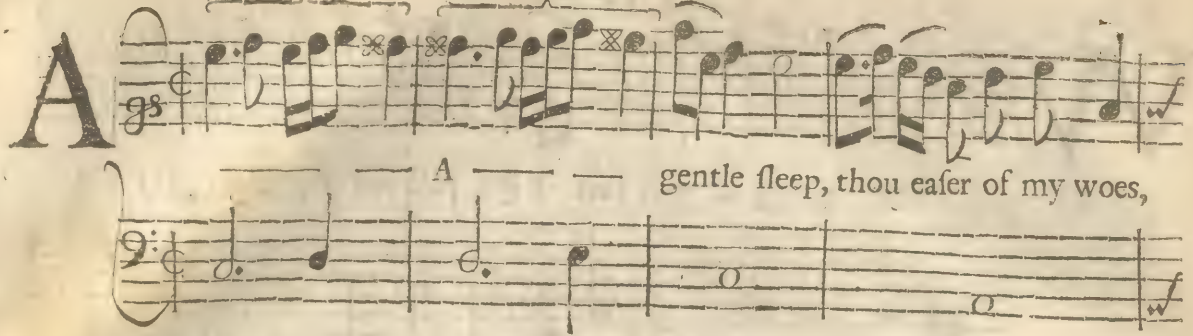
sigh or tear with't brought such Rhetorick as pre—vails with Heaven.

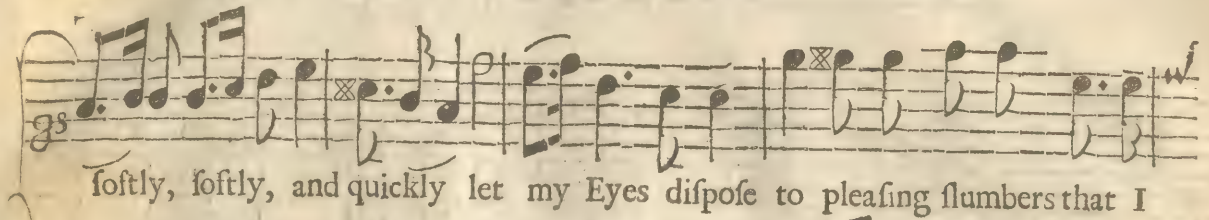


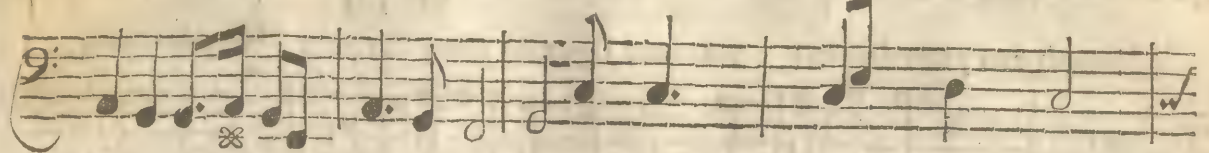
The latter then must be the cause,
Yet how cou'd that her anger move,
So harmless my Petition was,
I only ask't of her her Love,
And now the fatal reason's found,
The greater pain I must endure,
Such folly 'tis to search the wound
That does admit no hopes of cure.

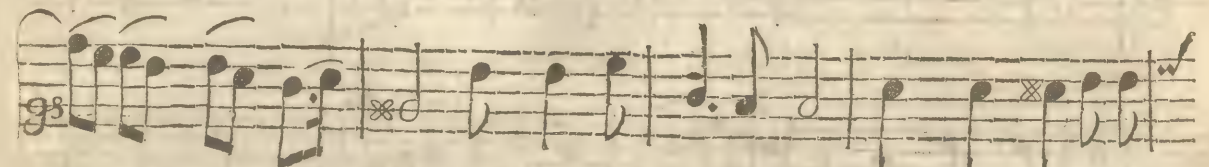
VWith grief and anguish I'me perplex't,
So sad my case on either side,
I had not liv'd had I not ask't,
'Tis worse than Death now I'me deny'd;
Tell me of neither racks nor wheels,
Tho sharp they bring no lasting pain,
Nor Torments like to that he feels
VWho loves and is not lov'd again.

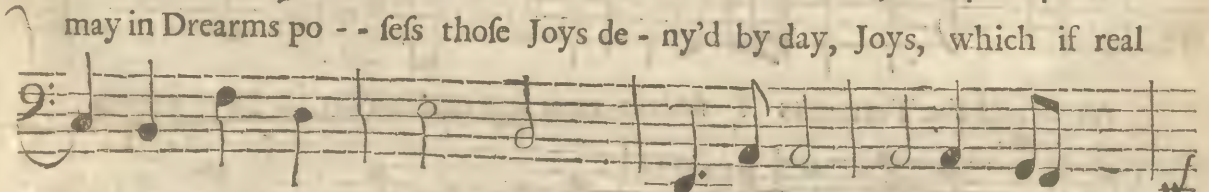
Mr. William Turner.

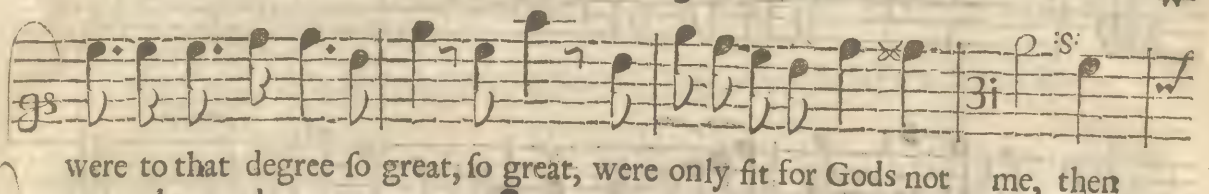
A  gentle sleep, thou easer of my woes,

 softly, softly, and quickly let my Eyes dispose to pleasing slumbers that I

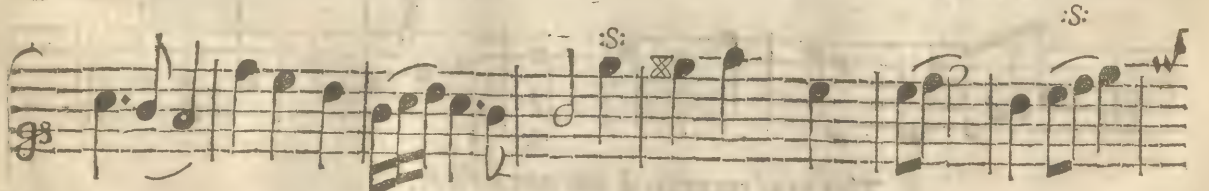
 may in Drearms po - - fess those Joys de - ny'd by day, Joys, which if real

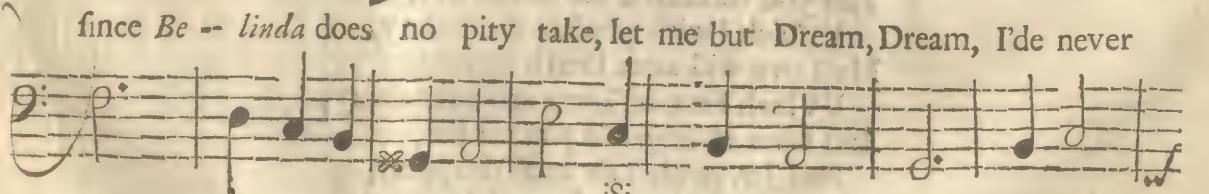
 were to that degree so great, so great, were only fit for Gods not me, then

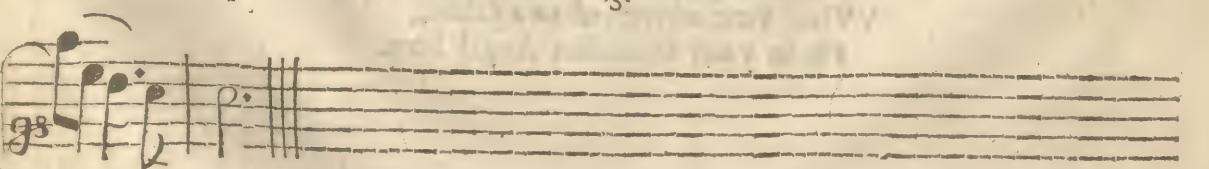
 since Be - linda does no pity take, let me but Dream, Dream, I'de never

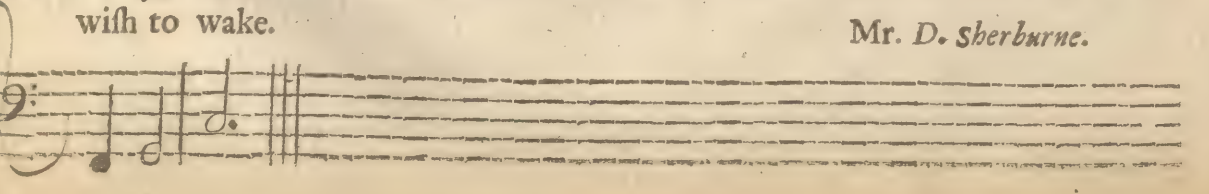
 wish to wake.

 wish to wake.

 wish to wake.

 wish to wake.

 wish to wake.

 wish to wake.

Mr. D. Sherburne.

W

Hilſt ſighing at your Feet I lye, pale and expiring gasp for

breath, can you relentleſſ ſee me Dye and glory in your Martyr's Death.

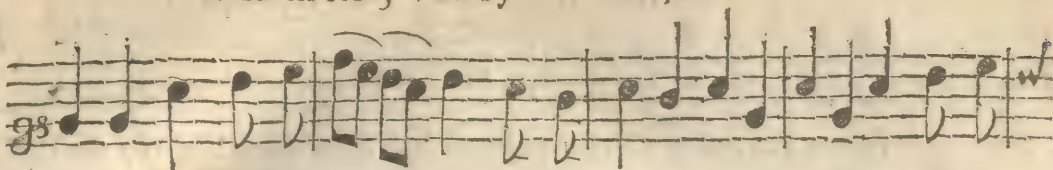
Ah would the Torments I ſuſtain raiſe but compaſſion in your Breſt,

one pitying look would eaſe my Pain, and give my Soul E - ternal Reſt.

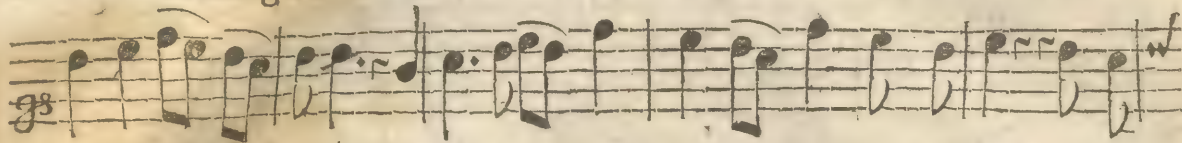
Tho you command me not to live,
 VVhich I with pleaſure muſt obey,
 My Love will after Death ſurvive,
 VVhich Fate or Time can ne're decay,
 And ſince all hopes of you are loſt,
 And Joy with Life muſt diſappear,
 VVhen I'me converted to a Ghoſt,
 Ple be your Guardian Angel here.

A Catch for 3 Voc. by Mr. Ackroyd.

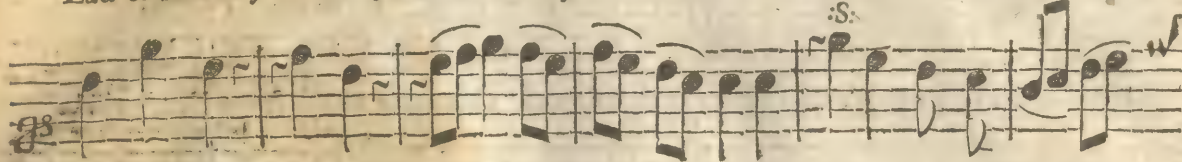
T
2



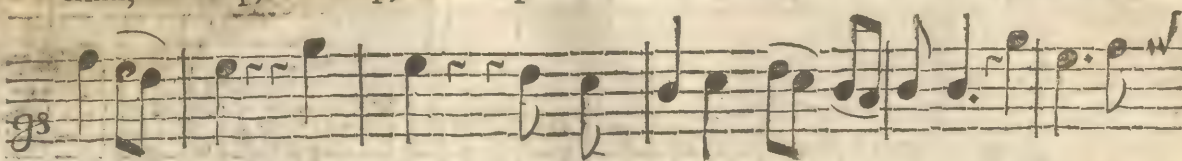
Inking *Tom* was an honest Man, tink a tink t- - - - and a



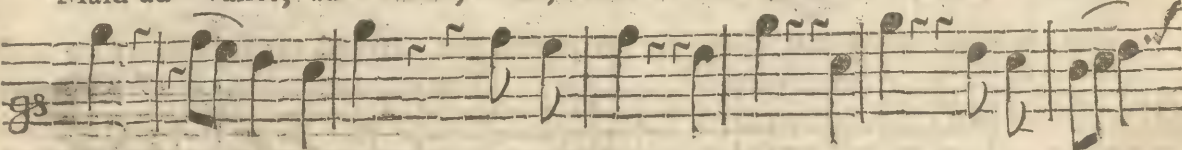
Lad of bon - ny Mettle, he dext'rousfly cou'd clink the Pan, clink a clink, clink a



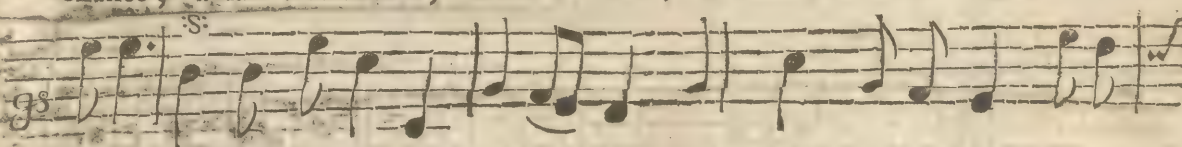
clink, and stop, and stop, and stop a hole i'th Kittle, to him did my Ladies



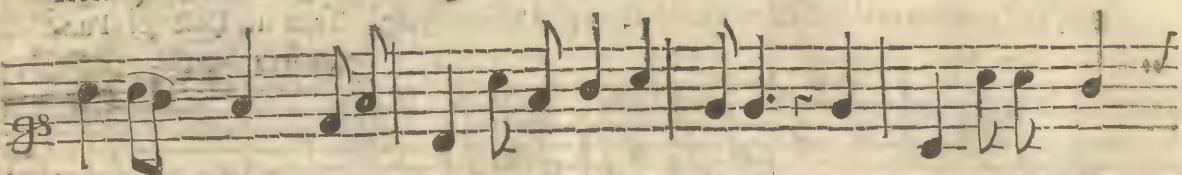
Maid ad - vance, ad - vance, come, come in thou Man of Mettle, a sad mis-



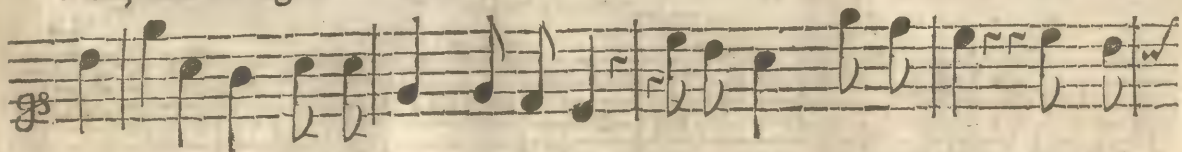
chance, a sad mischance; heres a hole, a hole; a hole in my Ladies



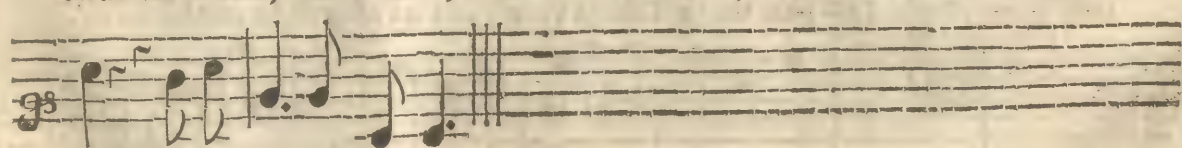
Kettle, *Tom* went to ham'ring on the place, and wrought like a Man, like a



Man, and wrought like a Man, like a Man of Mettle, but when he had done

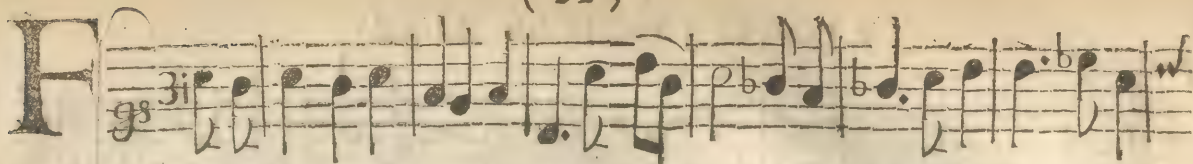


'twas all a case, all a case, all a case, all a case, there's a hole, there's a

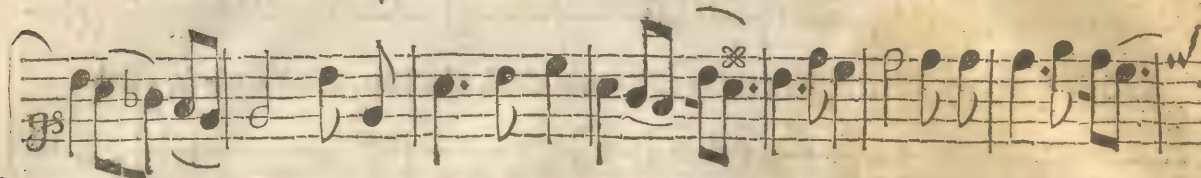
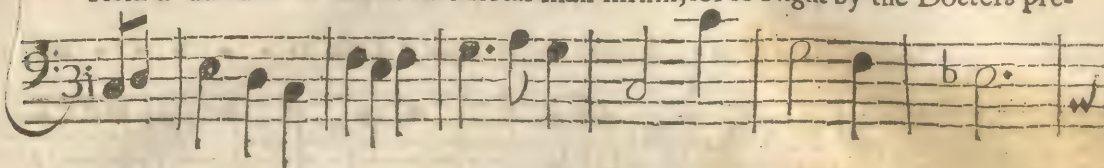


hole in my Ladies Kettle:

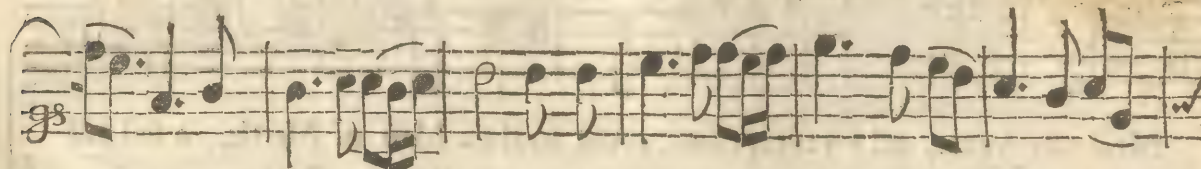
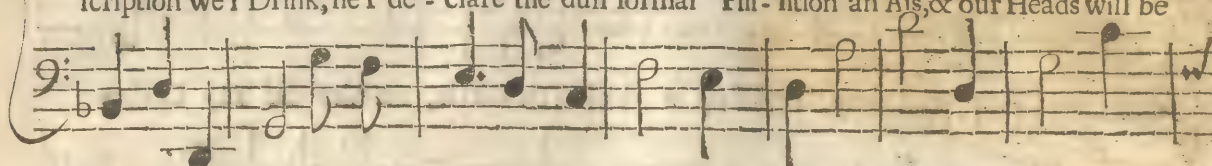
G



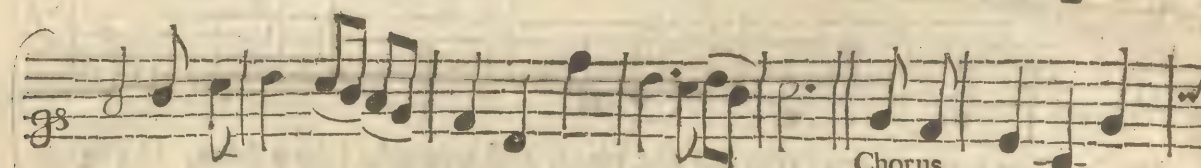
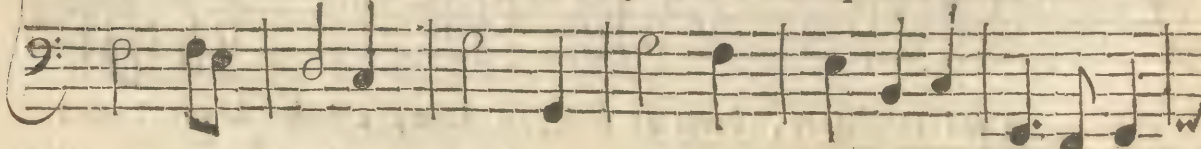
Rom a due dose of Claret no Mortal shall shrink, for to Night by the Doctors præ-



scription we'l Drink, ne'r de - clare the dull formal Phi - sition an A's, & our Heads will be



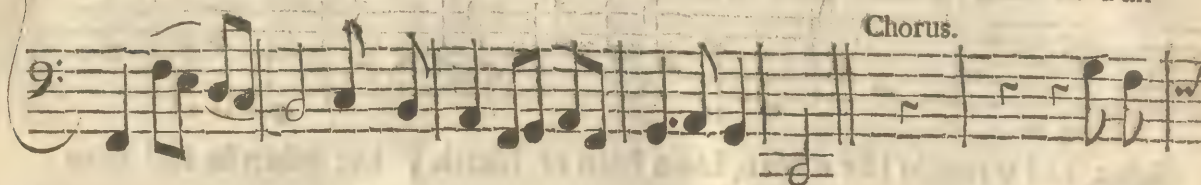
emp - ty with - out a full Glas, for the Juice of the Grape does our humours re-



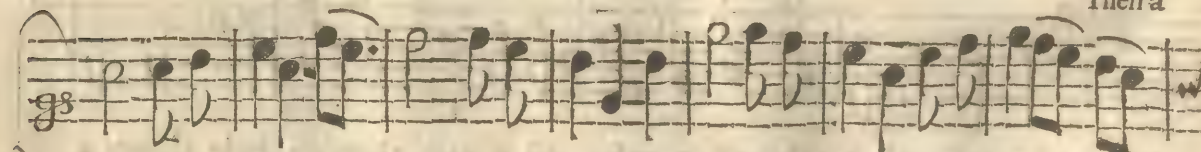
Chorus.

fine, and our Wits take their quickness from that of our Wine. Then a Dose of Pun-

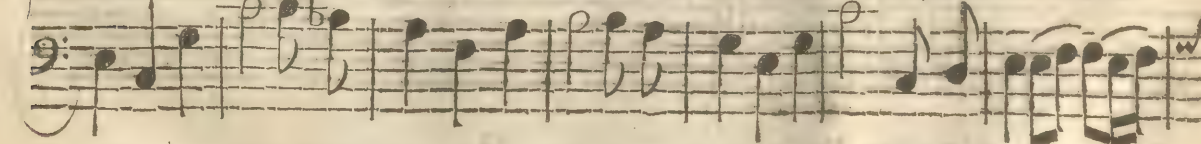
Chorus.



Then a



tack let no Mortal Dis - pise, then a Dose of Puntack let no Mortals, let no Mortals dis-



Dose of Puntack let no Mortals dis - pise, then a Dose of Puntack let no Mortals dis-

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The notation includes a variety of note values: quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes, along with rests. There are some markings above the staff that appear to be 'C' and 'B'. The handwriting is in ink on aged paper.

pise, for it kindles the Blood and en - lightens the Eyes, and sure there's no

[illegible]

harm, and sure there's no harm to be warm & grow wise, and sure there's no

sure there's no harm, no harm to be warm & grow wise, and sure there's no

harm, and sure there's no harm to be warm and grow wise, no harm to be

A single staff of music in bass clef, containing several measures of notes corresponding to the lyrics above it. The notes are mostly quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

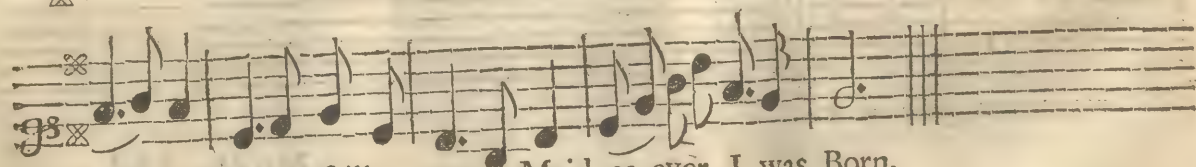
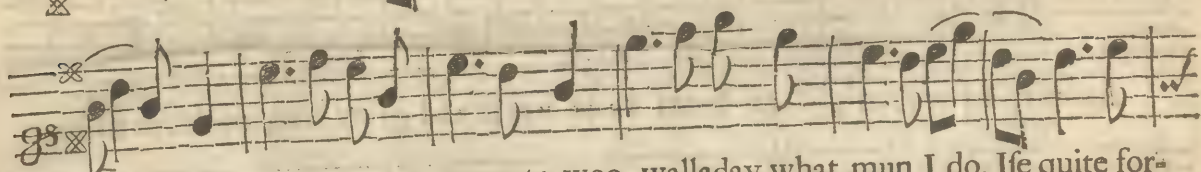
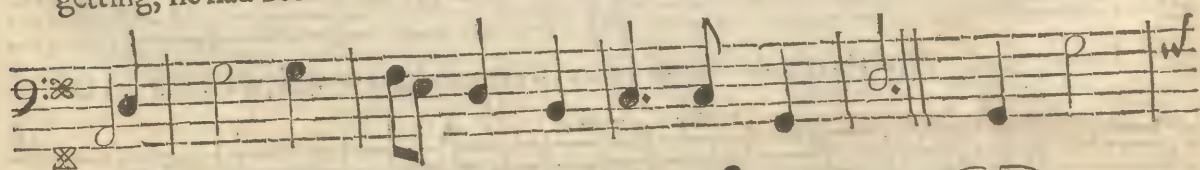
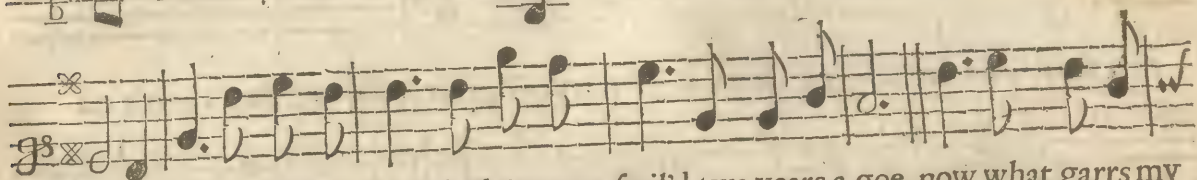
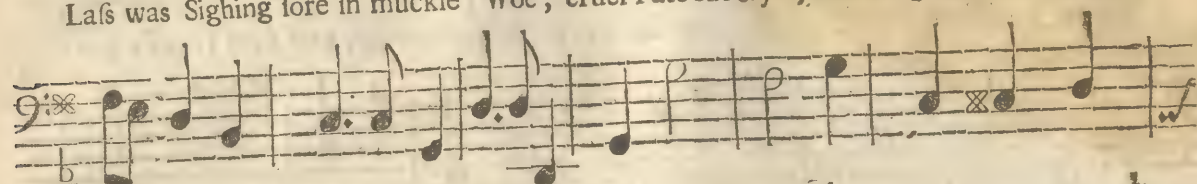
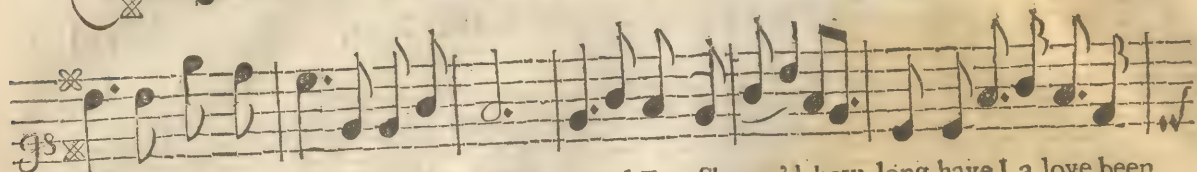
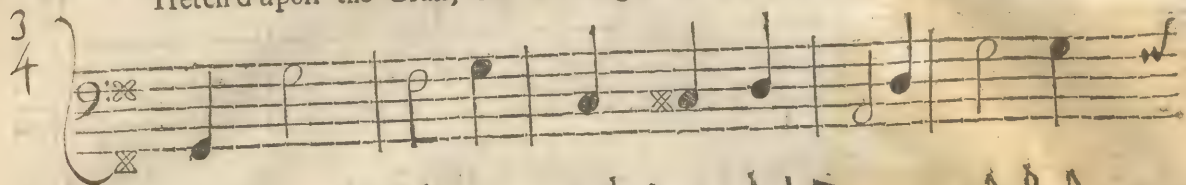
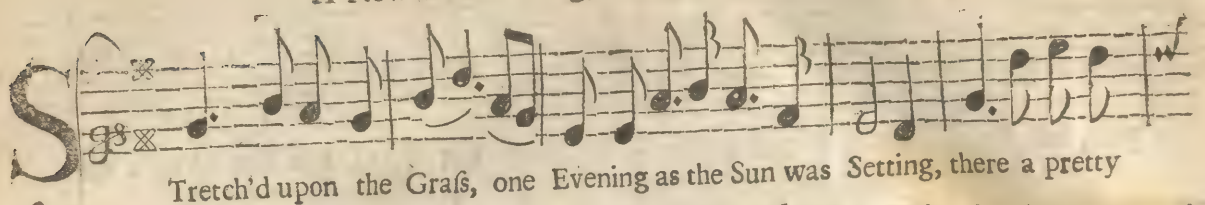
harm to be warm, no harm to be warm and grow wife, no harm to be

warm and grow wife.

A musical staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of four notes: a quarter note on G4, a quarter note on A4, a quarter note on B4, and a half note on C5. The staff ends with a double bar line.

Mr. Hen. Hall.

A New Scotch Song, set by Mr. Ackroyd.



lorn, a - lafs and still as true a Maid as ever I was Born.

Moggy that was foul
As Hicks o' Leith in Rainy weather,
Yet to make her glad
Has got a Lad full six Foot high.
Jenny black as coal
And Wully Cragg are link'd together,
Ev'ry dowdy Fool
Has always better luck than I,

Yellow, Fair, or Black, or Brow,
Every Trollop now goes down,
Nene is left but I alone;
Ie past Eighteen,
And yet as right a Maid as e're,
The Deek's in aw the Men.

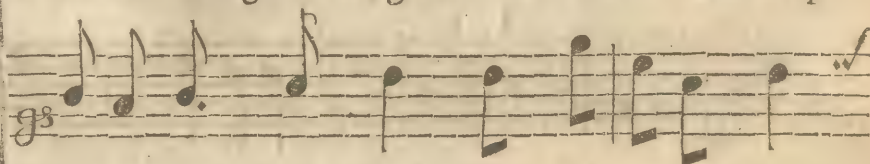
FINIS.

A Small COLLECTION
OF THE
Newest CATCHES

For 3 Voices.



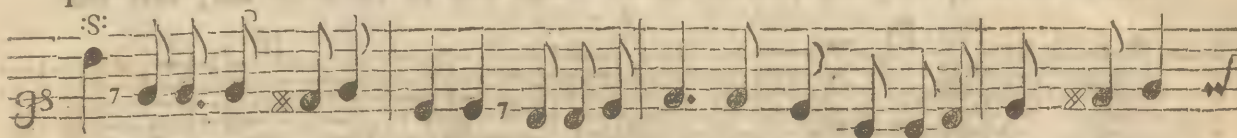
HE Millers Daughter riding to the Fair without a Saddle up-



on a scur—vey Mare, Cry'd, Oh Mother I'me



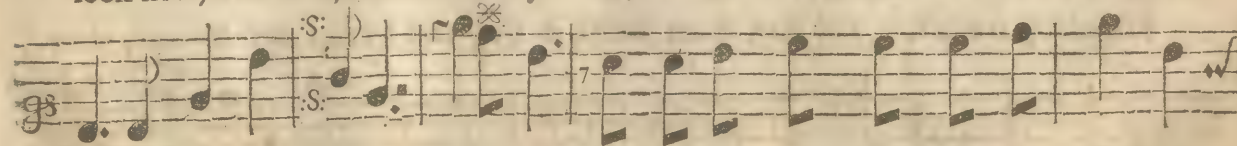
quite un-done, I'me quite un-done, all, all, away, a-



way, away you fil-ly Daughter, 'tis every She's concern, but if you won't believe,



look here, look here, look here and yet made the



matter plain, O Mother, O

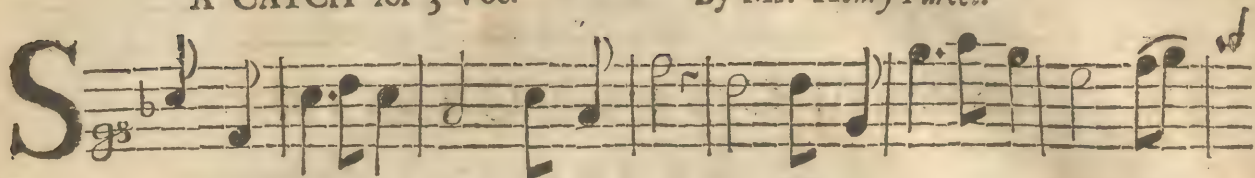


Mother, O Mother, O

Dr. John Blow.

A CATCH for 3 Voc.

By Mr. Henry Purcel.



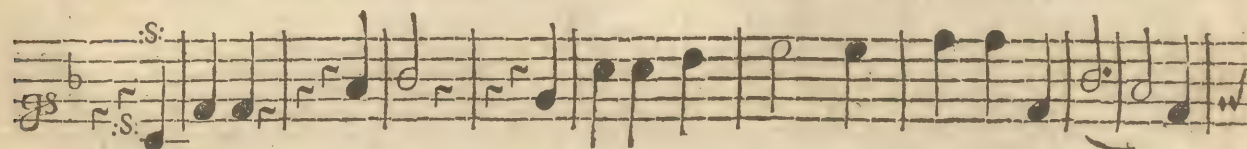
UM up all the de-lights, fum up all, all, fum up all the delights the



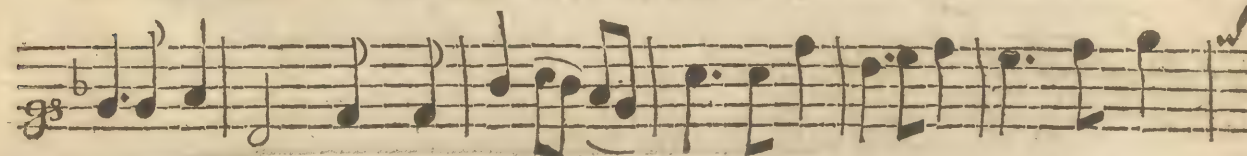
World does produce, the darling allurements now chiefly in use, you'll find when com-



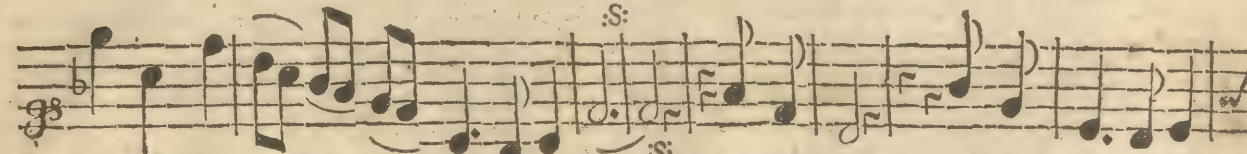
par'd there's none can contend with the solled enjoyment of Bot—tle and Friend,



for Honour or Wealth or Beauty may wast, those Joys often Fade but



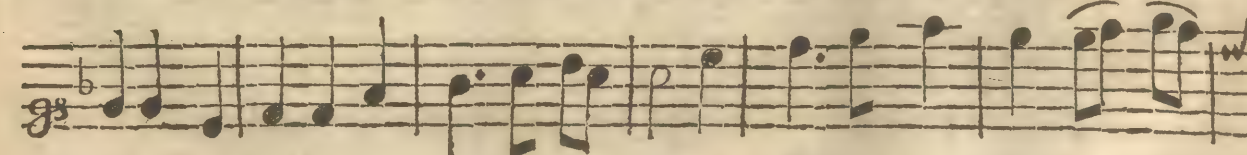
rarely do Last, they're so hard to at—tain and so ea—si—ly lost, that the



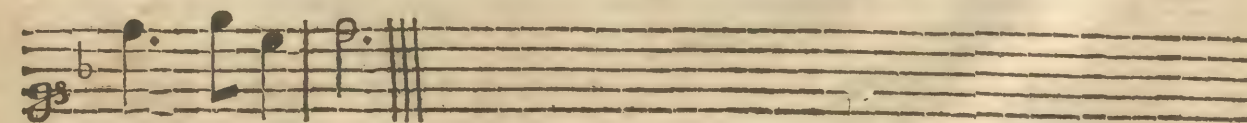
pleasure nere answers the trouble & cost ; none like Wine, none like Wine & true



Friendship are lasting and sure, from Jealousie free, and from Envy se—cure, then



fill up the Glasses un—til they run ore, a Friend and good Wine are the

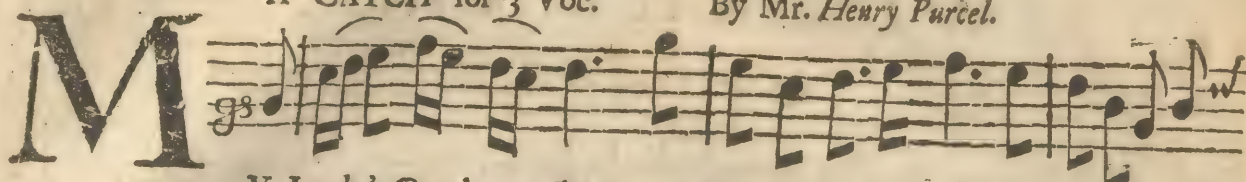


Charms we A—dore.

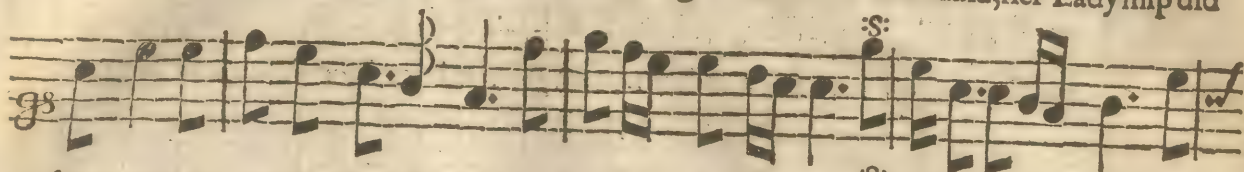
(3)

A CATCH for 3 Voc.

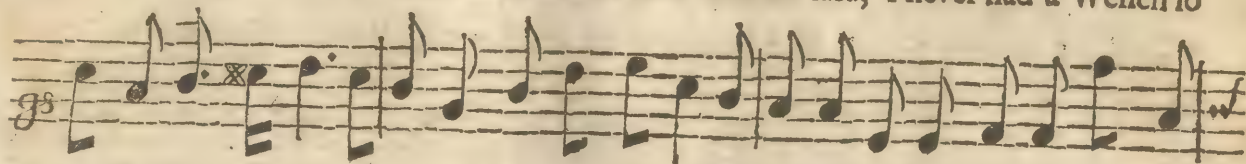
By Mr. Henry Purcel.



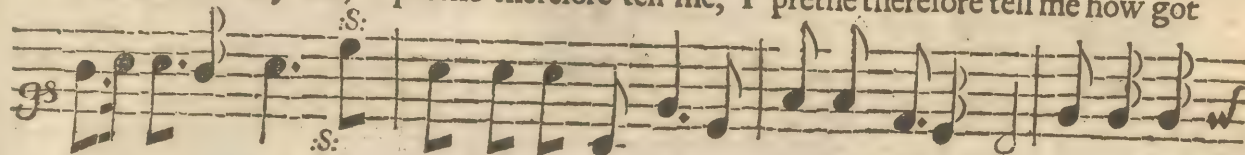
Y La-dy's Coachman *John* be'ng Married to her Maid, her Ladyship did



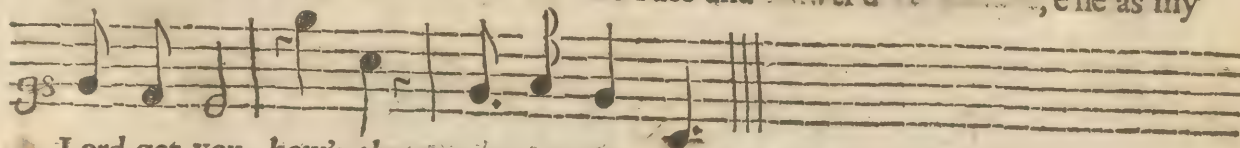
hear on't & to him thus she said, and to him thus she said, I never had a Wench so



handfom in my life, I prethe therefore tell me, I prethe therefore tell me how got



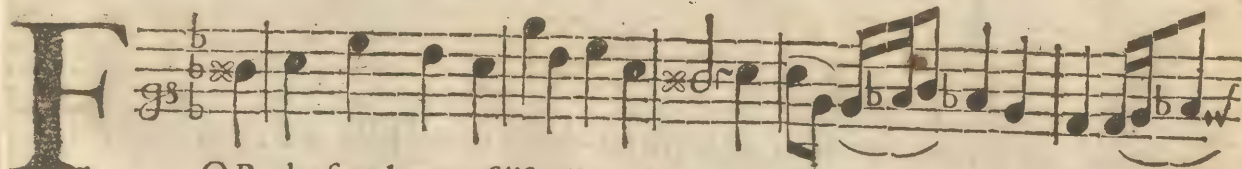
you such a Wife, *John* star'd her in the Face and answer'd her, e'ne as my



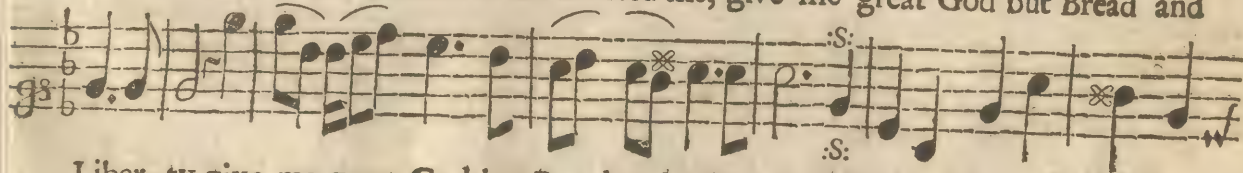
Lord got you, how's that?

A CATCH for 3 Voc.

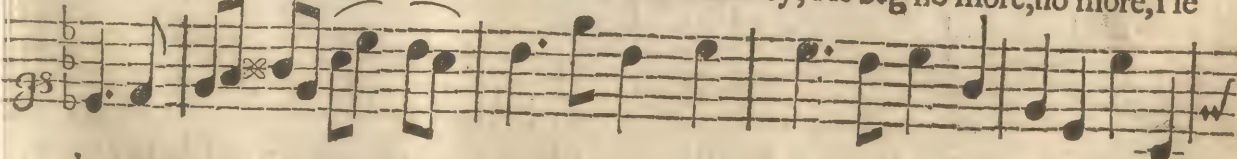
By Mr. Nicholson.



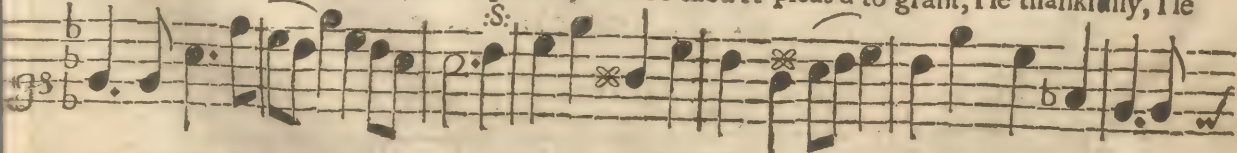
OR the few hours of life allotted me, give me great God but Bread and



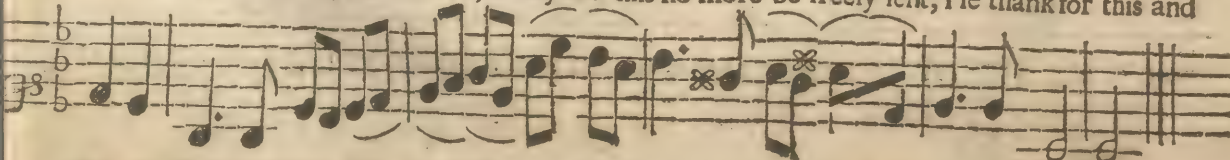
Liber-ty, give me great God but Bread and Liber-ty, I'll beg no more, no more, I'll



beg no more, if more thou'rt pleas'd, if more thou'rt pleas'd to grant, I'll thankfully, I'll



thankfully that overplus receive, if beyond this no more be freely sent, I'll thank for this and



goe a---way content, I'll thank for this and goe, and goe a-----way con---tent

A CATCH for 3 Voices.

By Mr. Henry Purcel.

N O W, now we are met and humours agree, call, call for Wine and loose no
time but lets merry be, fill fill it a-bout to me let it come, fill the Glas to the top I'll
drink ev'ry drop *su-per-na-cu-lum*, a health to the King, round round let it
pass, fill it up and then drink it off like Men, never bauk your Glafs.

A CATCH for 3 Voices.

By Mr. Snow.

N O W, now we are met we're re---solv'd to be jolly and drink this brisk
Burdeax & hang Melan-choly, then pass it a—bout its a fin thus to spare it, since
there is both Meat, Drink & Cloth in good Claret, while the zealous and dull by their
Faction's misled, know none of the Joys we have at the King's head.

COMES AMORIS:

OR THE

Companion of LOVE.

Being a Choice COLLECTION
Of The Newest SONGS now in Use.

WITH

Thorow-Bass to each SONG for the *Harpfichord*, *Theorbo*, or *Bass-Viol*.

THE FOURTH BOOK.



L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Fleptinstall for John Carr, and Samuell Scott, at the
Middle Temple Gate in Fleet-street, 1693.

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Con'd you be Constant one half hour,		18			
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D					
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T O
Lionell Duckett,
O F

HARTHAM, in the County of WILTS, Esq;

SIR,

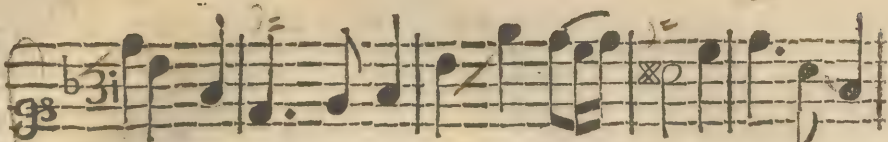
WE hope it will be no Offence in us to tell the World that you are pleased to be an Encourager of the Musical Faculty, since the Patrons of that Art have been observed to be the Best sort of Men. They are Persons whose Minds and Tempers seem to be made up of an Agreeable Harmony. You are so great an Instance of this Truth, that You your self are not more an Admirer of Musick than Mankind are of You, as many as have the happiness to know you. 'Tis your great Felicity to be both a Lover of your Country and beloved by your Country. We confess 'tis above our Station to pretend to Panegyrick, yet the Sense of our Obligations to you will not permit us to be altogether silent. If this little Volume prove acceptable to you, it will be as great a satisfaction to us as if it were approv'd by an Orpheus or Apollo. 'Tis the utmost of our Ambition to add, (as much as in us lies) to the Diversion of Gentlemen whose Souls are refin'd enough to relish the Charms of Musick. We have therefore made bold to offer this Endeavour to your Patronage, depending upon that Goodness and Candour which are the natural Result of your Temper. Wherefore amongst the number of your Admirers we beg leave to subscribe ourselves as we are in all Respect and Sincerity,

Sir,

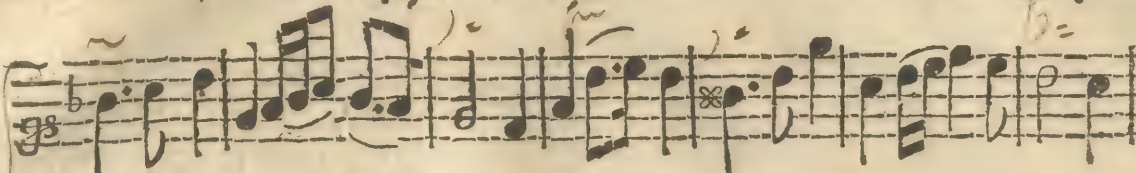
Your most devoted

humble Servants,

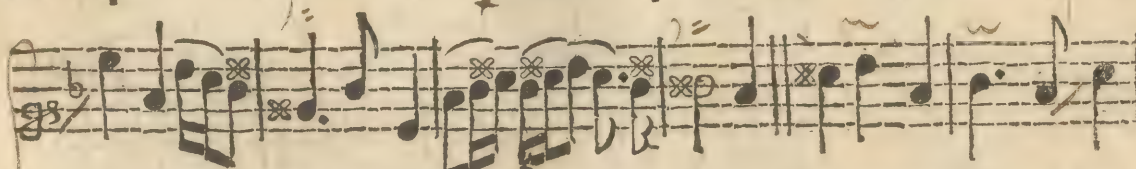
John Carr,
Samuell Scott.



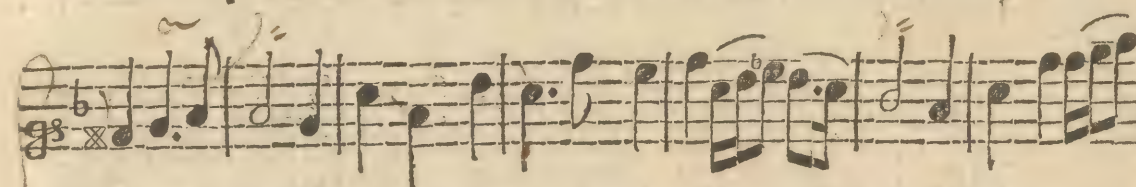
O, no poor suffering heart, no change en—deavour, chuse to suf—



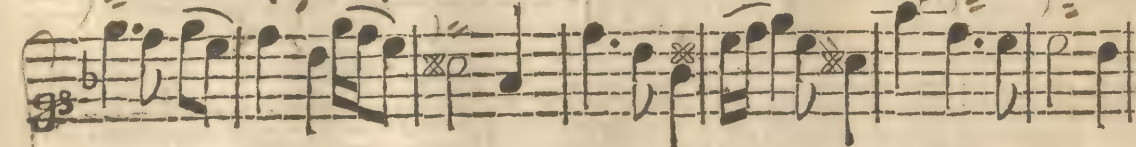
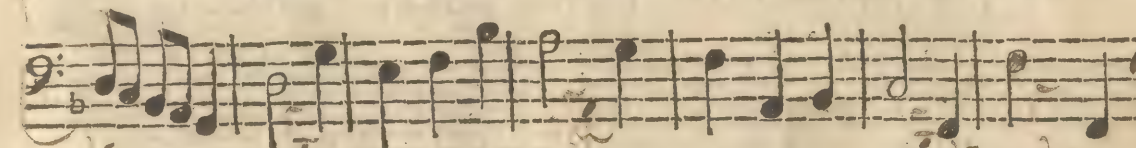
—tain the smart rather than leave her; My ravish'd Eyes behold such Charmsa-bout her,



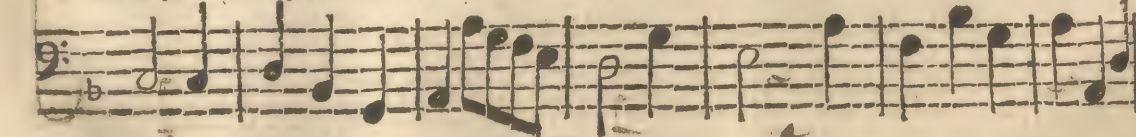
I can dye with her, but not live with-out her: One tender sigh of her's



to see me Languish, will more than pay the price of my past Anguish; beware, oh



Cruel, fair how you Smile on me, 'twas a kind look of yours that has undone me.



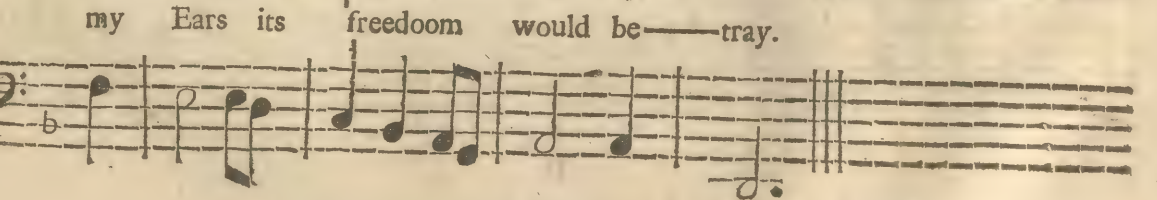
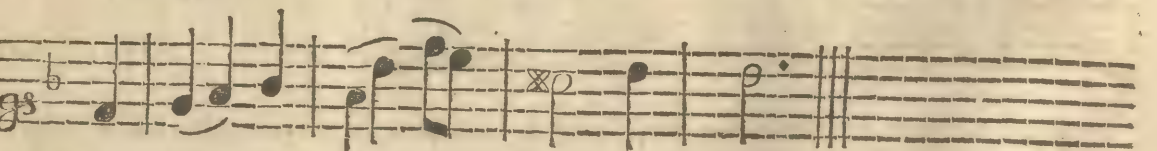
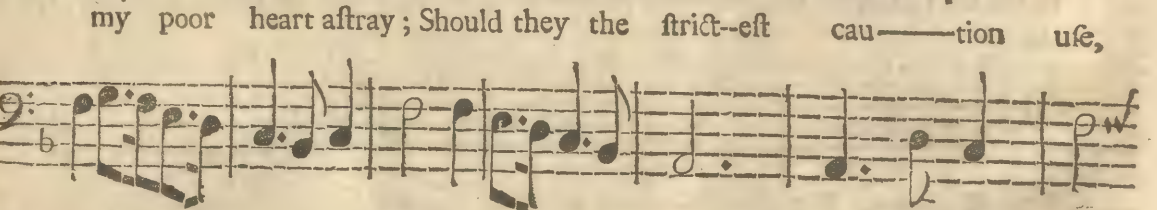
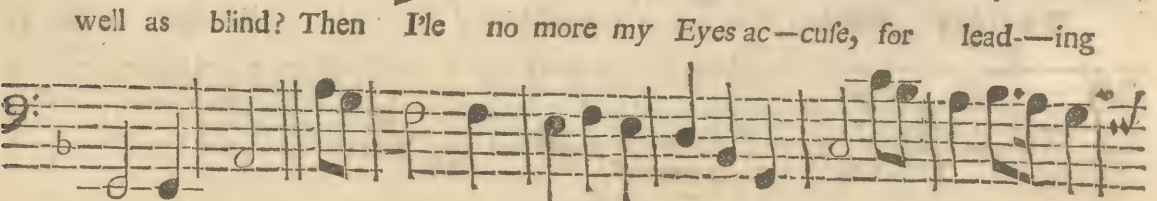
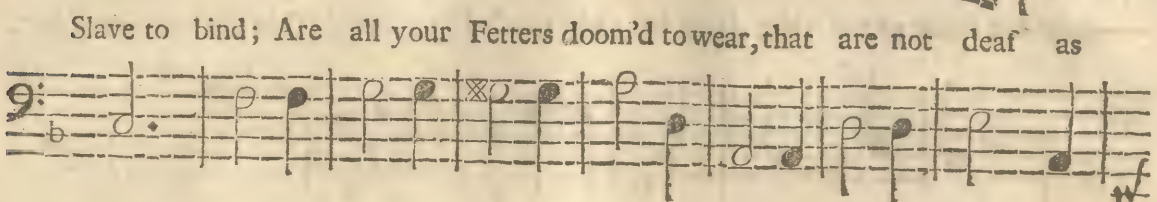
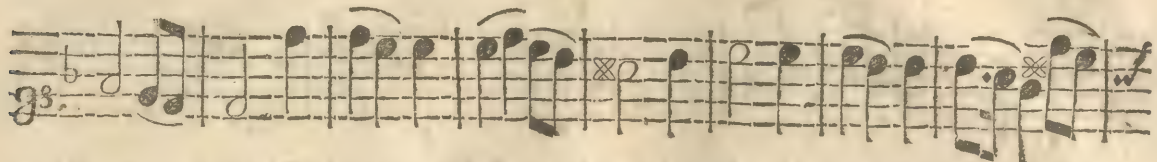
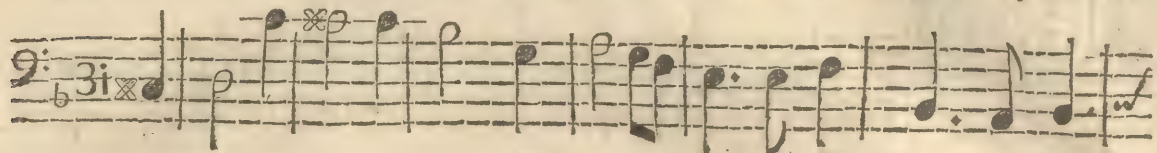
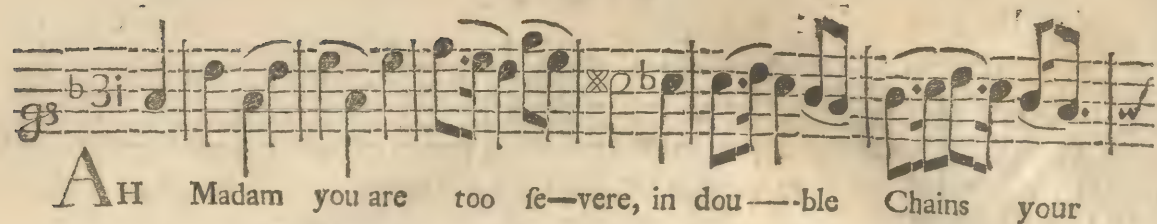
II.

Love has in store for me one happy minute,
And she will end my pain who did begin it;
Then no day Void of Bliss, and Pleasure leaving,
Ages shall slide away without perceiving:
Cupid shall guard the Door, the more to please us,
And keep out Time, and Death, when they wou'd seize us,
Time and Death shall depart, and say in flying,
Love has found out a way to Live by dying.

B

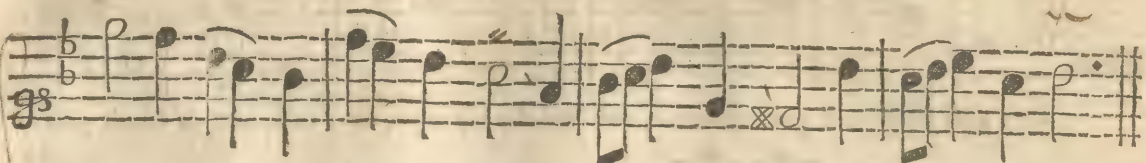
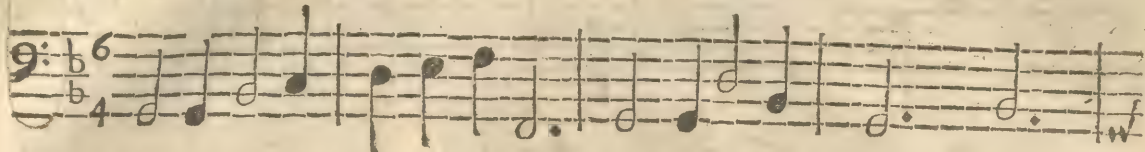
Fin.

The Words by Mr. Dryden. Set by Mr. Purcell.

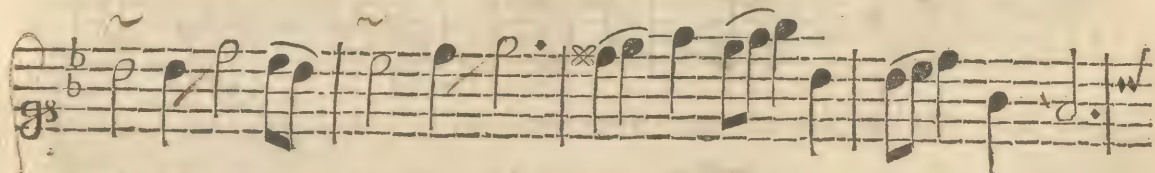
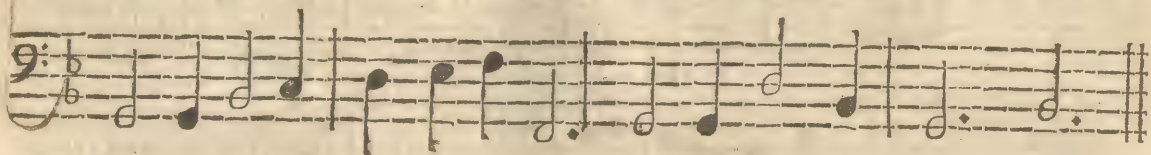


II.

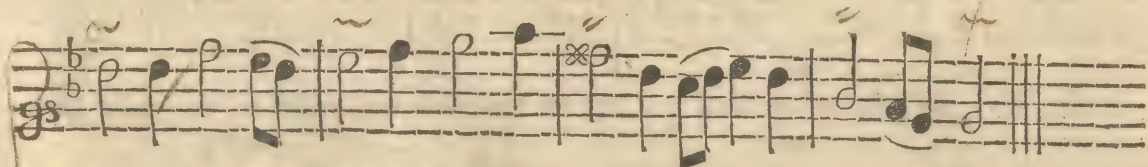
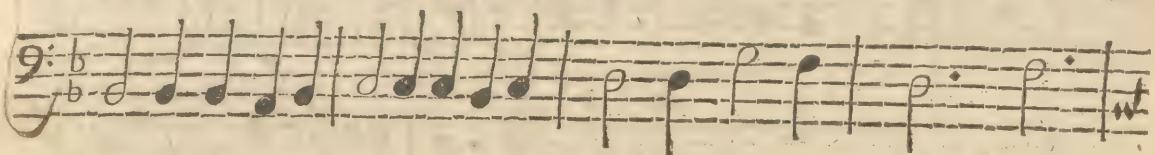
The Fortrefs cannot be maintain'd,
 Already more than half or'ethrown;
 For since my Eyes and Ears are gain'd,
 The chiefeft Out-works are your own:
 Then freely I'll my Heart resign,
 Let at least my comfort be;
 She nothing cruel can design,
 That's all made up of Harmony.

A new Song made upon the *Queen*.

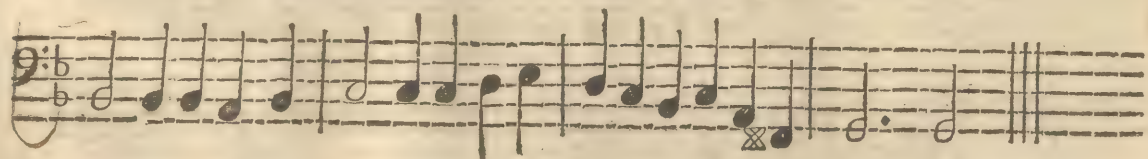
Flying from her aw—full Face, like trembling Ghosts when day's at hand:



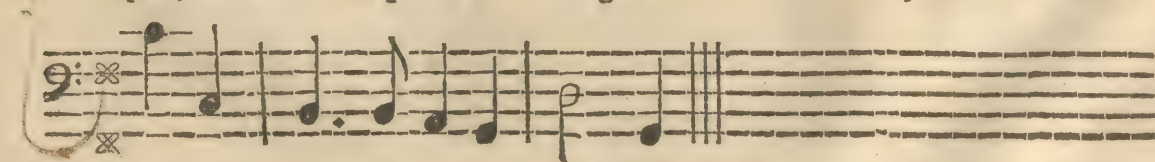
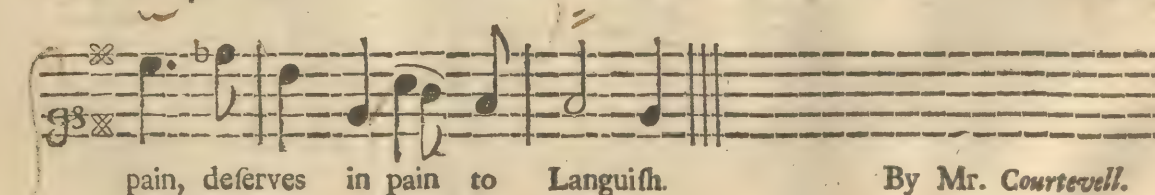
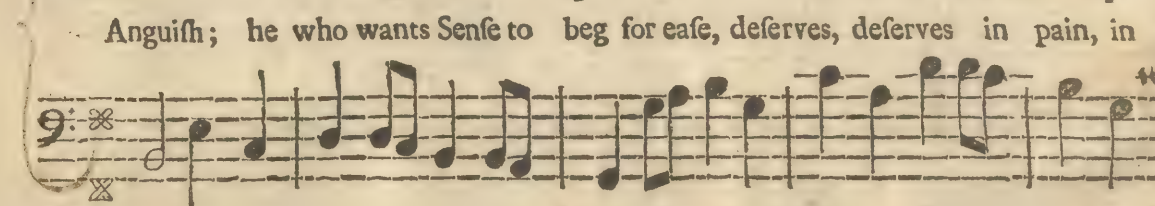
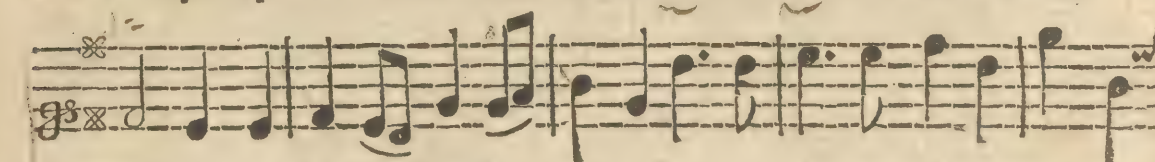
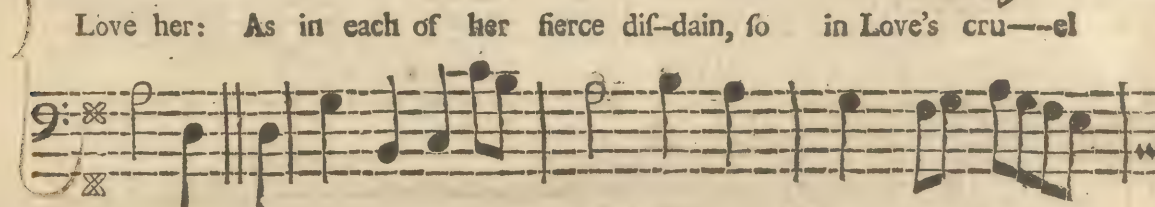
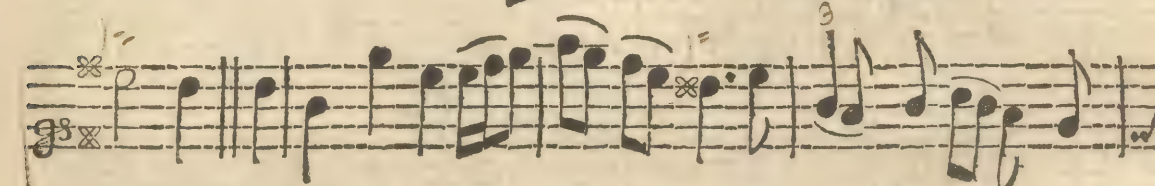
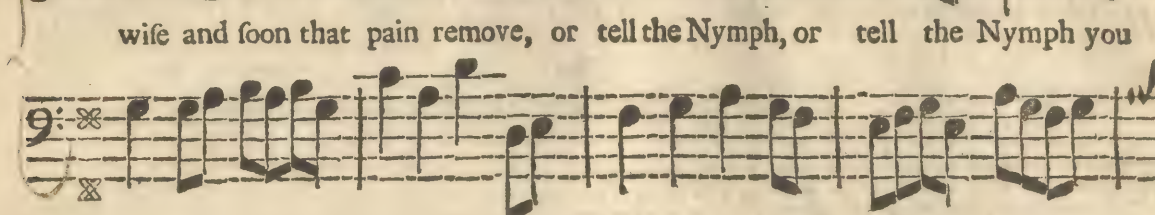
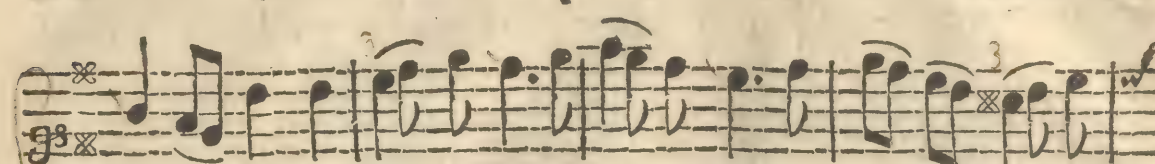
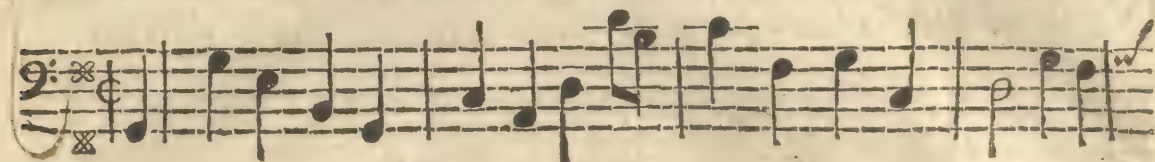
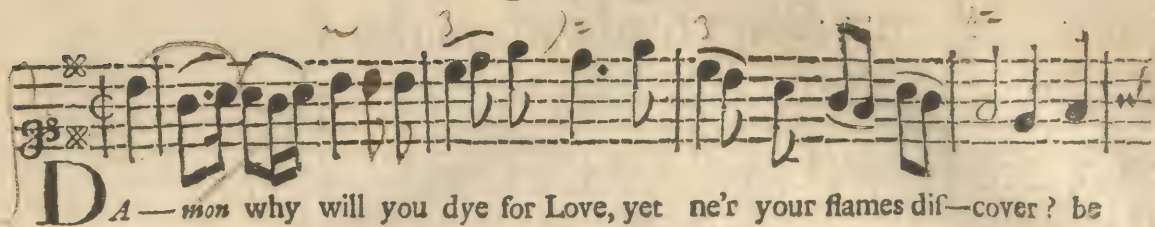
May her He—ro bring us peace, wone with Honour in the Field;



And our home-bred Factions cease, He fill our Sword, and She our Shield.



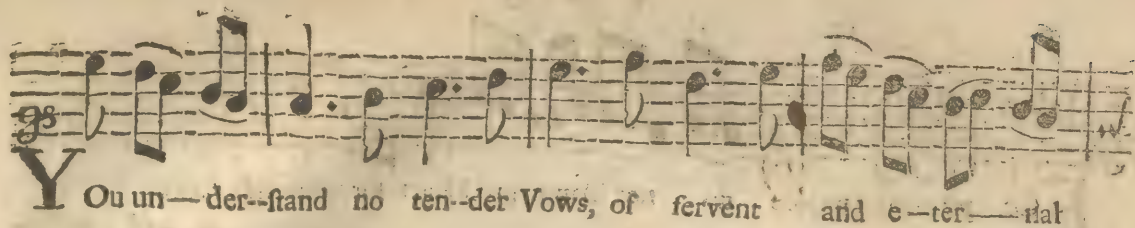
By Mr. Henry Purcell.



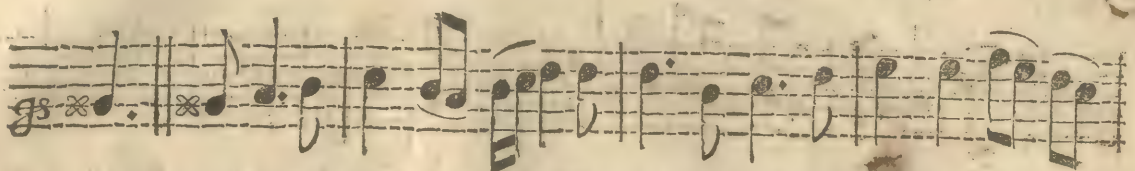
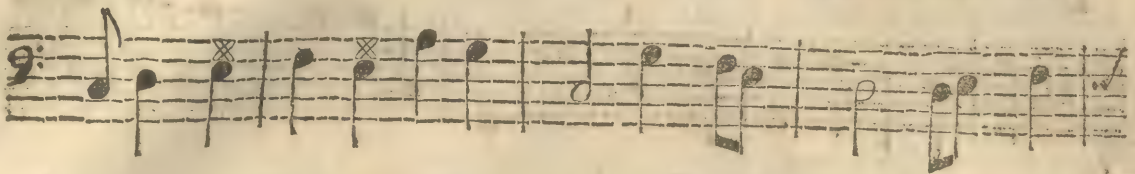
By Mr. Courtevell.

II.

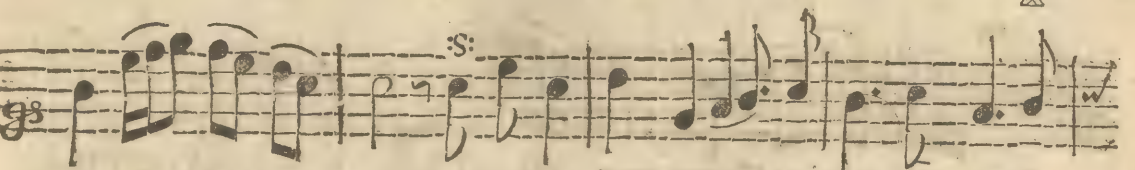
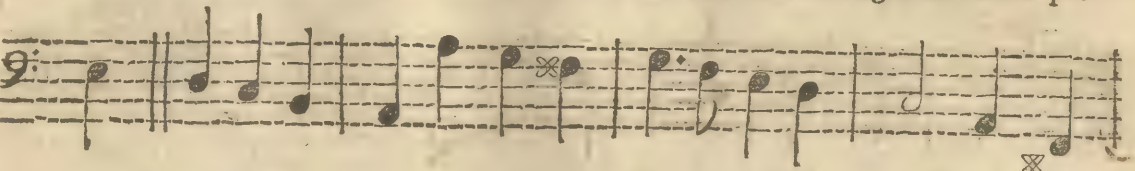
Women like Fortune Love the bold,
 Like her their minds they vary;
 Perhaps this day tho' *Celia's* Cold,
 With you the next She'll Marry:
 Be sure be true if She is kind,
 If cruel then forget her;
 With little pains you soon will find,
 A Nymph who'll use you better.



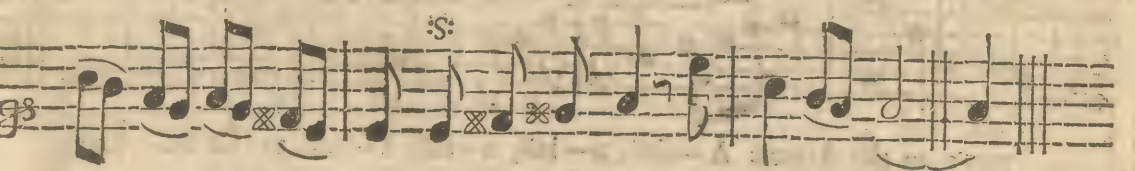
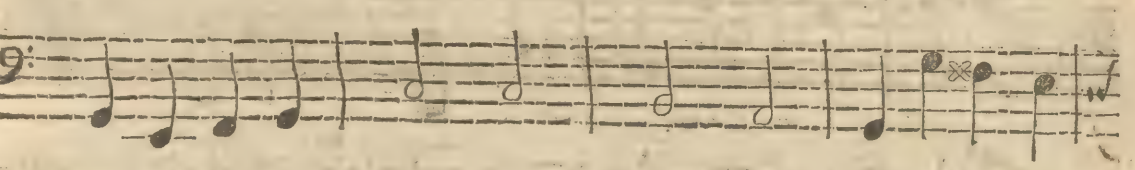
YOu un—der—stand no ten—der Vows, of fervent and e—ter—nal



Love; That Lover will his la—bour lose, who does with sighs and tears pro—



—pose your Heart to move: But if he talk of set—ling Land, a House in



Town and Coach maintain'd, you un—der—stand, you un—der—stand.



II.

By Mr. Robert King.

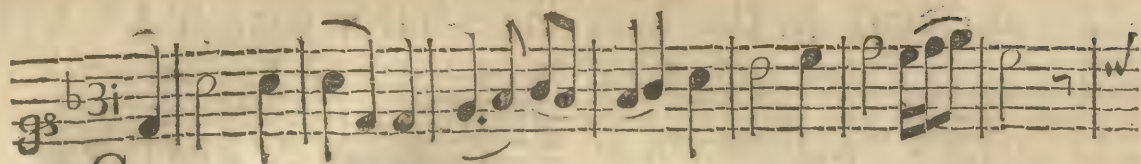
You understand no Charm in Wit,
In Shape, in Breeding, or in Air;
To any Fop you will submit,
The Nauseous Clown, or fulsome Citty
If rich they are,
Who Guineas can may you command,
Put Gold, and then put in your—
You understand, you understand.

For pit-ty Strephon do not blame my Heart for want of Love; I
can no lon-ger act dis-dain, our Passion e-qual move: By all those
dear en-gage-ing Charms, poor Phi-lis now is won, and yields her
pow'r to thy Armes; A-las, a-las, a-las, a-las to be un-done.

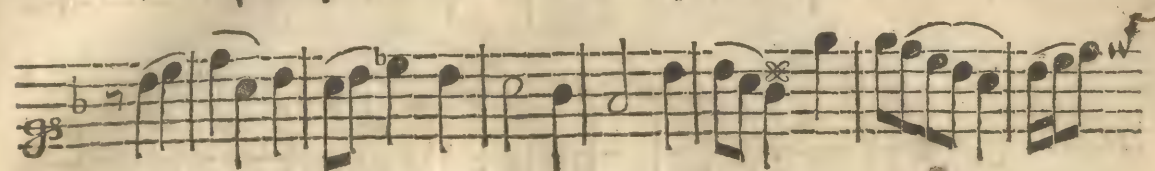
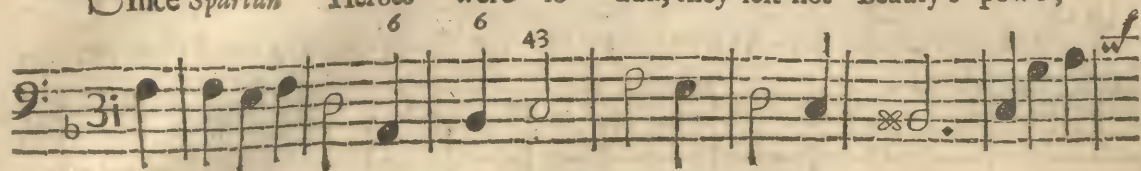
II.

By Mr. Biron.

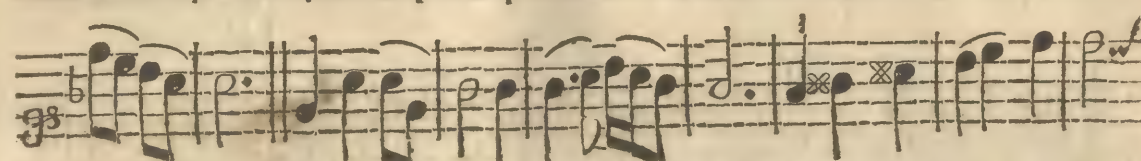
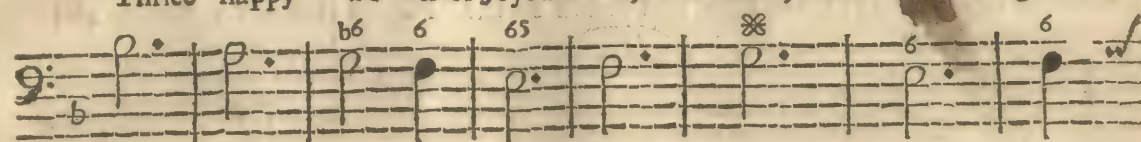
Too late I find it is in vain,
Love's Fire to conceal;
The soft, the wishing dying pain,
My tell-tale Eyes reveal;
It is decreed, nor can my fear,
Divert what Fate will do;
The Purchase will be Rich and Dear,
Be Strephon false or true.



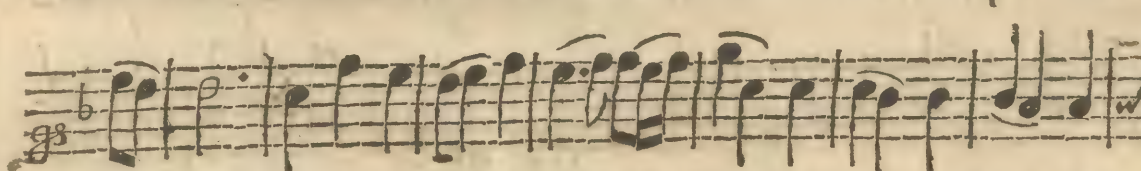
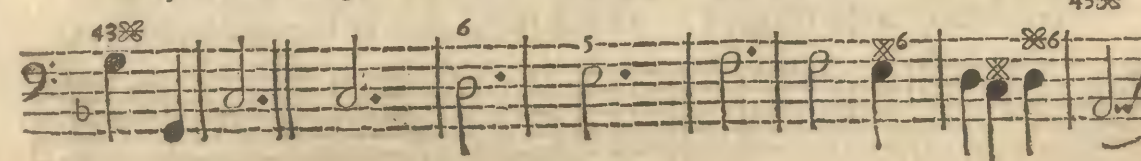
Since Spartan Heroes were so dull, they felt not Beauty's pow'r;



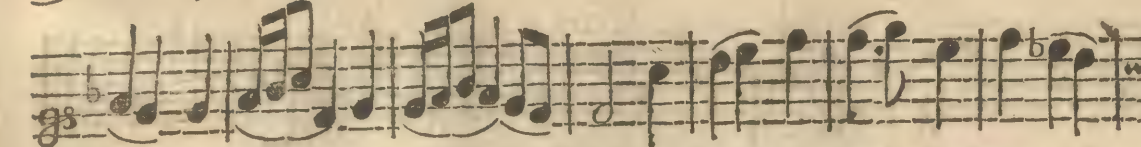
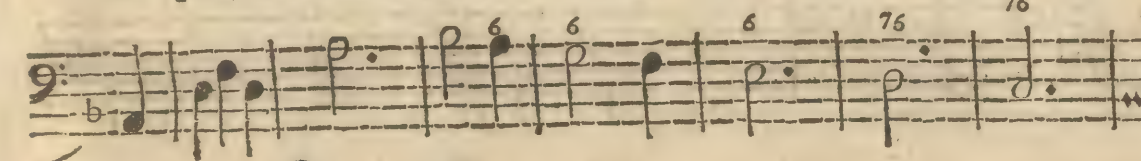
Thrice happy we whose Joys are full, While Love, while Love grows



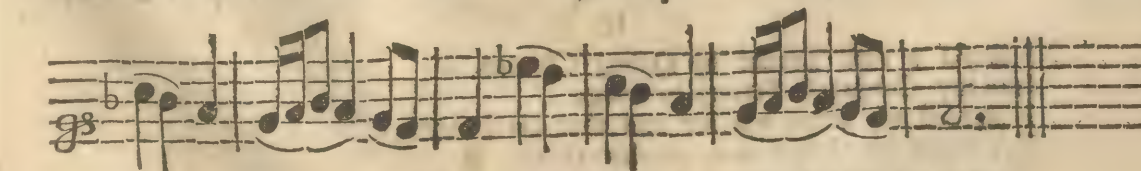
every hour: 'Tis pi-ty in a no-ble mind Nature shou'd bear, shou'd bear



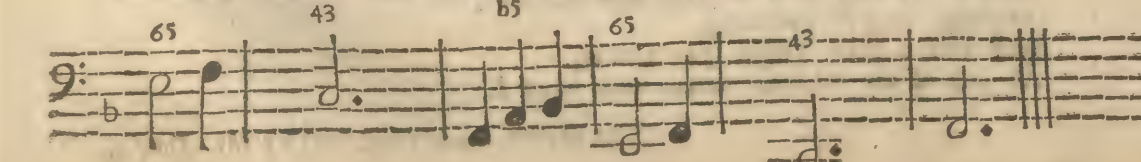
no part; How can the Brave be true-ly kind, And Love not touch, and



Love not touch, not touch the heart, and Love not touch the heart; and



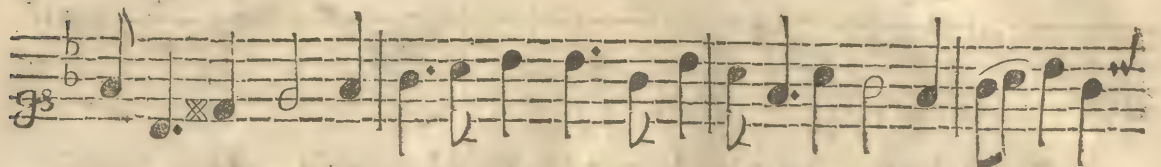
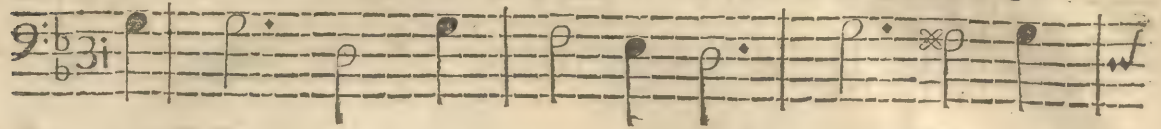
Love not touch the heart, and Love not touch the heart?



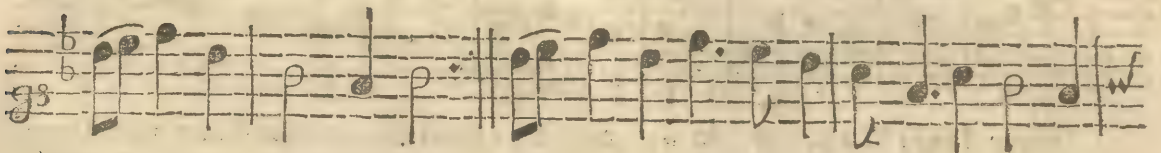
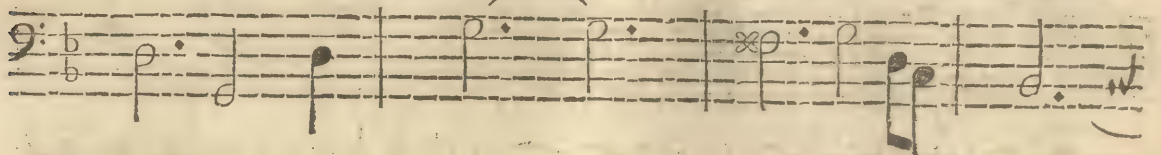
A Song in the Marriage-hater match'd.



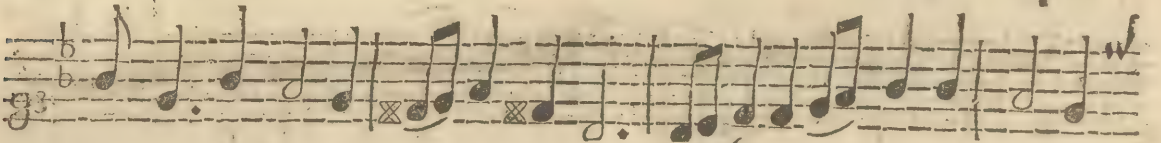
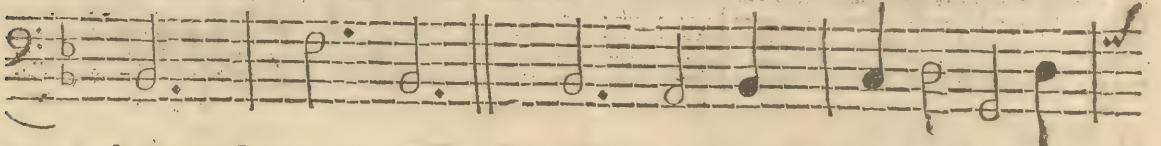
How Vile are the Sor-did Intregues of the Town, Cheating and Lying con —



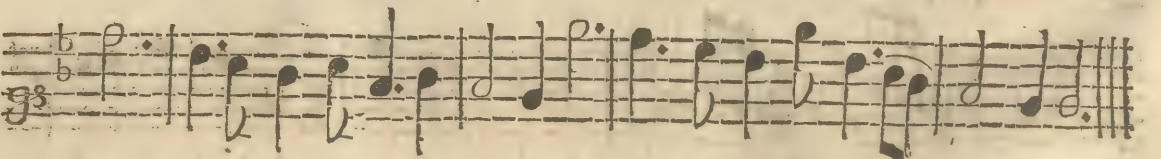
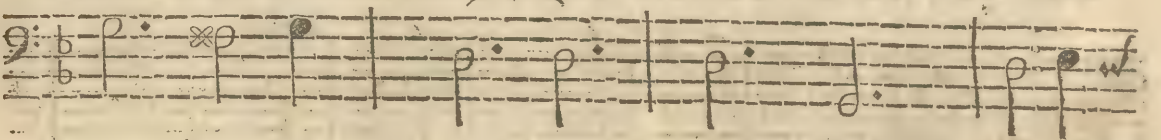
—ti— nually sway; From Bully and Punck to the Politick Gown, In Plotting and



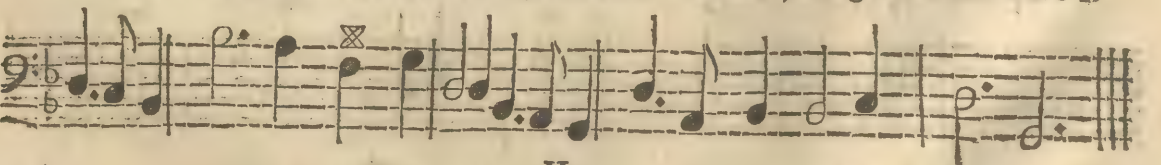
Sotting they waste the day: All their Discourse is of Forreign Affairs, The



French and the Warrs is always the cry, Marriage a—lafs is de—cli—ning,



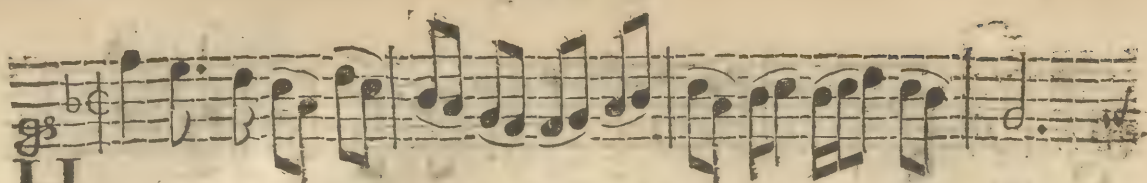
Nay tho' a poor Virgin lyes pining, Ah curse of this jarring what luck have I.



II.

I hop'd a rich Trader by Ogling Charms,
 Into my Conjugall Fetters to bring;
 I planted my snare too for one that lov'd Arms,
 But found his design was another thing:
 From the Court Province down to the dull Citis,
 Both Cully and Wits of Marriage are thy;
 Marriage alas is declining,
 Nay tho' a poor Virgin lyes pining,
 Ah pox of the Monsieur what luck have I.

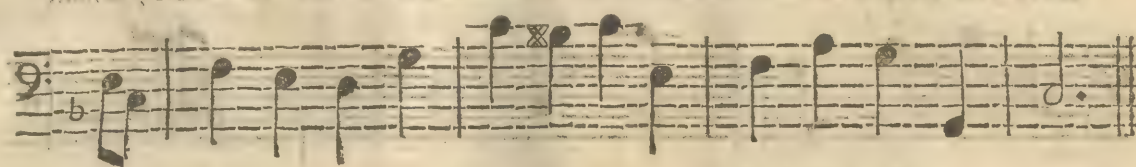
The Words made (and Set) by Mr. Durfee.



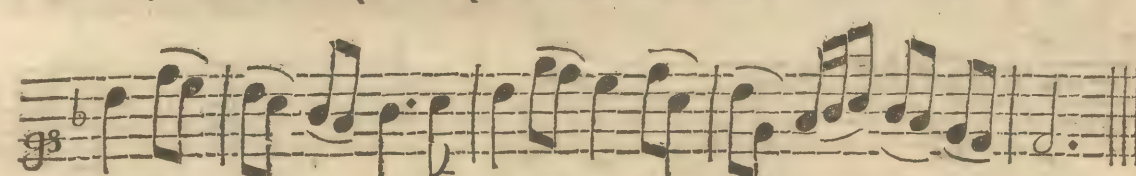
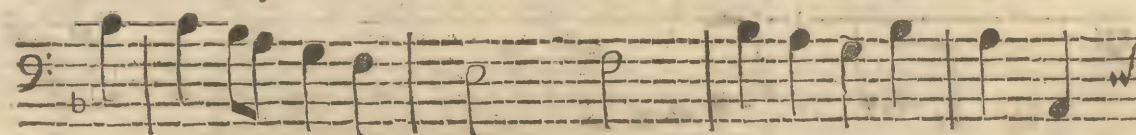
How long must Women wish in vain a con-stant Love to find,



No art can Fi—kle man retain, Or fix a rov—ing mind;



Thus fond—ly we our selves deceive, And emp—ty hopes per—



—sue; Tho' false to others we believe, They will to us prove true.



II.

But Oh! the Torment to discern,
A perjur'd Lover gone;
And yet by sad experience learn,
That we must still love on:
How strangely are we fool'd by Fate;
Who tread the Maze of Love;
When most desirous to retreat,
We know not how to move.

The Words by Mr. Shadwell. Set by Mr. King.

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The notation includes various note values, including minims, crotchets, and quavers, some beamed together. There are also rests and a decorative flourish at the end of the staff. The handwriting is in a historical style, likely from the 18th or 19th century.

Say Nymph Divine for whom I burn, In ab-sence is your Heart at ease;

The first staff of music is in G major, 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of the following notes: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4-G4 (beamed eighth notes), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half). There is a repeat sign after the D4 note, followed by the notes: C#4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half). The staff ends with a double bar line.

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. It begins with a treble clef. The notation includes several eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together. There are also rests, some marked with an 'X' inside a circle. The ink is dark and the paper is aged.

Have you no Joy _____ for his re- turn, whom

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. It begins with a bass clef. The notation includes several eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and a few rests. The ink is dark and the paper shows signs of age.

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. It begins with a stylized clef-like symbol and a 'g' time signature. The notation includes various note values, some beamed together, and rests. A decorative flourish is present below the staff. The paper is aged and yellowed.

nothing but your fight can please; Who ev—'ry mo—ment

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of several measures, featuring various note values including minims, crotchets, and quavers, connected by beams. There are also rests indicated by stylized symbols. The ink is dark brown on aged paper.

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes several measures with eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together. There are also rests and a decorative flourish (a cross-like symbol) under a note. The paper is aged and yellowed.

pines a—way, And with a ful—len pas—sion dyes; If he but

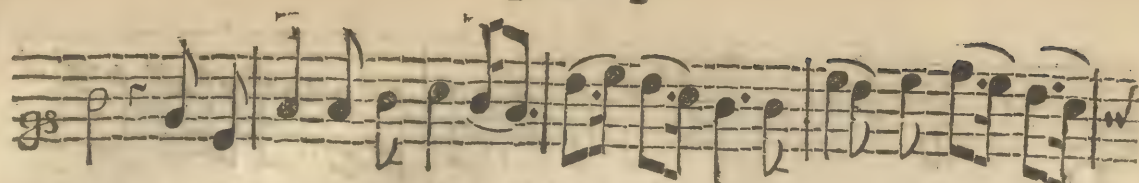
A single staff of handwritten musical notation. It begins with a bass clef. The notation includes several notes of varying durations, some with stems, and a cross symbol (X) within a circle. The ink is dark and the paper shows signs of age.

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. It begins with a treble clef and a common time signature 'C'. The notation includes several eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and rests. A double bar line is present towards the end of the staff. The ink is dark and the paper shows signs of age.

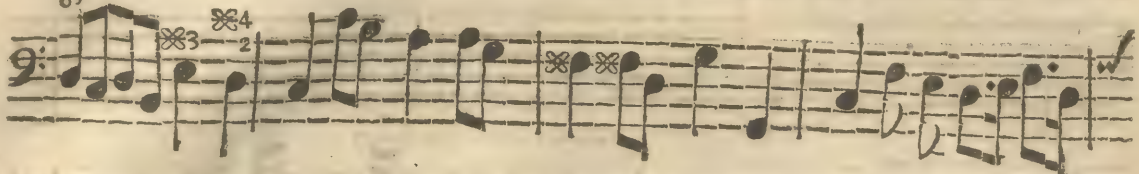
pass one te—d'ous day, un-blest of those all Charming Eyes:

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation includes several measures with eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together. There are also rests and a measure containing a cross symbol (X) followed by a note. The handwriting is in ink on aged paper.

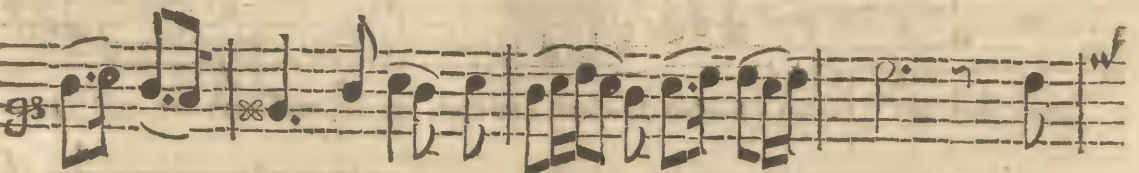
To serve you is my care and pride, To please you all this world can give;



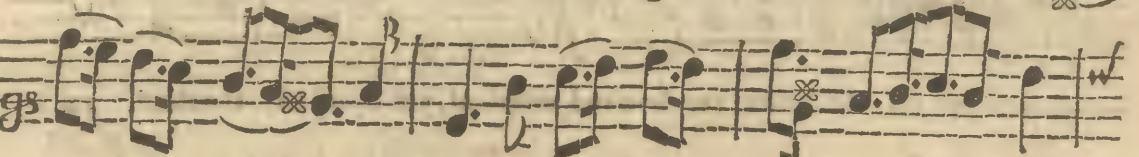
Dead, dead to all, to all humane things be—side; In that lov'd Breast a—



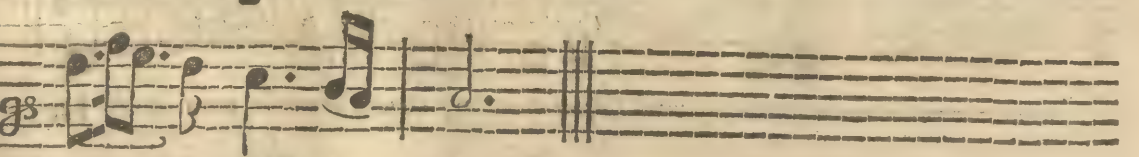
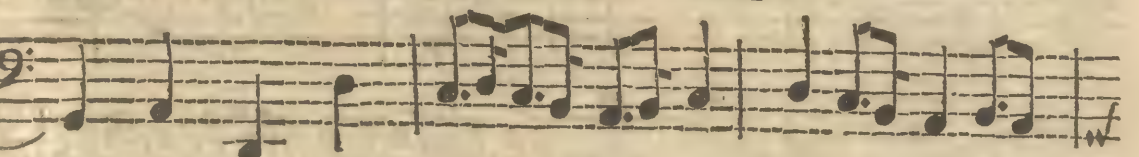
—lone I live, You night and day my thoughts imploy, You on—ly my de—



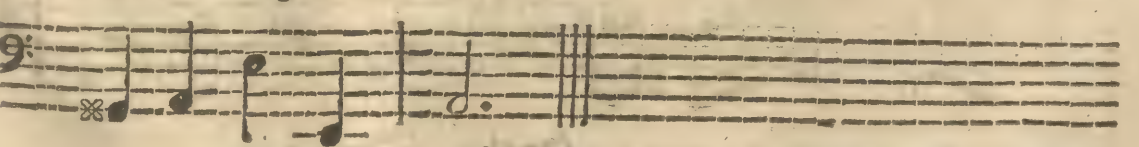
—fire can move, To have a taft for mean—er Joys, is



an un—grate—full wrong, is an un—grate—



—full wrong to Love

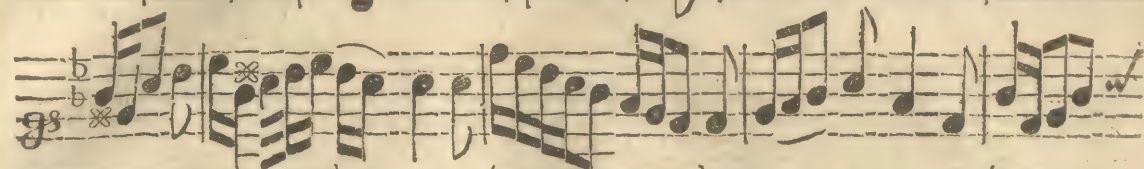
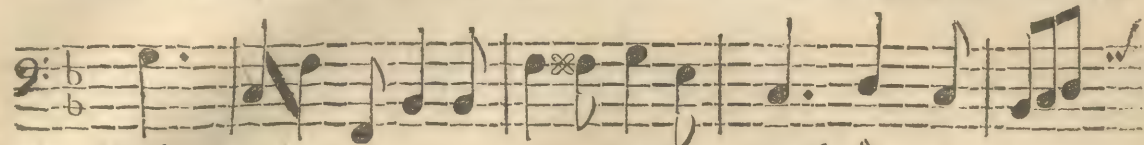


Set by Mr. Courtewel. the Words by Mr. Onfley.

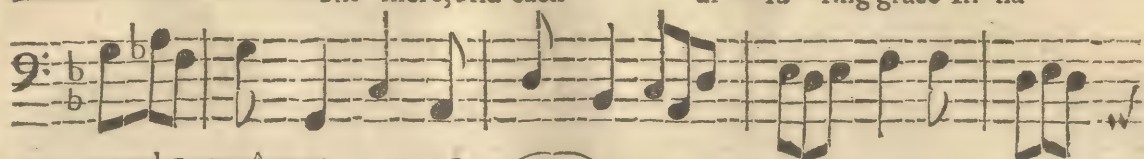
B Right An-na-bell, bright An-na-bell the Pow'r
of Love deny's, the pow'r of Love de-ny's; And
doth her self In-fen-fi-ble de-clare, And doth her self, and doth her self In-
cen-fi-ble de-clare, yet thousand, thousand, yet thousand, thousand, yet
thou sand Cnpids wanton, Cupids wanton, wanton in her
Eyes, Yet Eyes: And each al-lur-ing grace, and each al-



— lu — ring grace In — ha — bits there, In — ha —

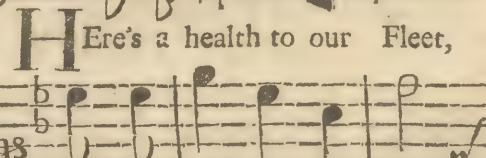
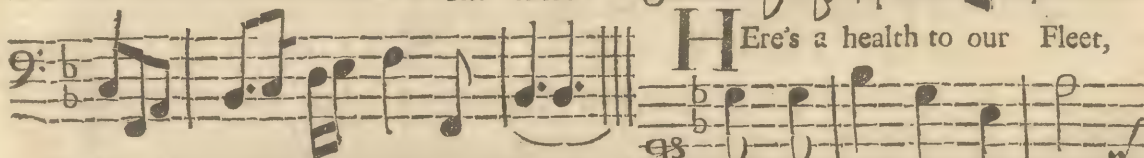


bits there, and each al — lu — ring grace In — ha —

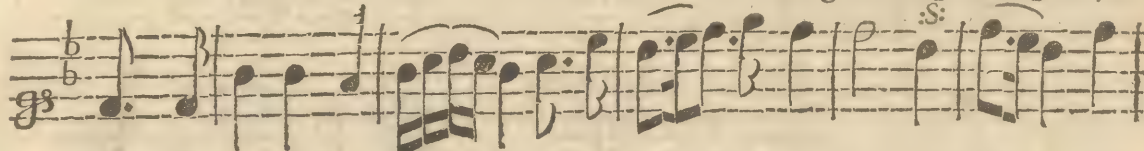


bits there.

A Catch for 4 Voices upon the Fleet.
By Mr. Turner.



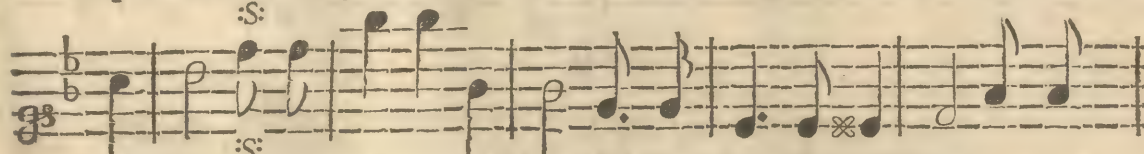
to our great King and Queen;



whilst the Cannon doe roar, and the Stee — ples doe ring; with Fire tri —



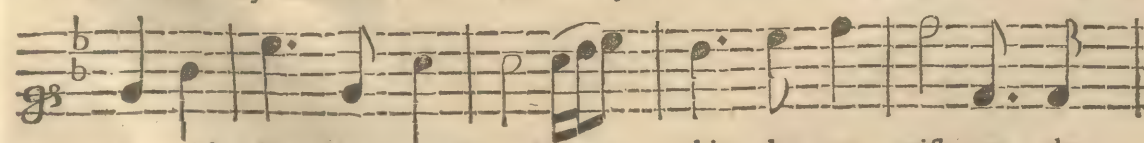
— umphant the Ci — ty shall shine, as *Tourville's* burnt Squadrons en — ligh — ten



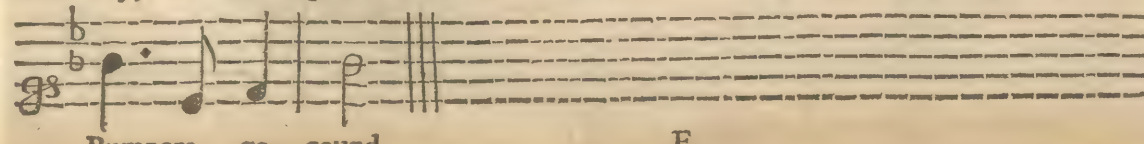
the Maine: May the Tyrant of *France*, thus be humbl'd each day, may his



Armes fall by Land as his Na — vy at Sea; whilst *William* and *Ma —*

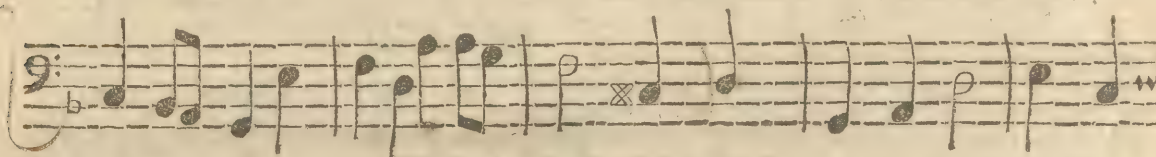
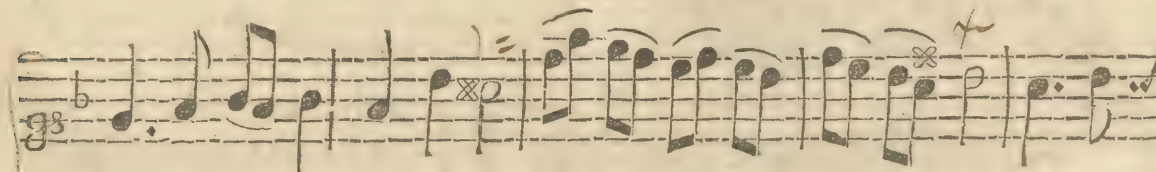
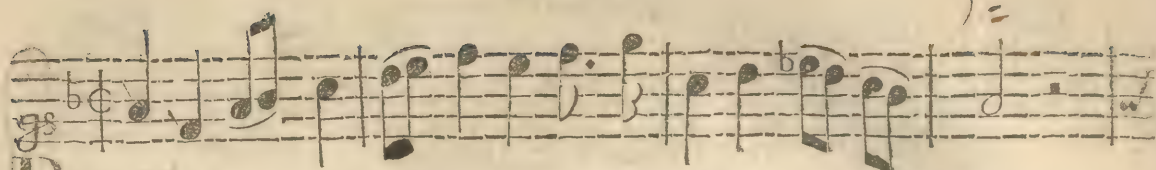


— ry, with Trophies are Crown'd, may this be our wish as the



Bumpers go round.

E



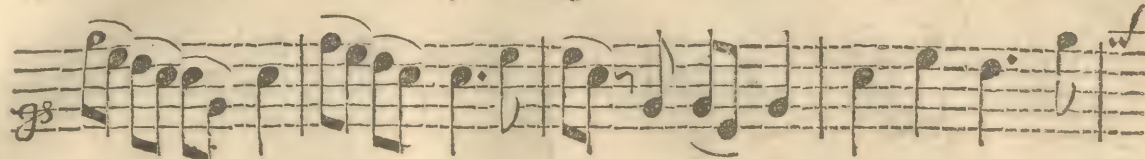
II.

Love and Birding are ally'd,
 Baits and Ners a-like they have;
 The same Arts in both are try'd,
 The unwary to inflave:
 If in each you'd happy prove,
 Without noise still watch your prey;
 For, in Birding and in Love,
 While we talk it flies away.

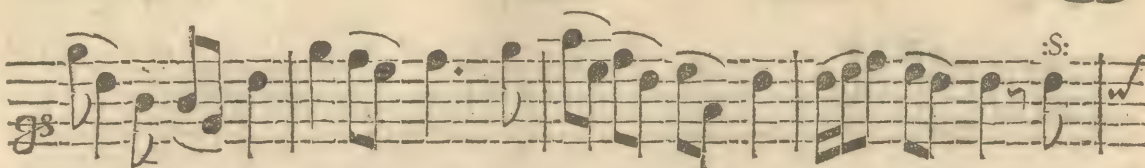
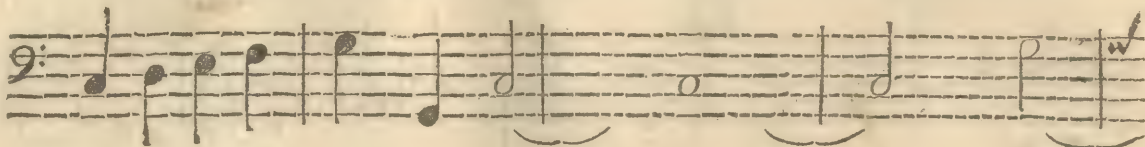
[By Dr. Blow.]



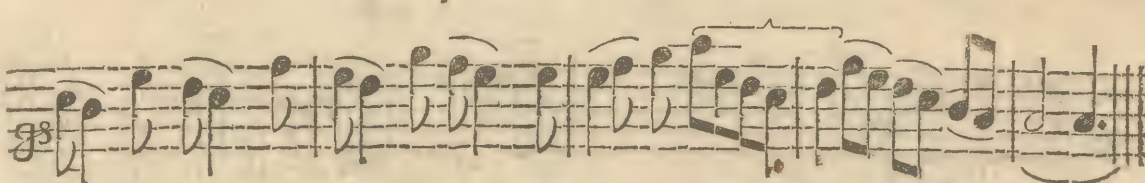
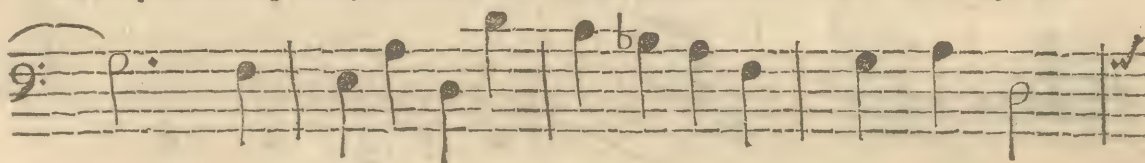
I F Mu—sick be the food of Love, Sing on, sing on, sing on, sing on till



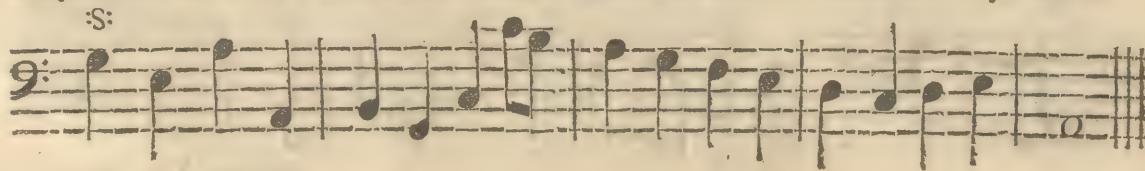
I am fill'd, am fill'd with Joy; Forthen my list—ning Soul you move, for



then my list—ning Soul you move, with pleasures that can ne—ver cloy; Your

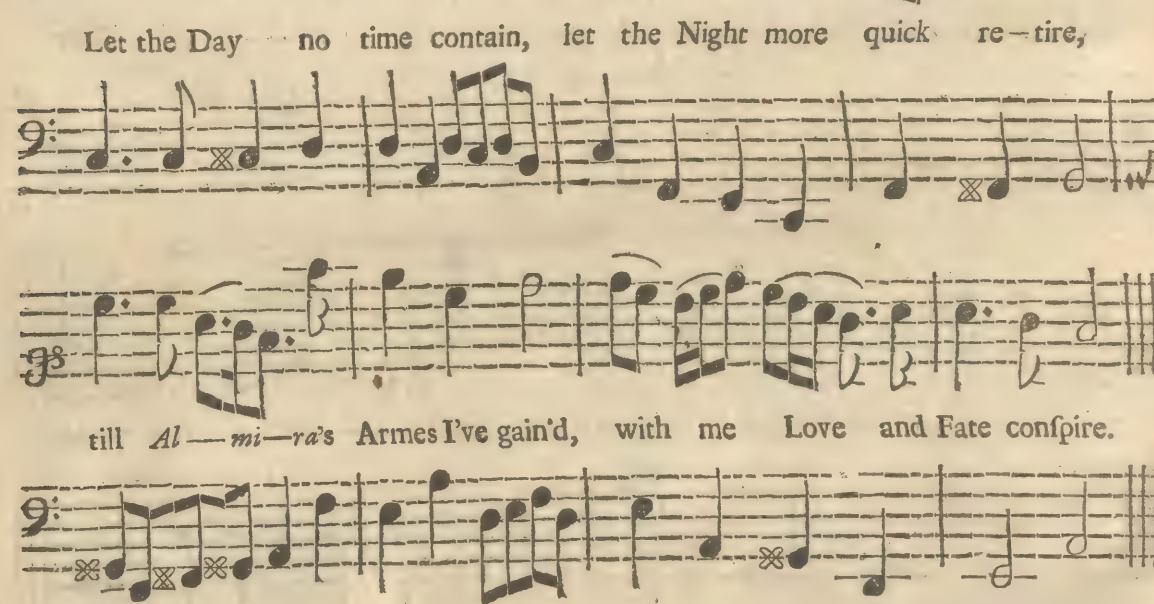
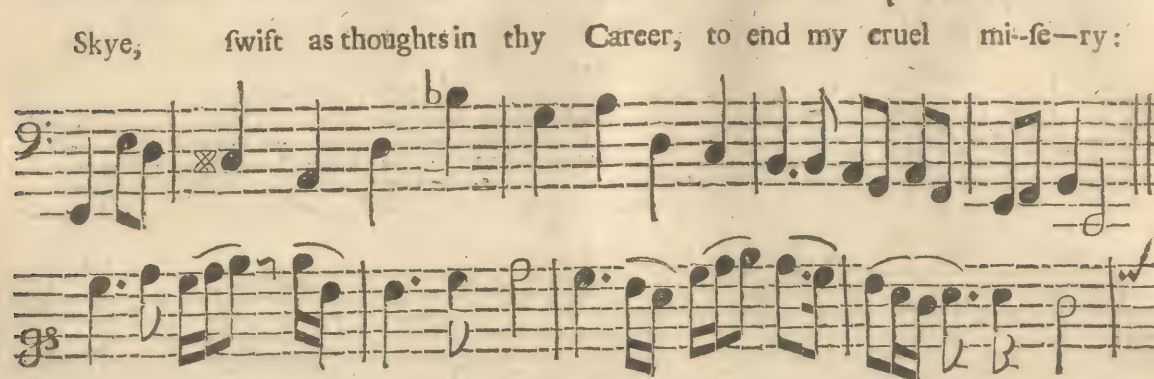
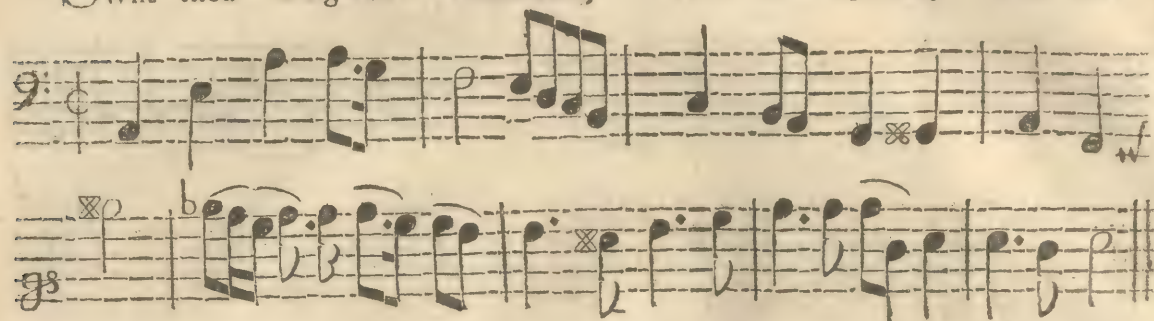
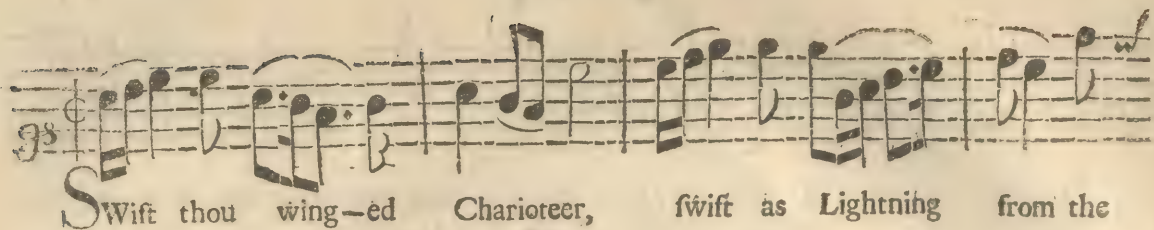


Eyes, your Meen, your Tongue declare, that you are Mu——sick e—v'ry where.



II.

Pleasures invade both Eye, and Ear,
So fierce the transports are, they wound;
And all my Senses feasted are,
Tho' yet the Treat is only Sound.
Sure I must perish by your Charmes,
Unless you save me in your Armes.



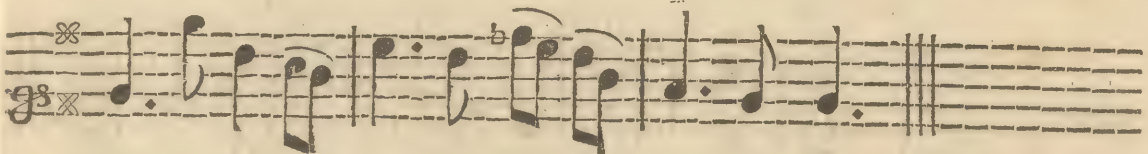
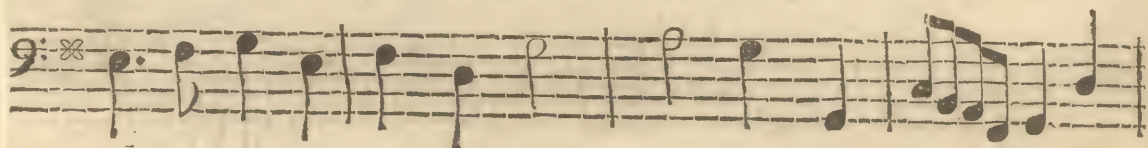
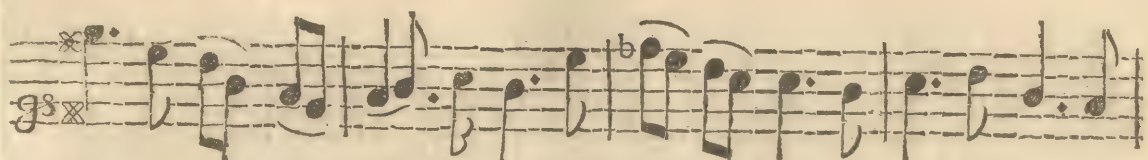
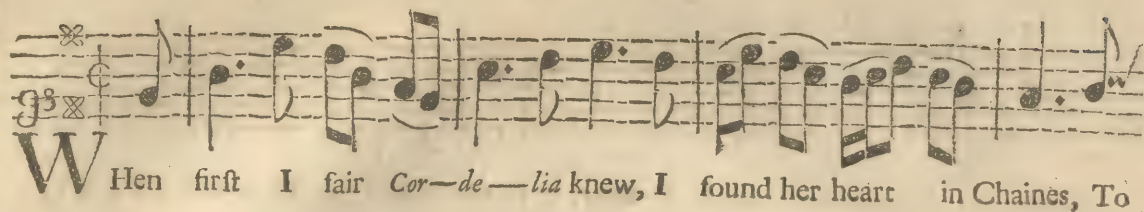
By Mr. Tho. Wrotb.

II.

Cruel absence me confines,
 From my dear *Almira's* Arms;
 From those Eyes wherein's contain'd,
 A thousand blisses, thousand Charmes:
 No ill Omen here attend,
 No ill boding Bird be nigh;
 Let not *Heccate* dare contend,
 To hinder my Felicity.

III.

Here all Charming God of Love,
 In *Idalian Venus* Armes;
 Thousand raptures tastes and proves,
 Why not I those softer Charmes:
 Let the Day no time contain,
 Let the Night more quick retire;
 I'll with pleasing killing pains,
 In *Almira's* Armes expire.



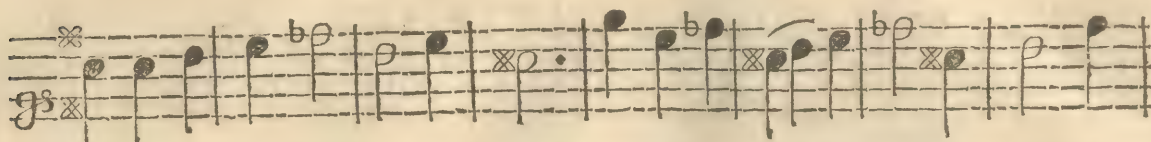
By Mr. Francis Forcer.

II.

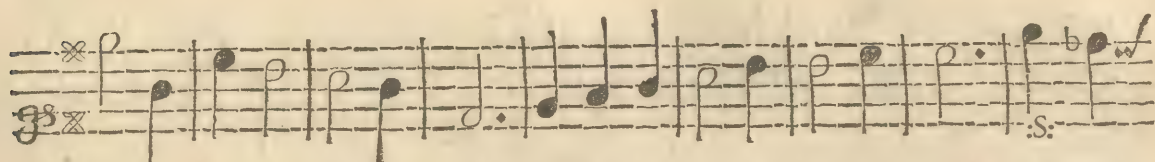
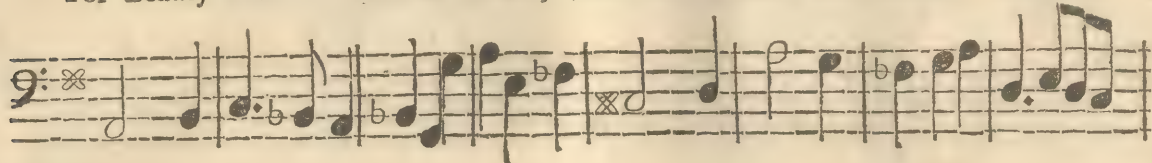
So have I seen when Bullies meet,
 Inflam'd with Wine and rage,
 Each drawes on to'ther in the Street,
 And vigorously engage;
 One who to part e'm makes a stand,
 Too indiscreetly brave,
 Receive his Death from the Friends hand,
 Whose Life he try'd to save.



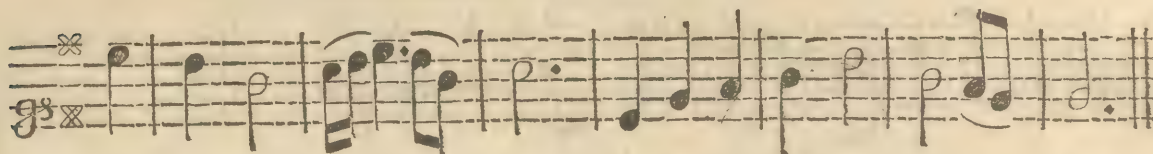
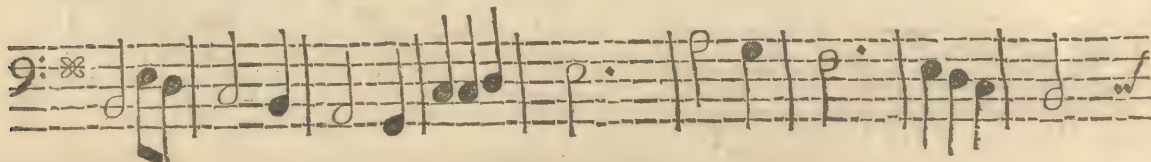
Cou'd you be constant one half hour, you shou'd be told how much I Love :



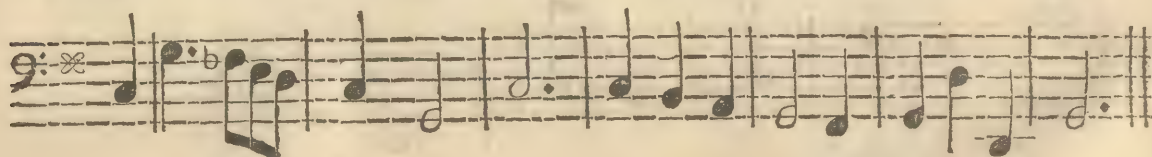
For Beauty has a sacred Pow'r, to be a—dor'd like Saints a—bove ; I



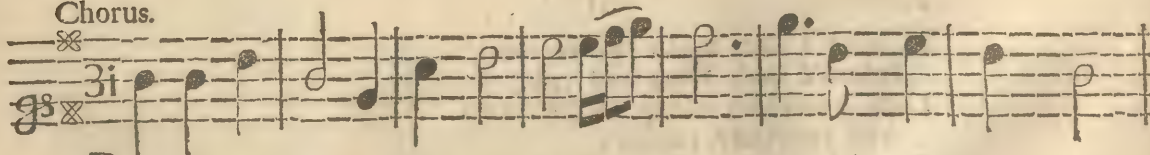
swear, I cannot say I die, when for my self and you I live: Let com—



—mon Lovers whine and lie, I ask what e—ver you can give.

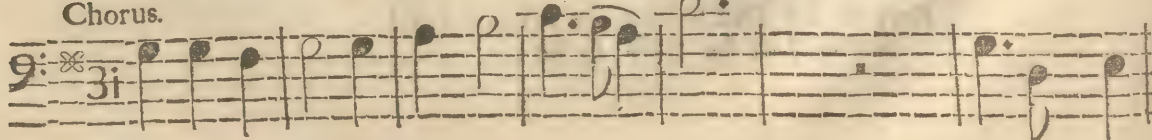


Chorus.



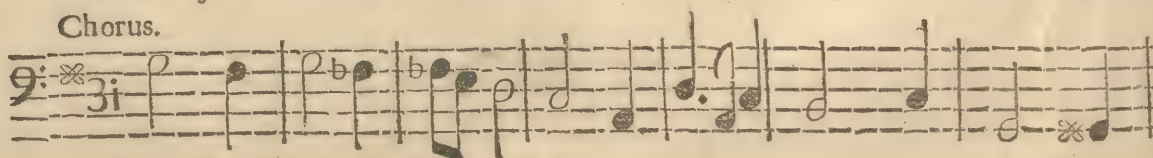
BUT if I ask too much from Love, and you say the Nymph's sic—kle,

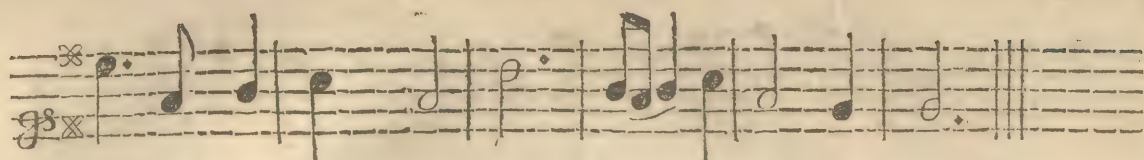
Chorus.



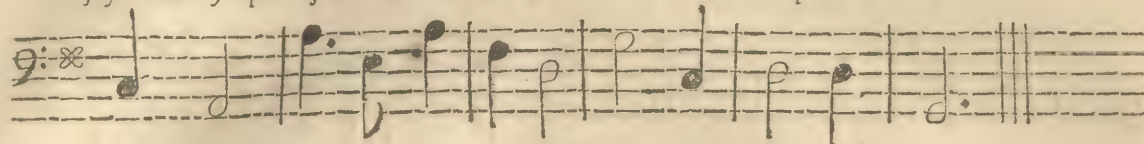
BUT if I ask too much from Love, and you say the Nymph's

Chorus.

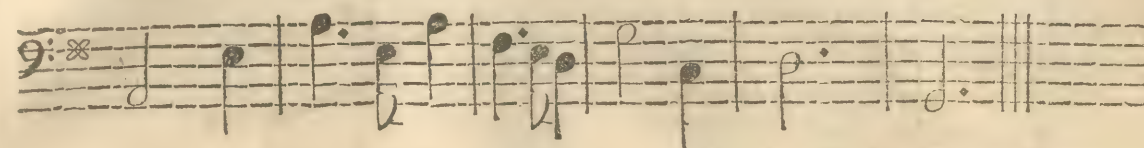




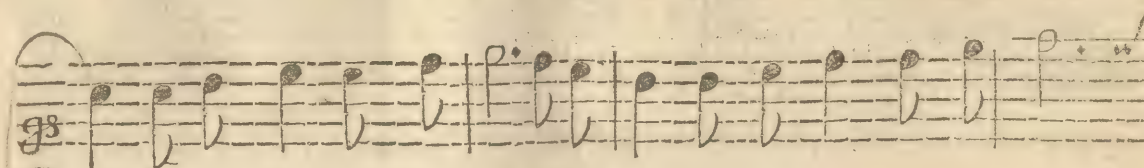
say the Nymph's fic—kle tho', tho' the Shepherd's true.



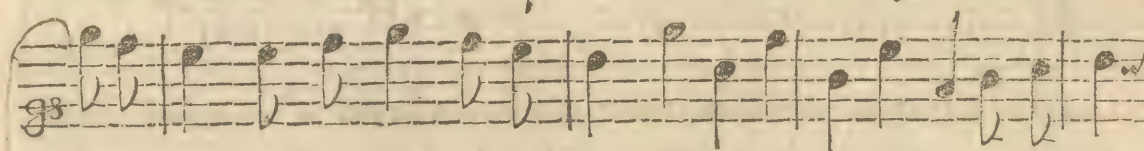
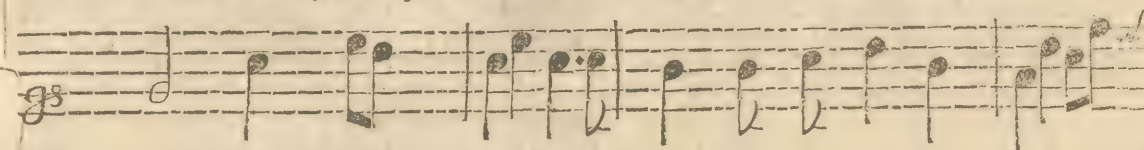
fic—kle say the Nymph's fic—kle tho' the Shepherd's true.



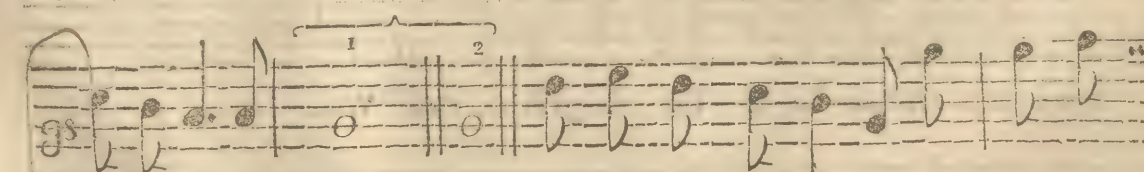
By Mr. Francis Forcer.



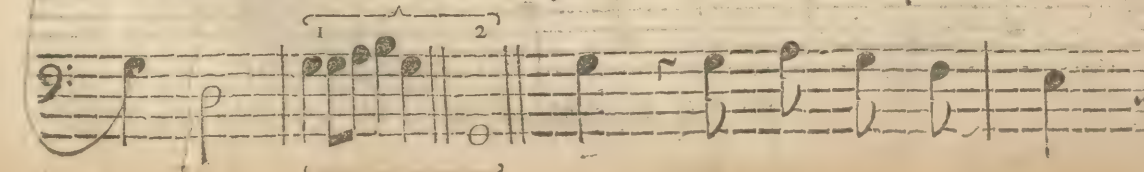
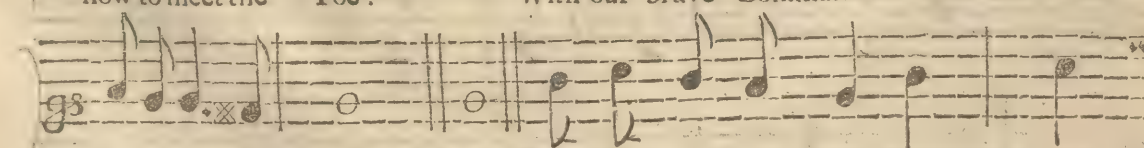
Come beat the Drum, Trumpets sound all a-round; Beat the Drum, Trumpets sound

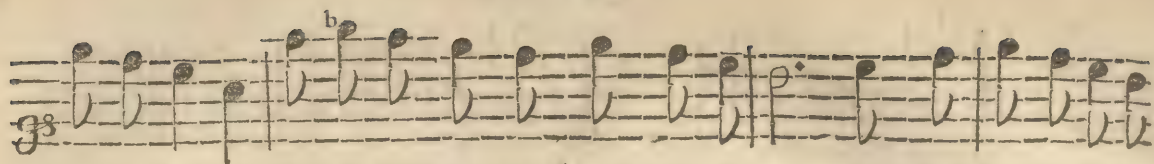


all a-round; mix Hautboys with the noise. Come on, let none be slow, for we go

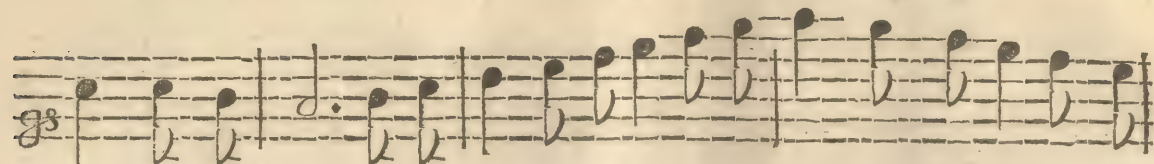
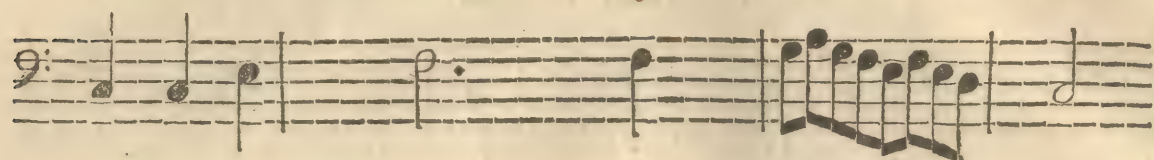
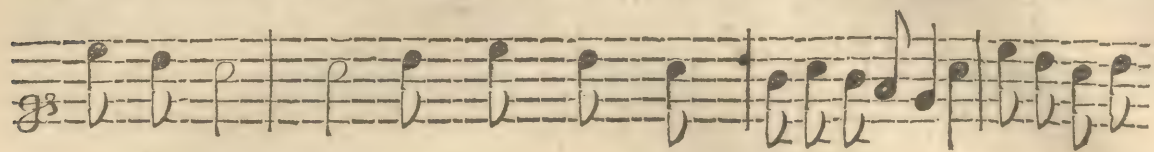


now to meet the Foe: With our brave Commanders we'll drive e'm

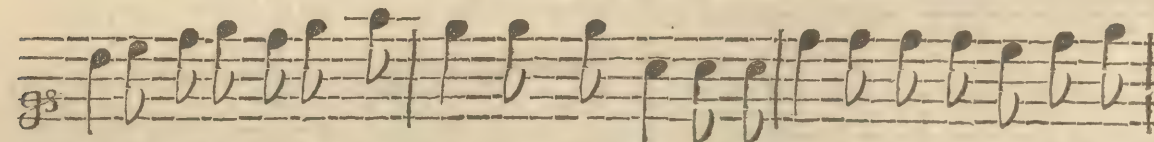
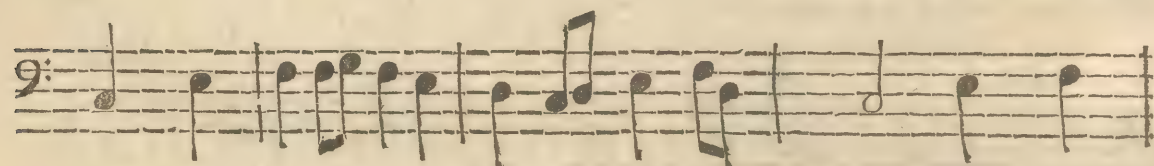
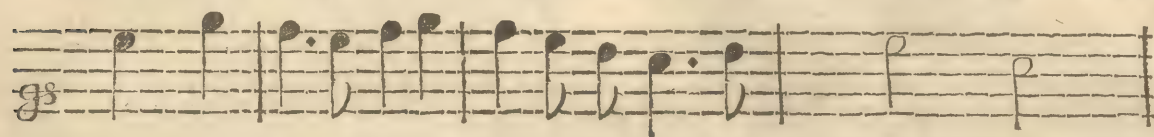




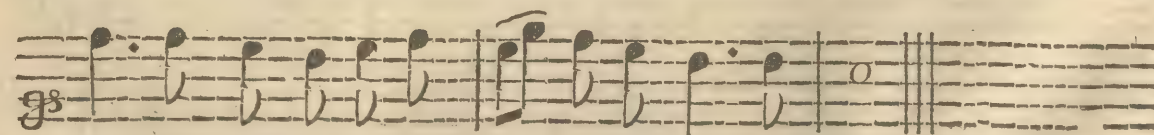
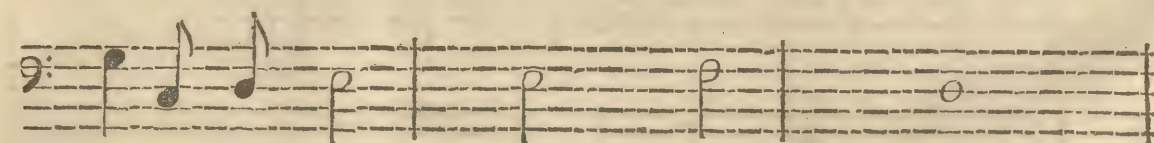
out of *Flanders*; Tho' the Fight they shun, we'll make e'm run; They shall give up in the



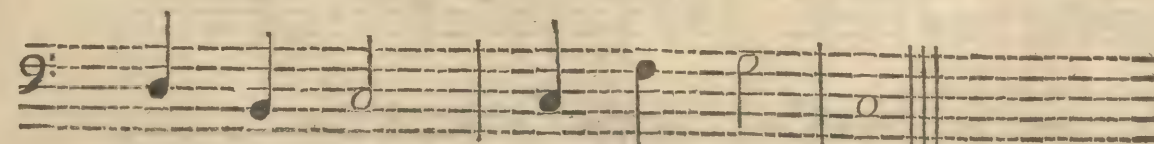
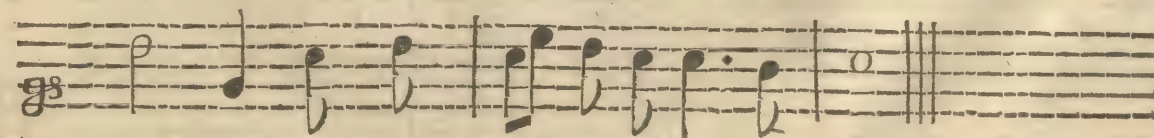
whole what they Stole, we will beat and defeat all we meet, *French* or *Turk*, tho' they



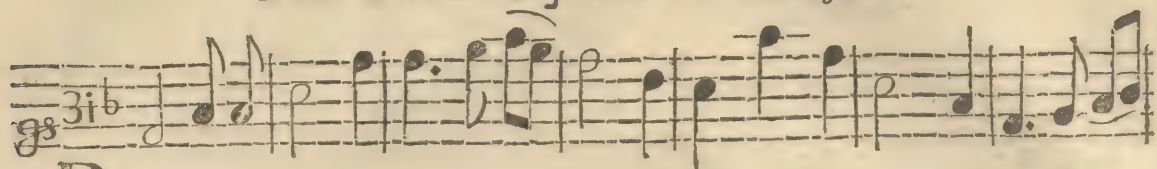
Turk, we will surely doe their work; They shall fare when we join as at *Agbrim* and the



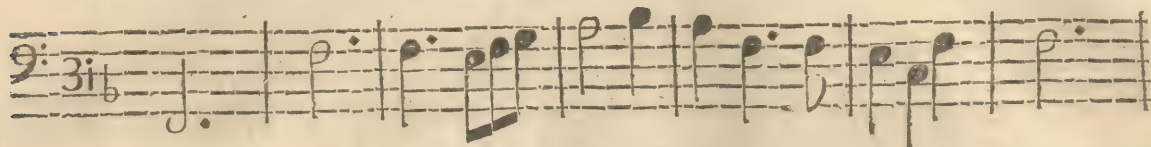
Boyn; with *William* we de—sign to go drink their Wine.



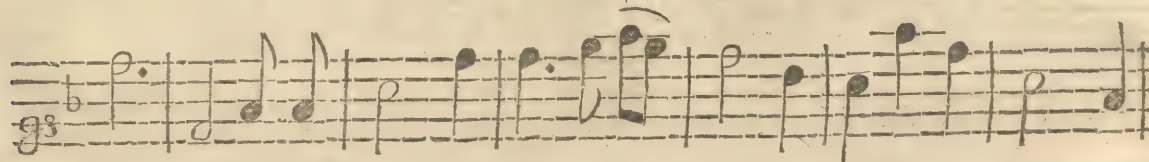
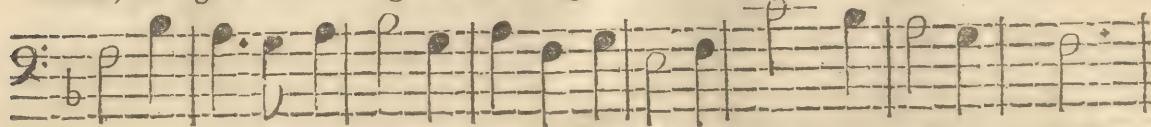
An *Epsome* Scotch Song, the Words by Mr. *Durfey*.
The Tune by Mr. *Mountfort*.



RISE Bonny *Cate* the Sun's got up high, the Fidlers have play'd their last merry



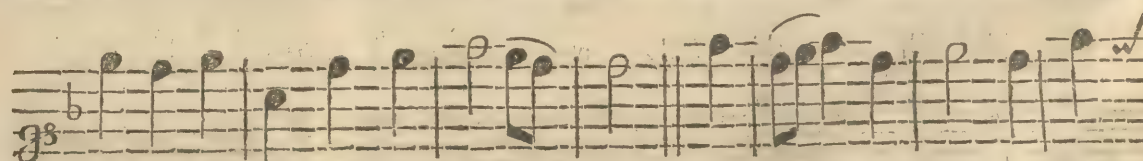
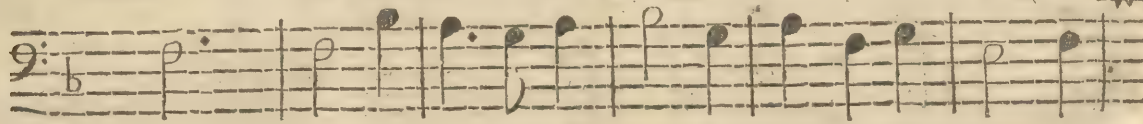
Tune; Let's give e'm a George and bid e'm god b'w'y, and gang to the Wells before 'tis



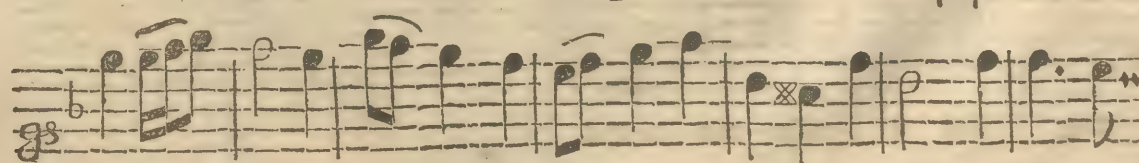
noon. There to thy health ize drink my three quarts, then raffle a-mong the



beauties di-vine, where tho' some young Fops may chance to lose hearts, af-

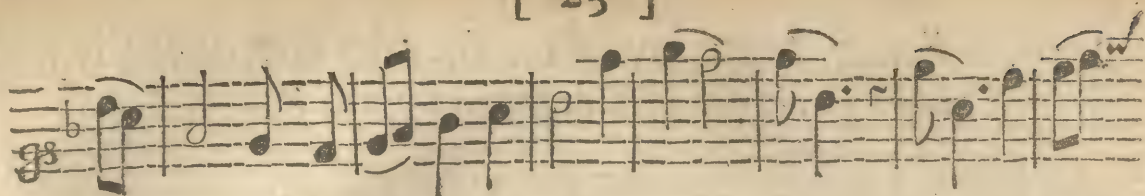


—sure thy self *Jockye's* shall still be thine. When we come home we'll kiss

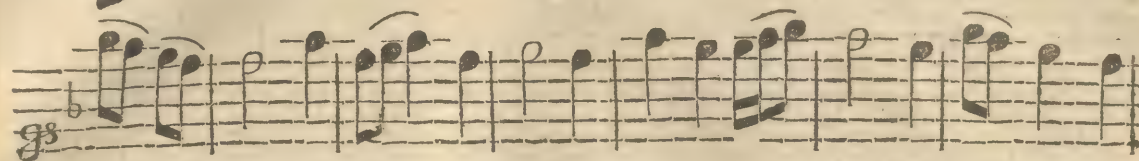
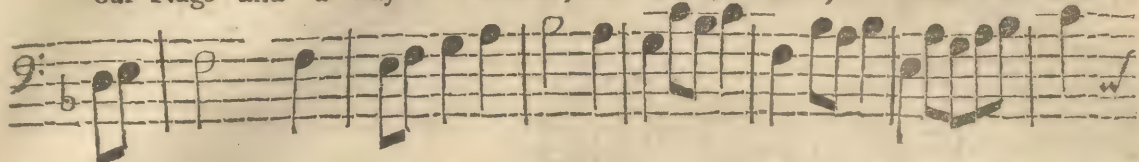


and we'll bill, and Feast on each o-ther as well as our meat; Then sad-die

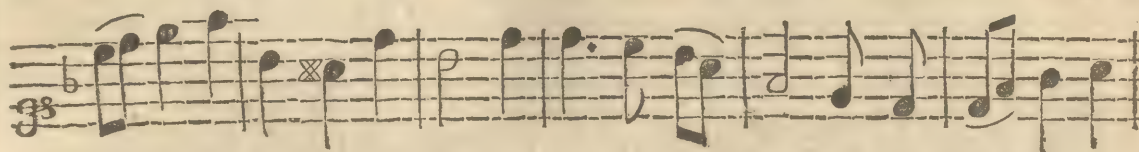




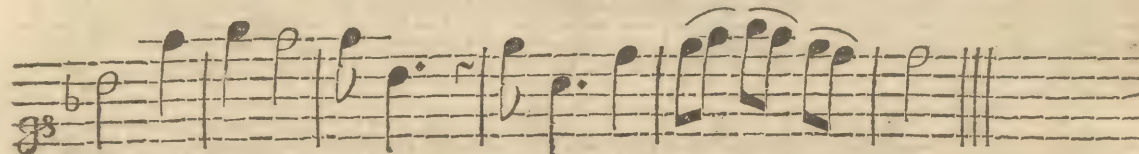
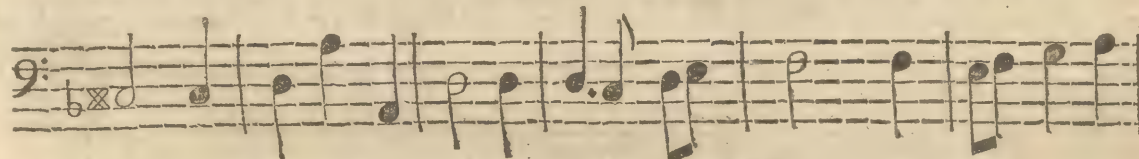
our Nags and a-way to box-hill, and there, there, there con—sum—



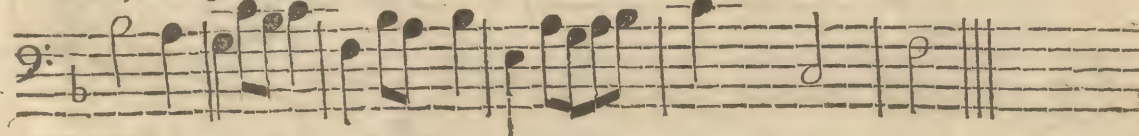
—mate the Treat; and when at Bowls I chance to be broak, Smile thou and for



lof-fes. I care not a pin, i'll push on my Fortune at night at the



Oake, and quickly, quickly, quickly re—cov'r all a—gen.



V.

For thy diversion could'st thou but think,
Why here all degrees cold Bumpers take off;
Or why all this croud come hither to drink,
In spite of the Spleen twou'd make thee laugh.

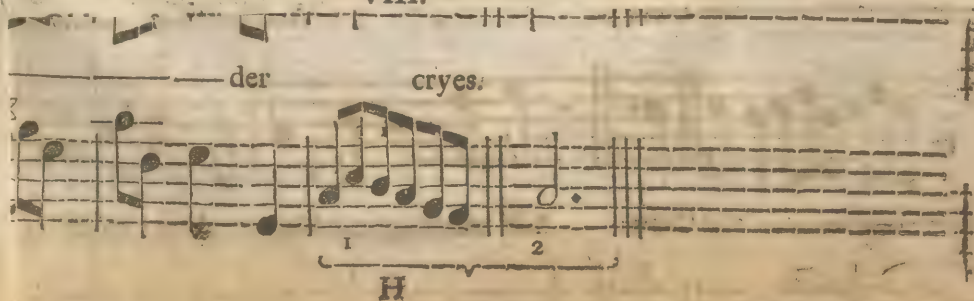
VI.

Courtiers and Plough-men, States-men and Citts,
The men of the Sword, and men of the Laws;
The Virgin, the Punck, the Fools, and the Wits,
All tope off their Cups for a different Cause.

VII.

New marry'd Brides their Spouses to please,
Each morning quaff largely in hopes to Conceive;
The Bully too drinks to wash off his Disease,
Still fearing the Fall of the Leaf.

VIII.



A New Song, Sung by Mrs. Dyer in the new Play
call'd *Henry the 2d.* Compos'd by Mr. Purcell.

I N vain, in vain, in vain, in vain gainst Love in

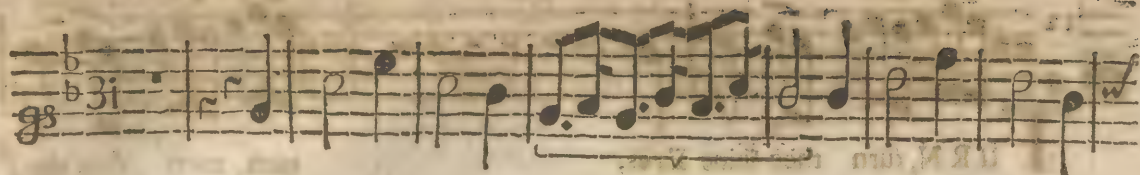
vain I strove, Reason nor Honour, Reason nor Honour could its

force re-move; Tho'

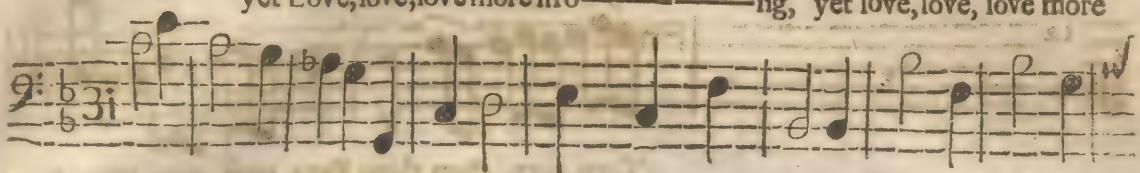
Honour fresh objections brought, and each had won-drous

Sense I thought, each had won-drous Sense I thought:

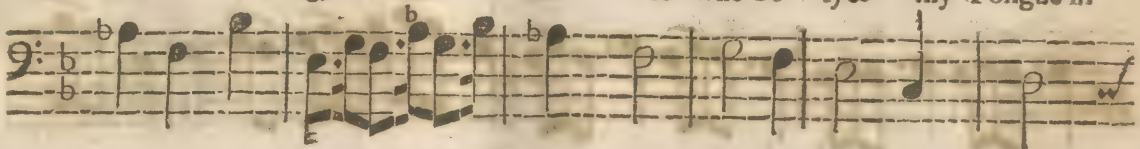
and we'll bill, and Feast on each o-ther as well as our meat; T



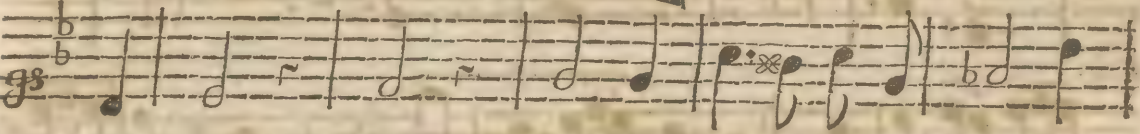
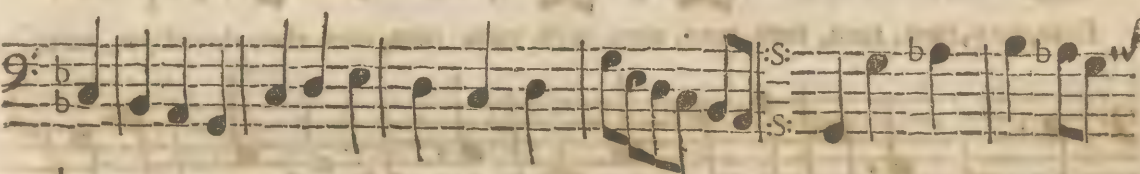
yet Love, love, love more stro—ng, yet love, love, love more



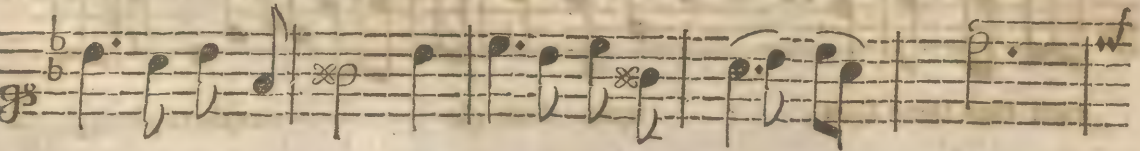
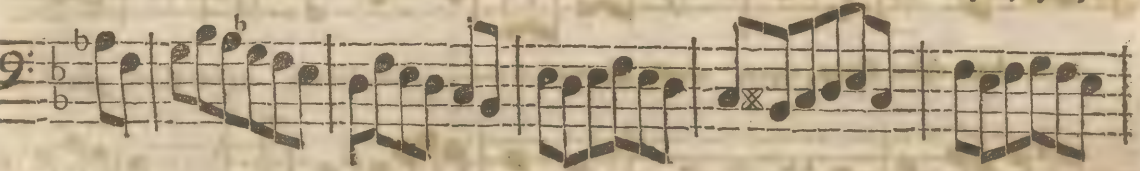
stro—ng, Tho' not so wise be—lyes my Tongue in



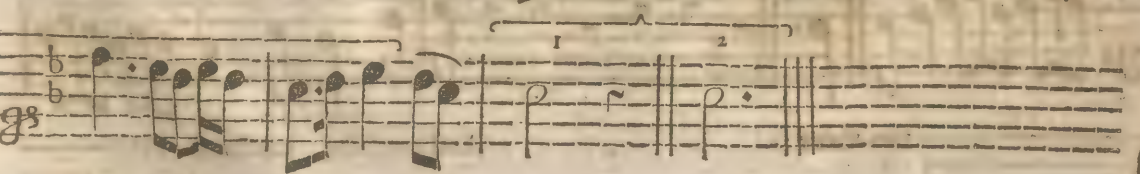
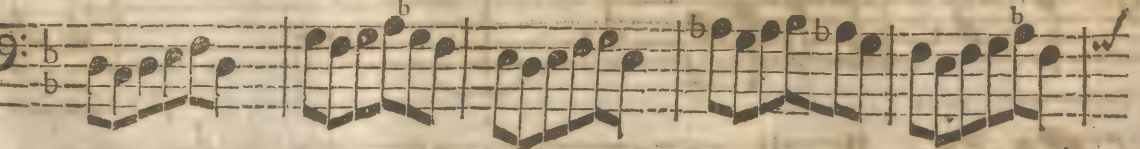
my fond, my fond, my fo—nd Eyes; One an—swers faint—



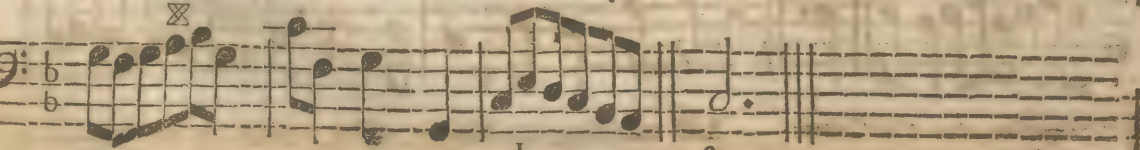
—ly no, no, no, but yes, oh yes, oh yes, yes,

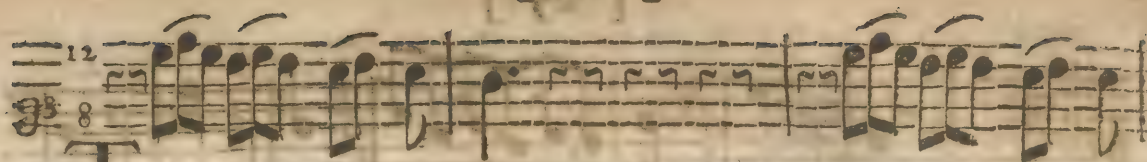


yes, oh yes, oh yes, yes, yes, oh yes, the last much lou—

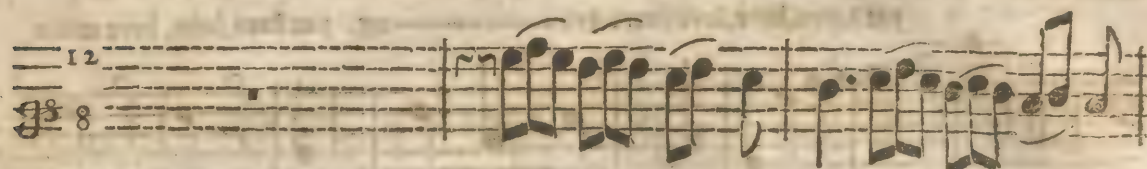


der cries:

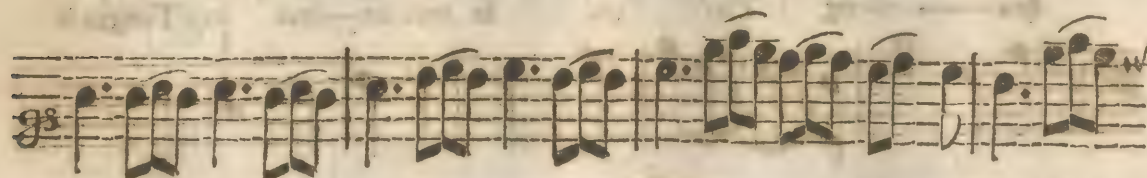




T U R N, turn then thine Eyes, turn, turn then thine



Turn, turn then thine Eyes, turn, turn then thine

Eyes, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn then thine Eyes, turn,



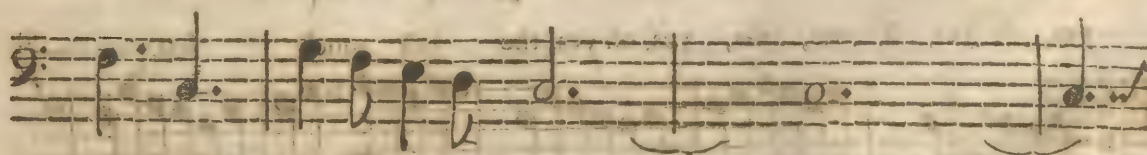
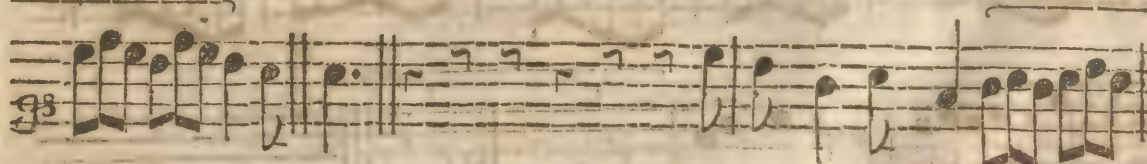
Eyes, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn then thine Eyes, turn,




turn then thine Eyes; upon those glo—ries, there, upon those glo—

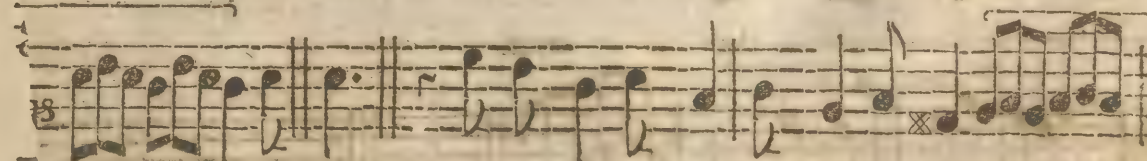


turn then thine Eyes; upon those glo—ries, there, those glo—

ries there :

And catching, catching Fla—



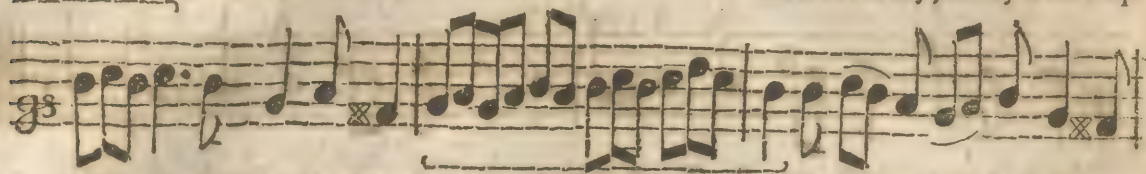
ries there :

And catching, catching, catching, catching Fla—





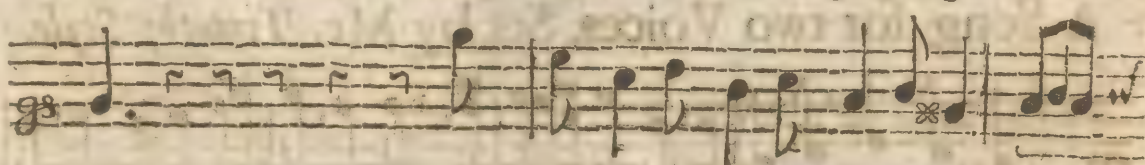
mes, catching, catching Fla mes will on thy, on thy Torch ap-



mes, catching, catching Fla mes will on thy, on thy Torch ap-



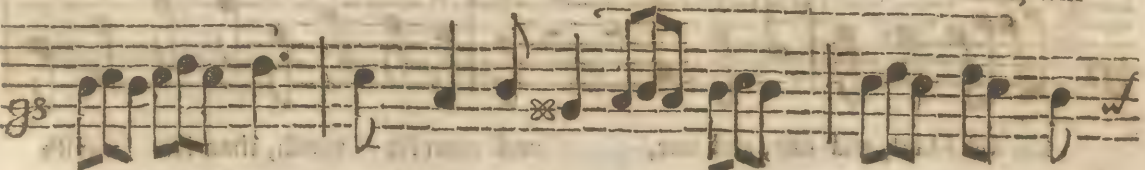
pear; And catching, catching flames, and catching catching fla



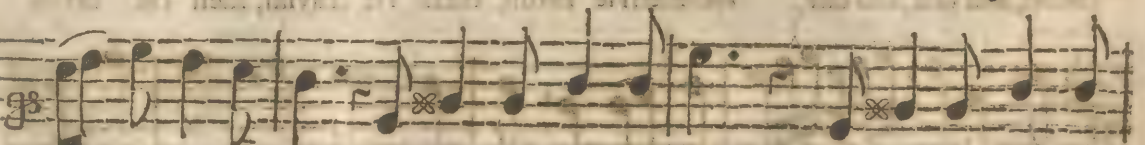
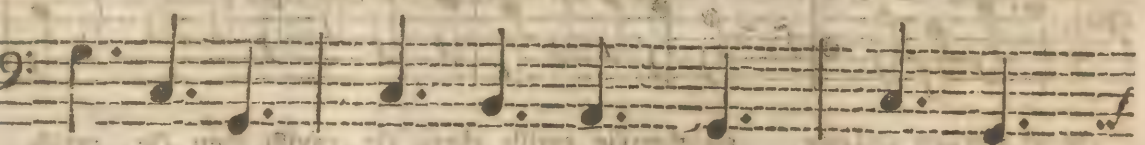
pear; And catching, catching, catching, catching fla



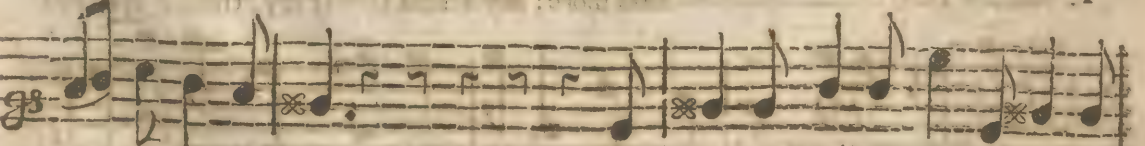
mes, catching, catching fla mes, will



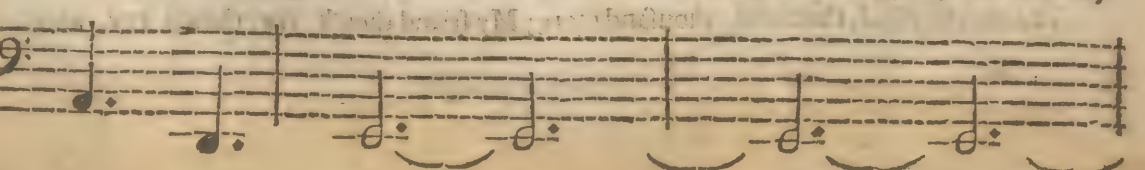
mes, catching, catching fla mes will

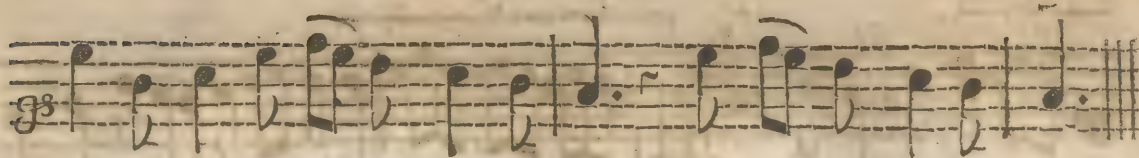


on thy Torch appear, will on thy Torch appear, will on thy Torch ap-

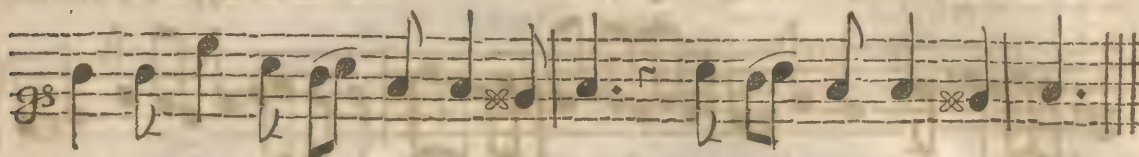


on thy Torch appear, will on thy Torch appear, will on thy





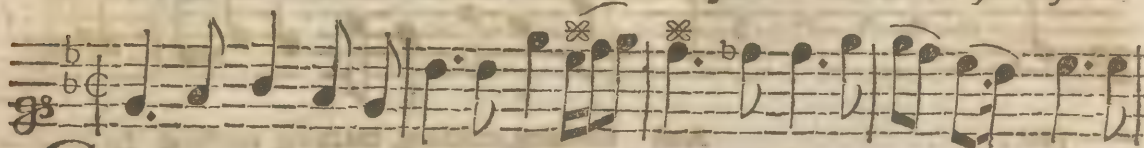
—pear, appear, will on thy Torch ap—pear, will on thy Torch ap—pear.



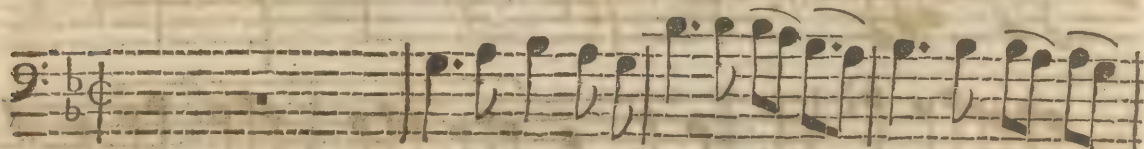
Torch appear, will on thy Torch appear, will on thy Torch ap—pear.



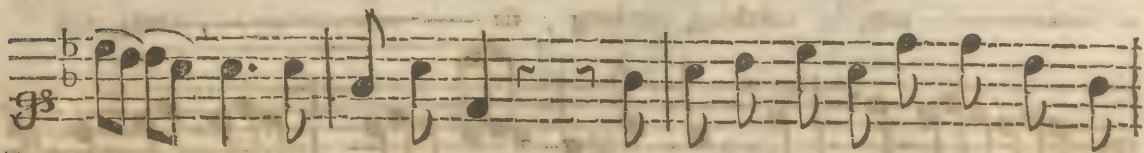
A Song for two Voices, Set by Mr. *Timothy Style*.



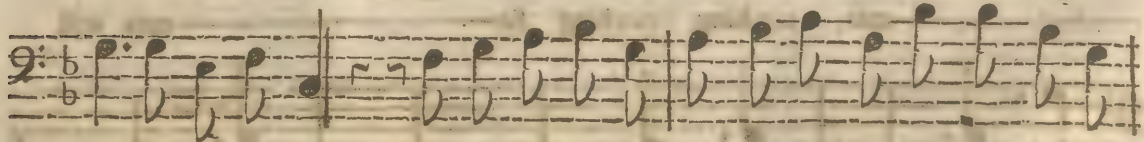
GIVE me, give me a kiss, a kiss soft Maid, give me a kiss soft Maid, a



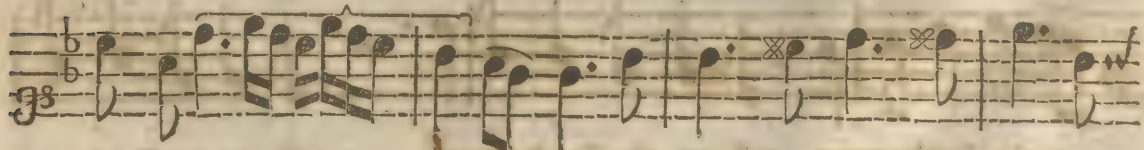
Give me, give me a kiss, a kiss soft Maid, a kiss soft



kiss soft Maid, and one, and one, and then i'll ravish, then i'll ravish



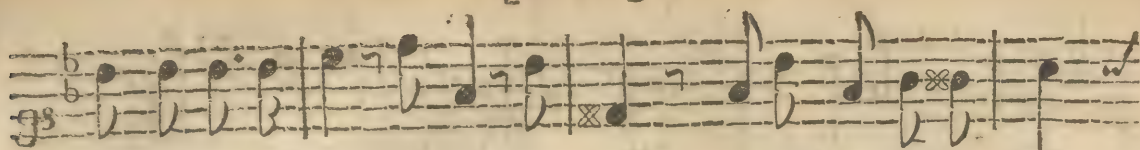
Maid, and one, and one, and then i'll ravish, then i'll ravish, then i'll ravish



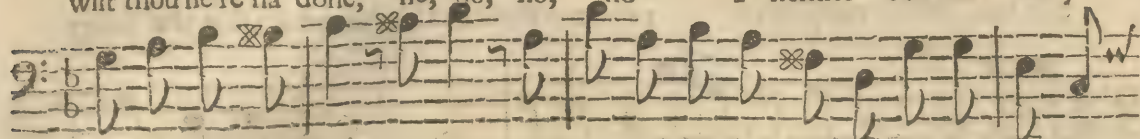
twenty thou ———— sand more; My friend thou'lt cry, thou'lt cry, and



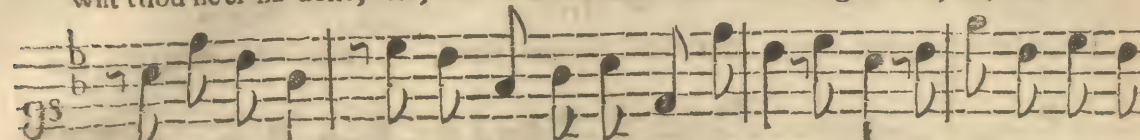
twenty thousand, thousand, thousand more; My friend thou'lt cry, thou'lt cry, and



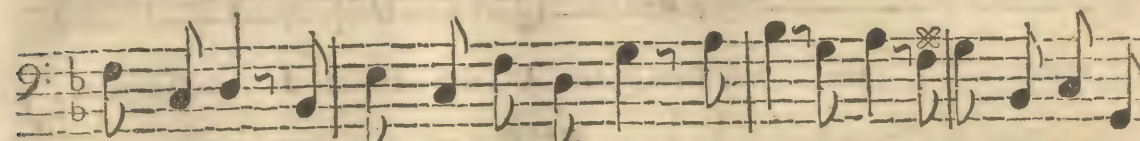
wilt thou ne'er ha' done, no, no, no, no I neither can nor will,



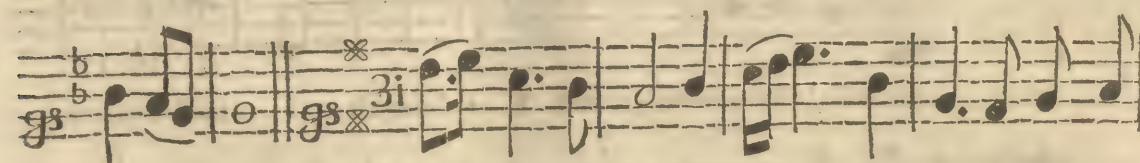
wilt thou ne'er ha' done, no, no I neither can nor will give o're, no, no I



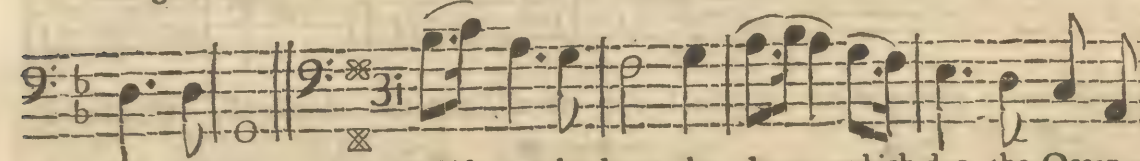
no, no, no, no I neither can nor will, no, no, no, no I neither can nor



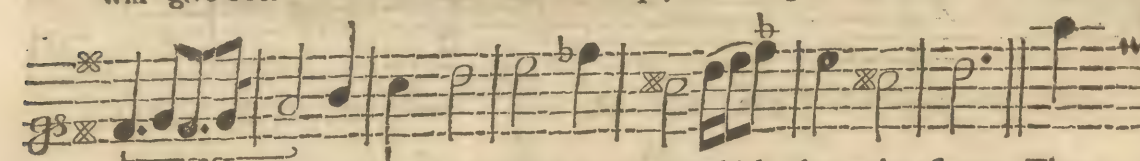
neither can nor will, nor can no, no, no, no, no, no, no I neither can nor



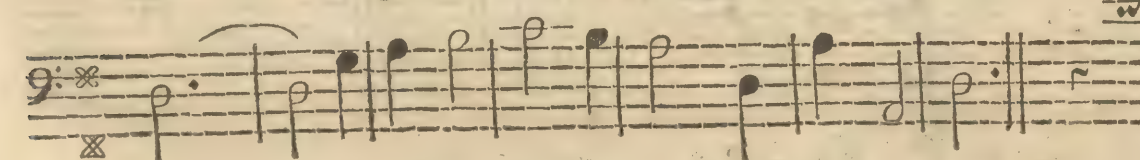
will give o're. Bid me the drops, the drops which do the Ocean



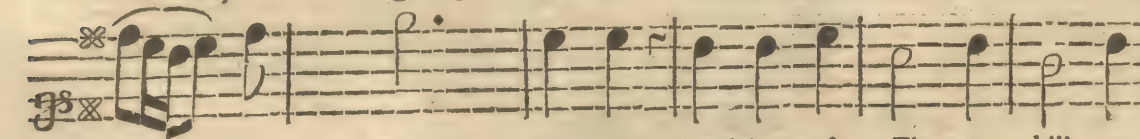
will give o're. Bid me the drops, the drops which do the Ocean



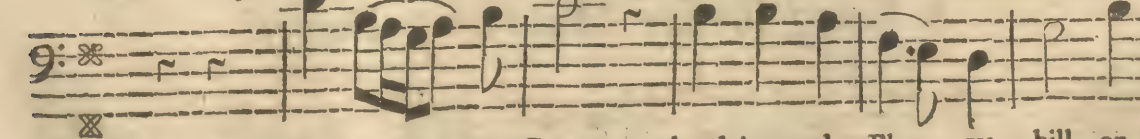
fill—or gawdy Shells're—count which clog the shore. The



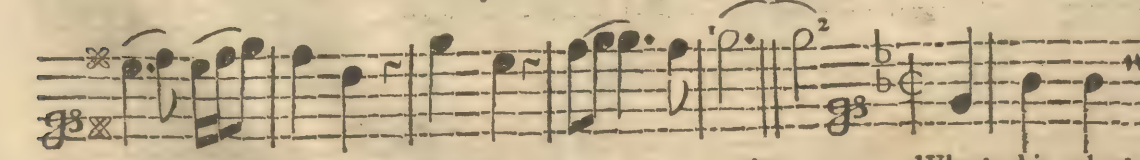
fill, or gawdy Shells recount which clog the shore.



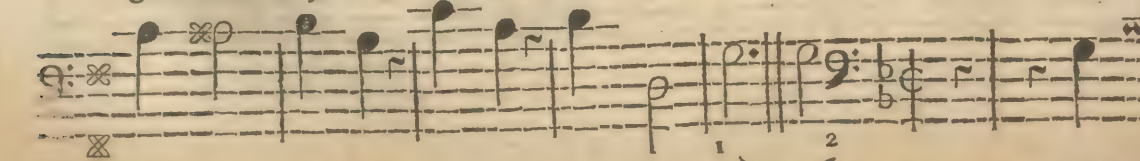
bu—fy Bees plundering, plundering each Flowry hill, or



The bu—fy Bees plundering each Flow—ry hill, or

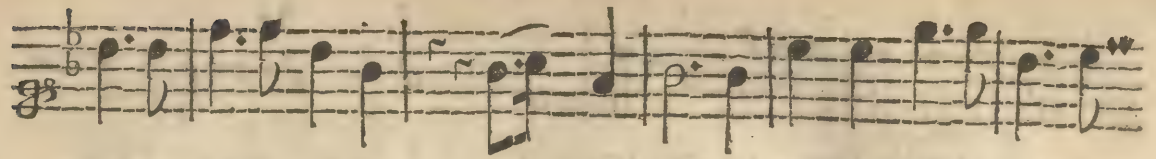


glo—rious Caesar's virtues num—ber o're. What's this, what's

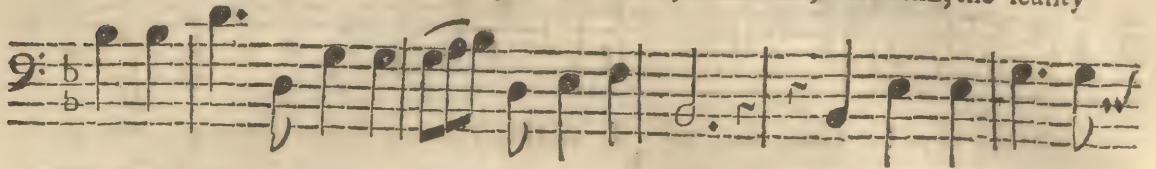


glo—rious Caesar's virtues num—ber o're.

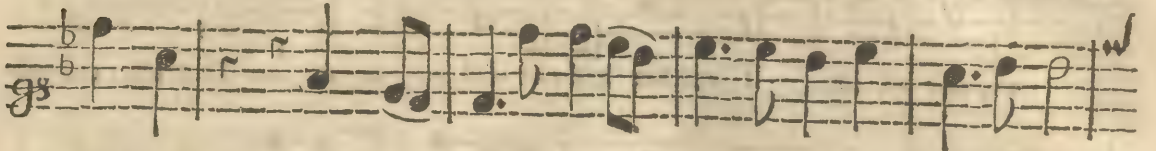
What's



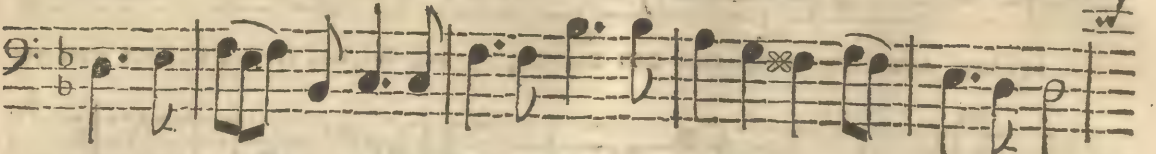
this, the scanty number's yet too small, what's this, what's this, the scanty



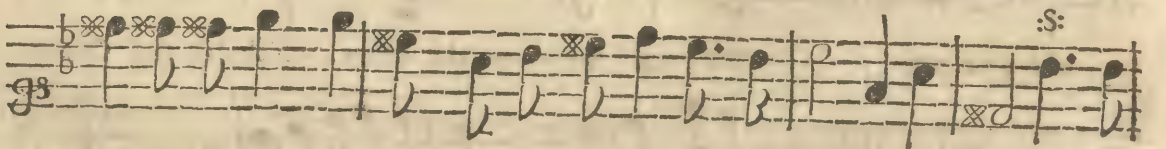
this, what's this, the scanty number's yet too small, what's this, what's this, the



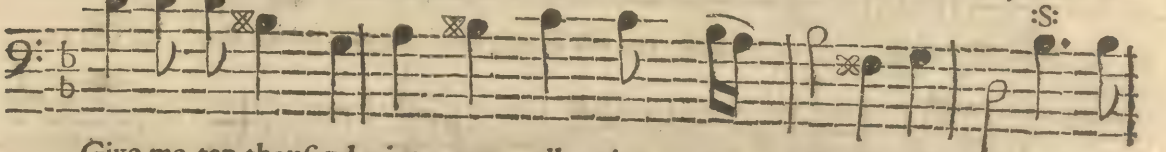
number's yet too small, a new A—rith—metick I must explore;



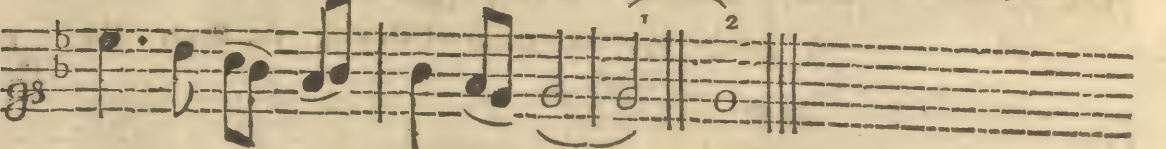
scanty number's yet too small, a new A—rithmetick I must explore;



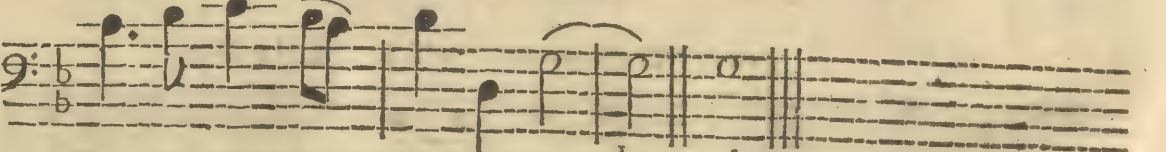
Give me ten thousand thousand, give me all, give me all, all, all, all, he's a



Give me ten thousand, give me all, give me all, all, all, all, he's a



wretch who knows to count his store.

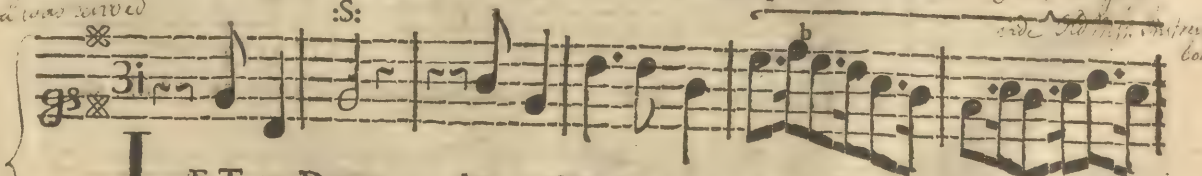


wretch who knows to count his store.

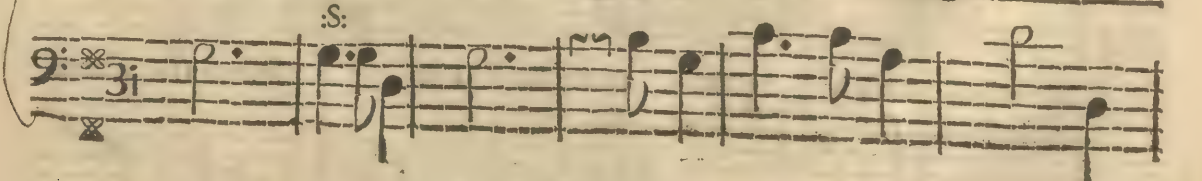
*M. note in the score of
Diocletian the Prophetess
and a song added when
the opera was revised*

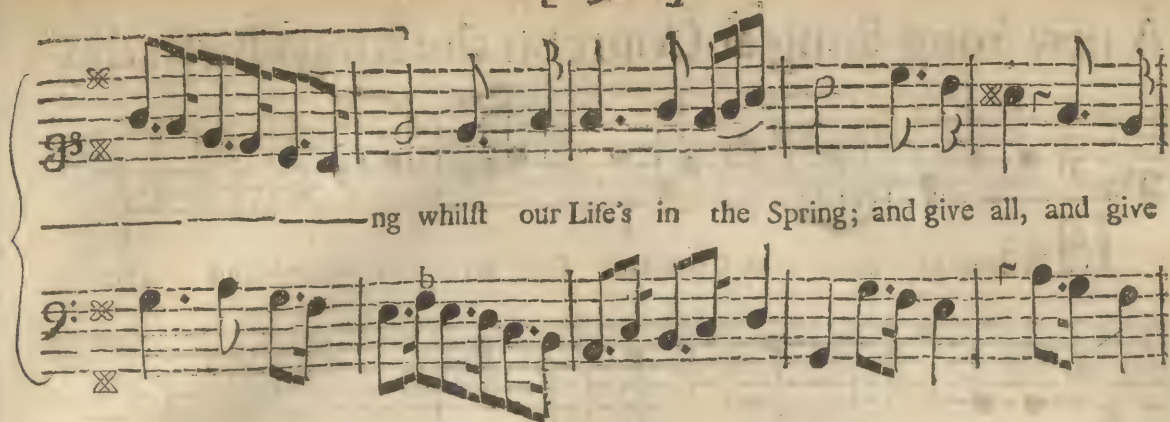
A Song set by Mr. Henry Parcell.

*Sung by Mrs.
Dyer in the
Prophetess.*

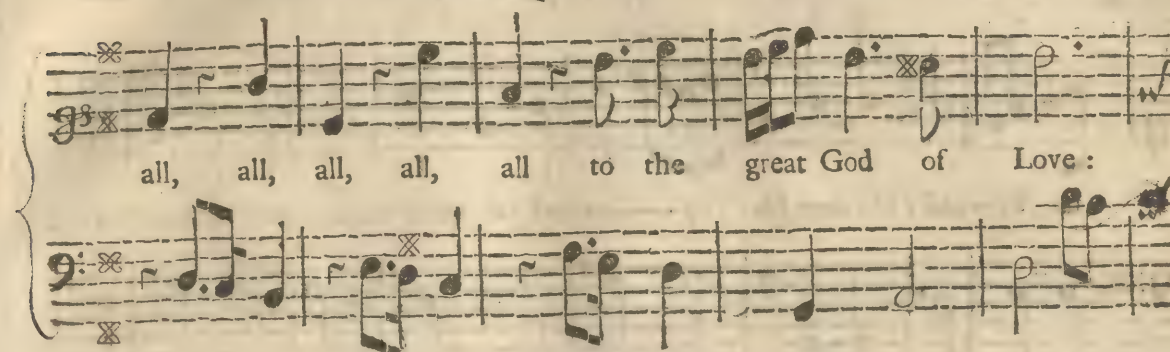


LET us Dance, let us Sing, let us fi

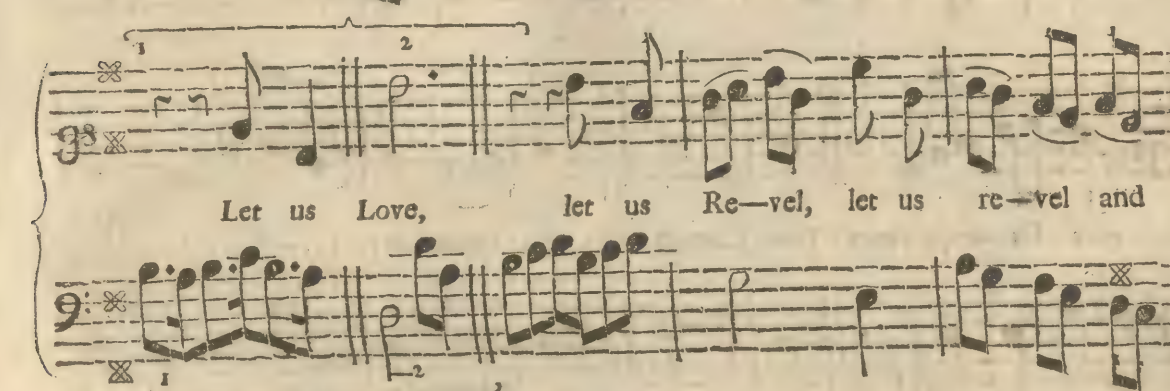




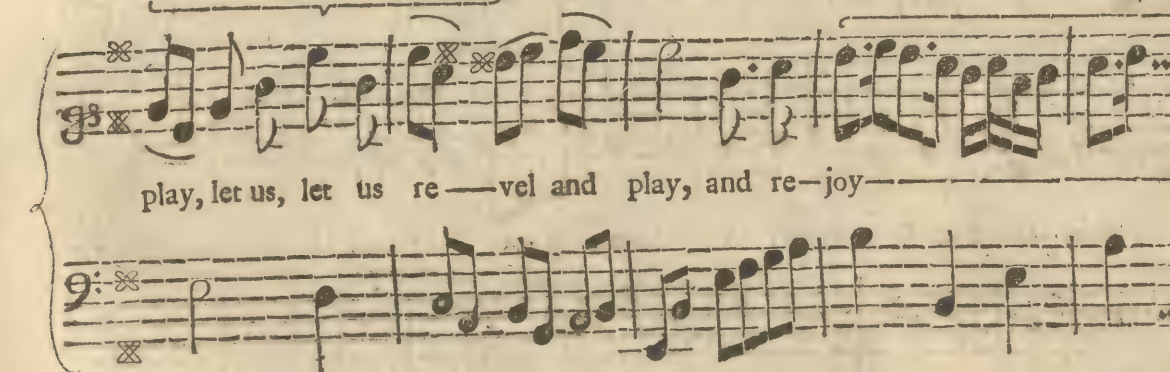
ng whilst our Life's in the Spring; and give all, and give



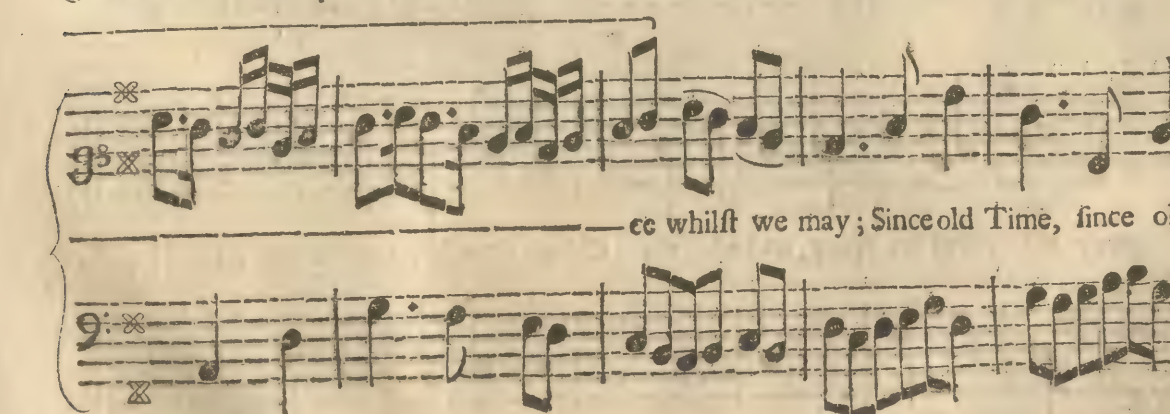
all, all, all, all, all to the great God of Love :



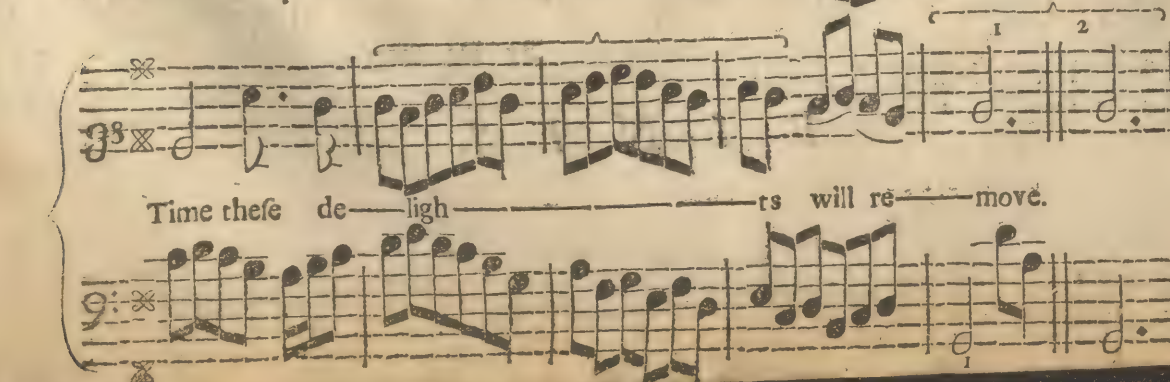
Let us Love, let us Re-vel, let us re-vel and



play, let us, let us re-vel and play, and re-joy-

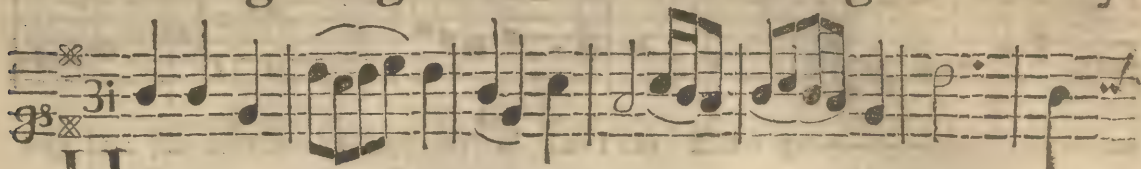


ce whilst we may; Since old Time, since old

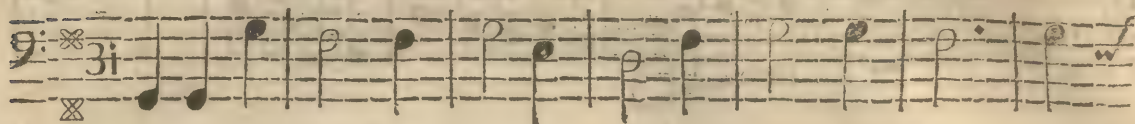


Time these de-ligh-ers will re-move.

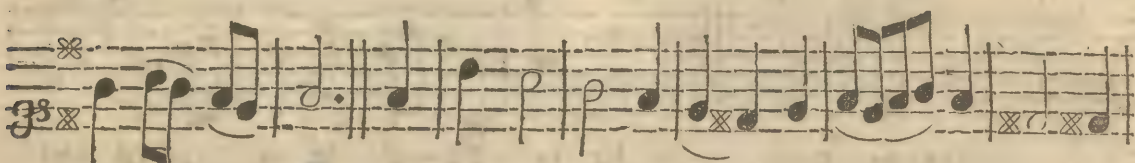
A new Song Sung at Court on the Kings Birth day.



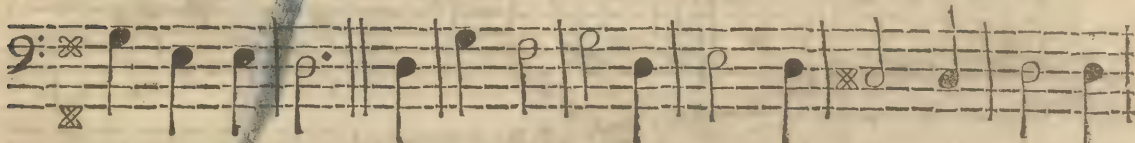
H E does to thick — est Crowdsof Foes, his fa — cred breast for



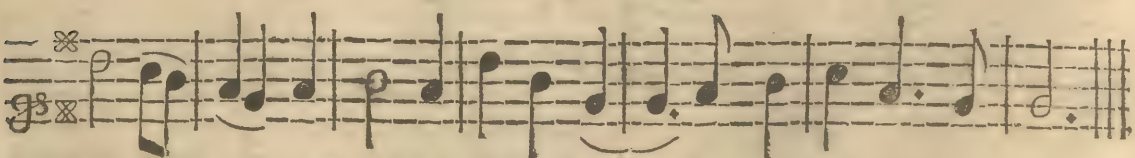
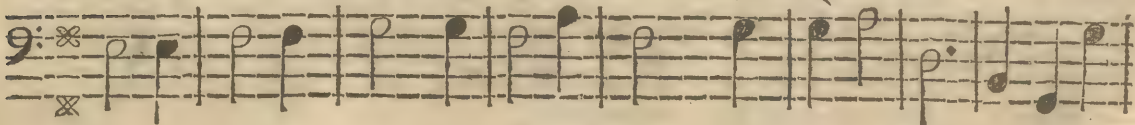
us ex — pose; Oh may his Toy — les and dangers cease, and his keen Sword



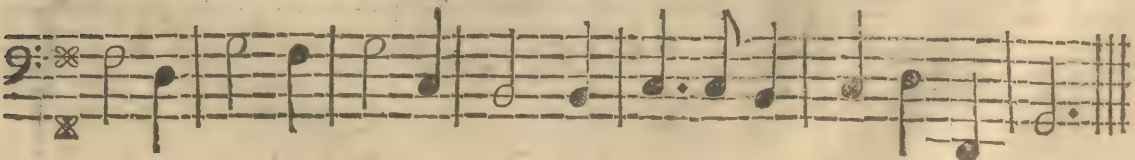
give Eu — rope peace: That Circled in his sweet Ma — ri — a's Armes, hee



may be free from rough Al — larms, from rough al — larms; and in wife



sway his mind im — ploy, and all the Calm de — lights of peace en — joy.



By Dr. Stagins.

F I N I S.

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to be Sold by *John Carr* at the *Middle Temple-Gate*, and *Sam. Scott* at the
Miter by *Temple-Barr.* Anno Domini, 1687.

10060306401

Гима 444

Д63/4

TO ALL
TRUE LOVERS
OF
MUSICK.

Gentlemen,

WE well hope, our former diligent endeavors, (according to our capacity) to serve the *Musical Souls* of our Nation, have been so hearty, that no very great aspersions can ly upon us for a total neglect of our duty: We also thankfully acknowledg the kind reception our labours have hitherto found from the Ingenious, and the good natur'd; by which we have been so far encouraged, as yet to add One (Ornament at least) to our many former Attempts, and that is, this New Character of the Notes of the Songs in this Book, less troublesome to the Eye, then those of the Old way, which (if acceptable) will add fresh vigour to our future industry, and add much to the numerous obligations you have already heaped upon,

Gentlemen,

Yours

JOHN CARR.

R. C.

Licensed June the 8th 1687.

A Table of the SONGS contain'd in this Book.

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I <i>I Love without measure</i> <i>Ple Languish no more</i>	8 12	W <i>When Cloris once thought</i> <i>When the Gods at a banquet</i> <i>When first I sought my Jenny's love</i> <i>When V and I together meet</i>	2 14 17 31
L <i>Let formall Lovers</i>	1		

MUSIC Books sold by John Carr at the Middle-Temple Gate.

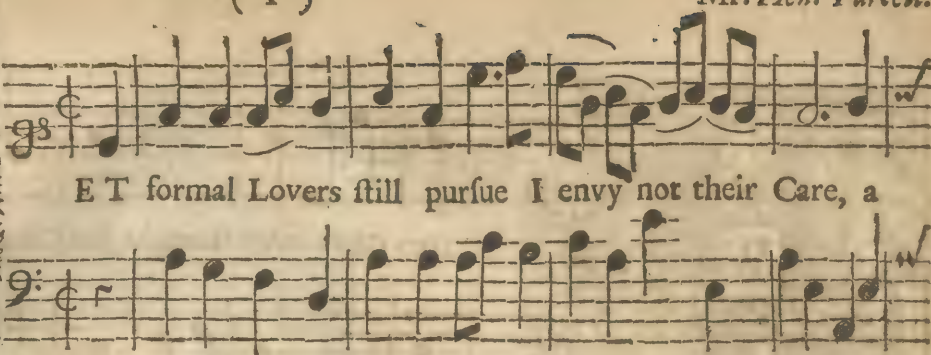
THE Musical Entertainment performed at a Musical Feast on St. Cecilia's Day. Nov. 22. 1683. The Words made by Mr. Christopher Fishburn, and set to Musick, in two, three, four & six Parts, by Mr. Henry Purcel, Composer in Ordinary to His Sacred Majesty, and one of the Organists of His Majesty's Chappel-Royal.

The second Book of the Musical Entertainment, performed at a Musical Feast on St. Cecilia's day, Nov. 22. 1684. The Words made by the late ingenious Mr. John Oldham, Author of the Satyr on the Jesuits, and other excellent Poems; and set to Musick, in two, three, four and five Parts, by Dr. John Blow, Master of the Children, and one of the Organists, of His Majesty's Chappel-Royal.

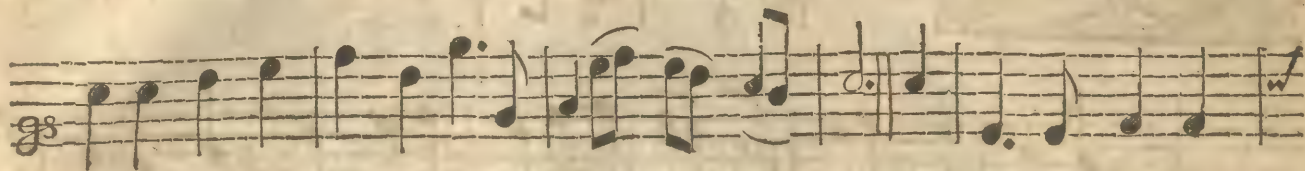
An Essay to the Advancement of Musick, by T. Salmon Price 2 s.
The Vocal and Instrumental Musick in Psyche, with the Instrumental Musick in the Tempest. Price 2 s.
Melothesia, or Rules for Playing a continual Bass on the Harpsichord. Price 3 s.

Tripla Concordia, or new Ayres for three Parts for Treble and Bass-Viol.

Easie Lessons on the Gettars for young Practitioners, Single, and some of 2 Parts, by Seignior Francisco.
Also all sorts of Musical Instruments, and Springs.



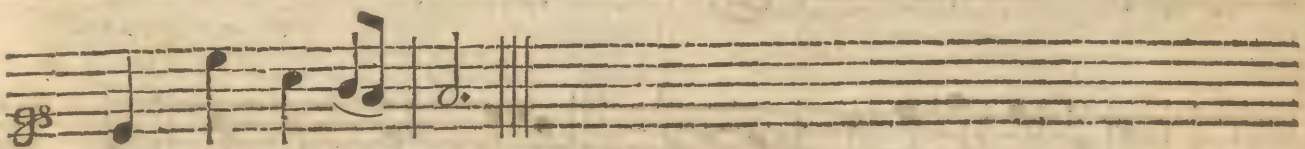
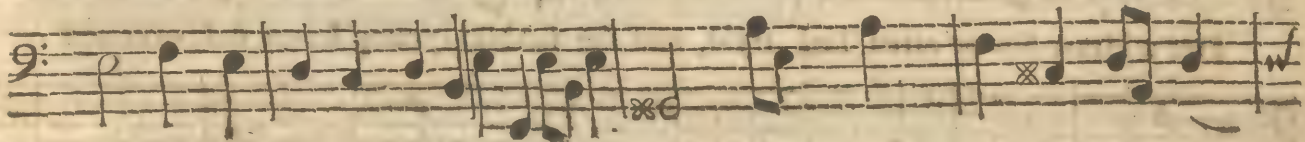
E T formal Lovers still pursue I envy not their Care, a



tedious Seige perhaps may do at last to gain the Fair, such whining Methods



I disdain a Mistress to o--blige, where a fair summons will not gain the



Town's not worth a Siege.

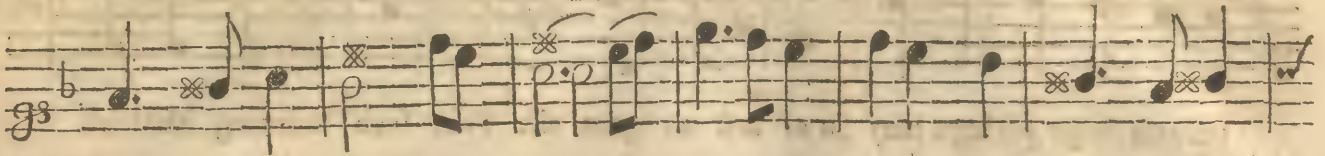
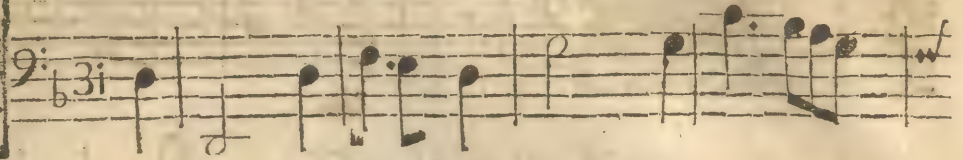


The Eastern Monarchs Victories
 Had not gone on so far
 Had he Ingag'd his Enemies
 By formal steps of War,
 To general Beauty I lay claim,
 From each fair Eye tis hurld,
 Where e're I come like him I'll gain
 And love ore all the World.

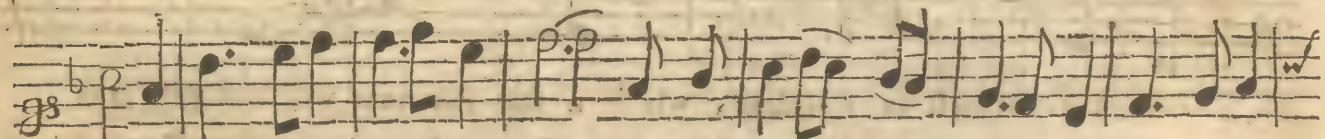
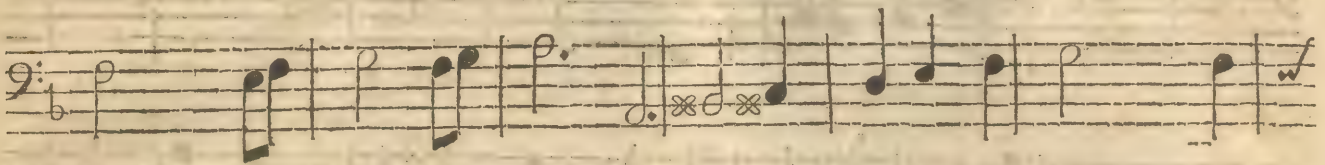
B



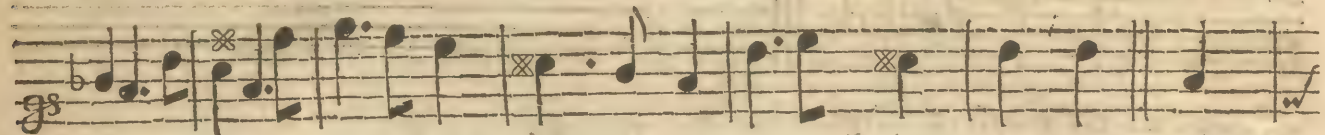
Hen *Cloris* once thought her Conquest Compleat, and her



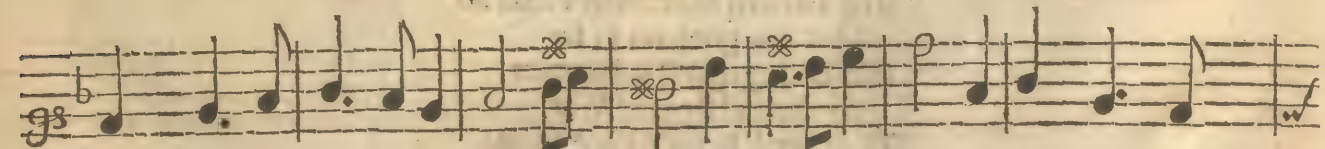
Charms had made way for her Pride, and Languishing *Strephon* had thrown at her



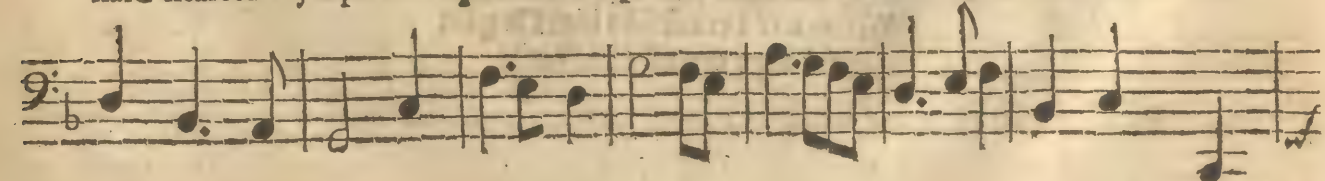
Feet a Heart She so often had try'd, and the faithful young Lover did over and

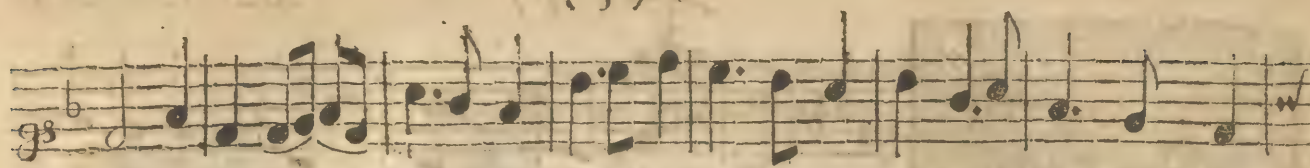


over discover a Passion, that were She not Marble, might move her : The

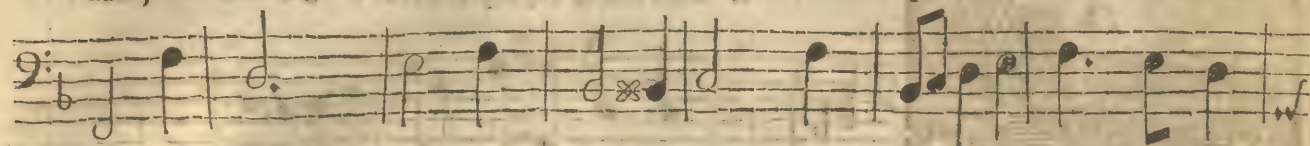


hard hearted Nymph to requite all his pain, instead of his Love paid him with dis-

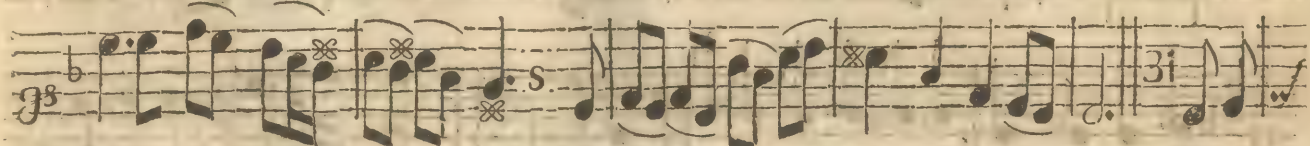
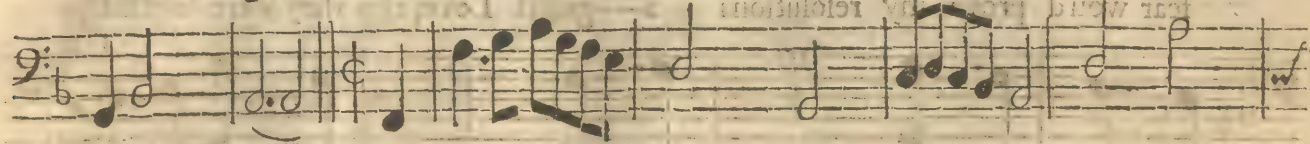




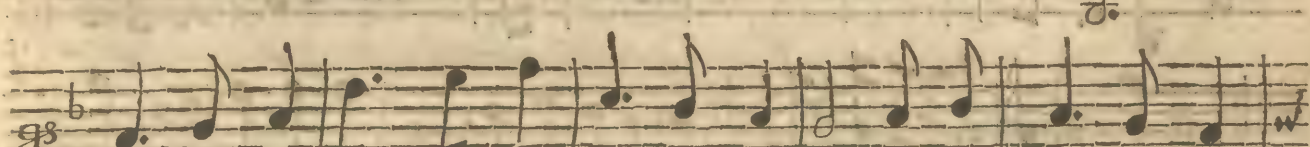
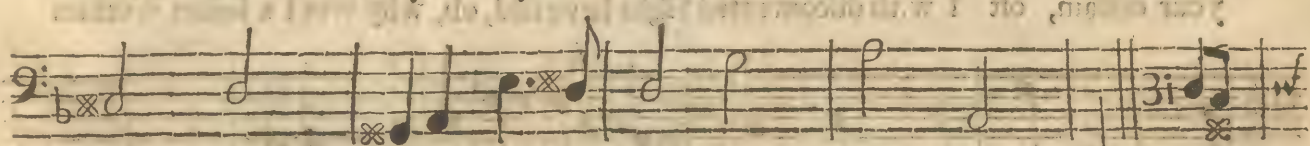
dain, She bids him re-tire and not feed his desire with the hopes of her Love which he



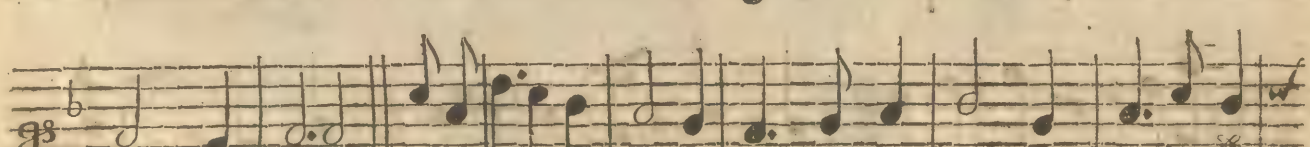
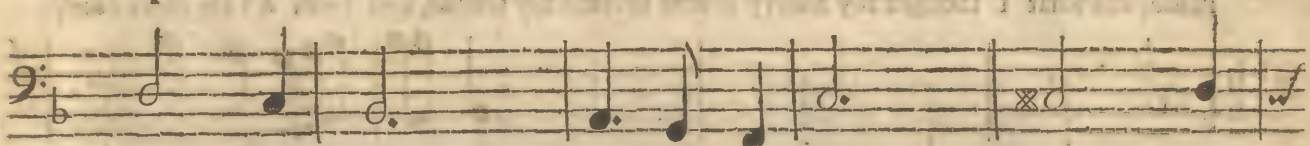
never must gain ; Whilst Cruel, Cruel *Cloris Strephon* cry'd, pity, pity him that



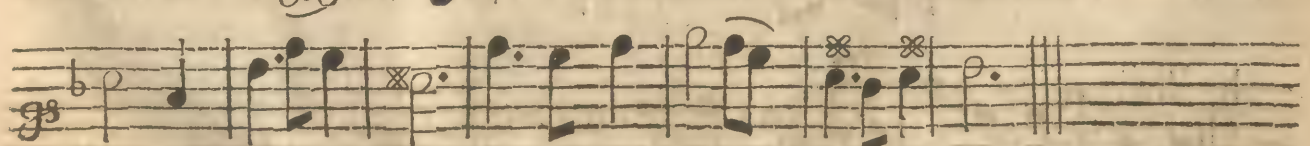
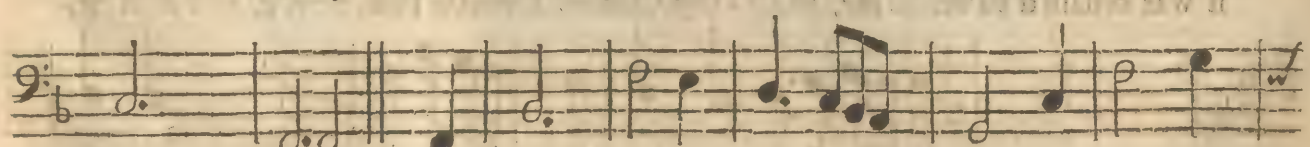
lies to Love and to your Eyes a Loyal and unblemish'd Sacrifice. Oh ye



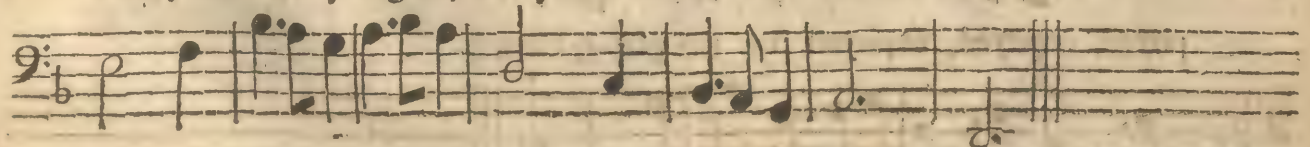
Shepherds take heed where your Flocks you do feed , lest your Hearts as your



Lambs should stray , for if *Cloris* surprise you once with her Eyes, you'r lost and un-



done, your Liberty's gone, and you must be for ever her Prey.





h Charming Nymph were I a Swain too weak I

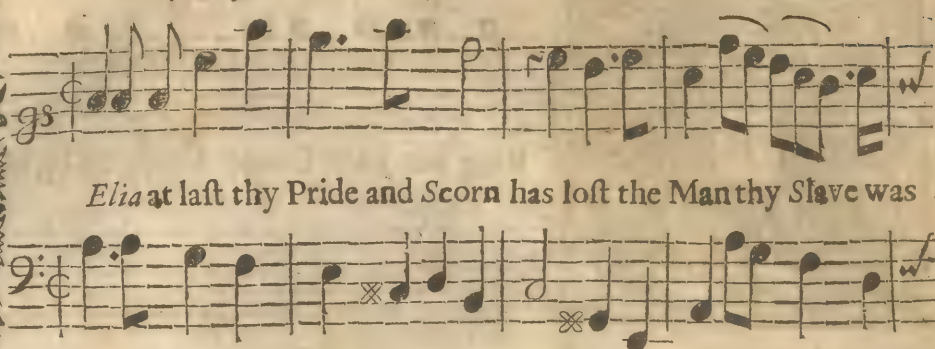
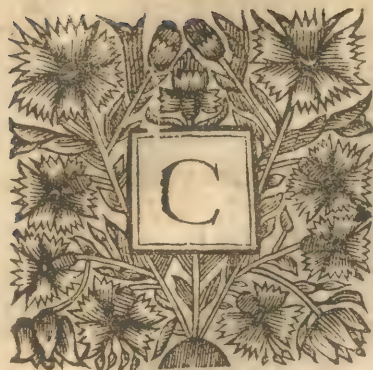
fear wou'd prove my resolutions a----gainst Love, tho they were fortifi'd by

your disdain, oft I with discontented Sighs have said, oh, why was I a feeble Woman

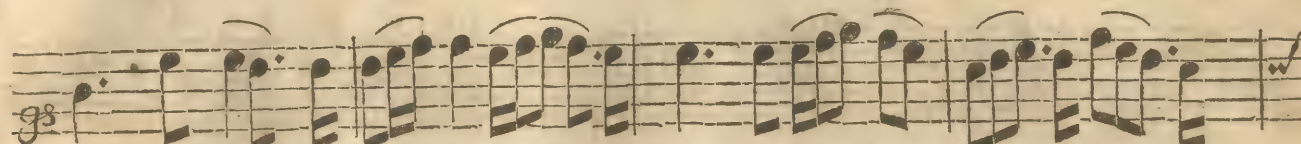
made, but what I thought my Misery is now become my Guard, and from a Fate more hard,

it was ordain'd to rescue me, else to thy Charms *Philoclia* I had bow'd, and dy'd un-

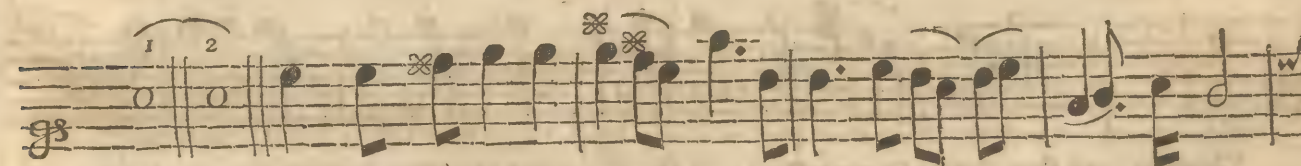
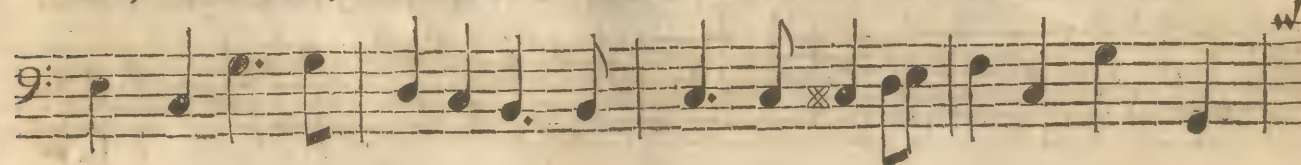
pityed, unpityed, unpityed by the gazing Crowd.



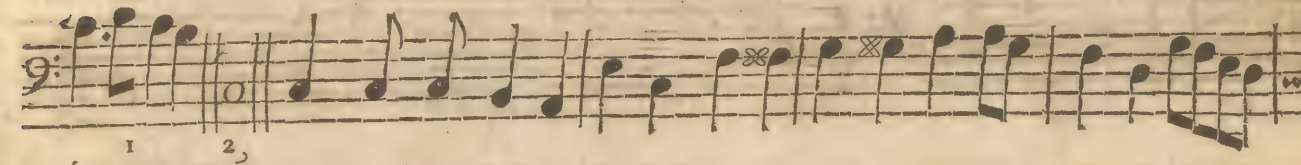
Elia at last thy Pride and Scorn has lost the Manthy Slave was



Born, I've broke my Heart to break my Chain, and now must never Love a--



--gain: Yet much of Torture in the Cure I do confess I do indure.



Thus is the Battle lost and won, but Oh the Victor is undone.



Glory has now my Heart posselt,
And love of Arms Enslam'd my Brest;
The puny God in Chains shall wait,
Whilst Pride and Honour sit in state,
But oh my Glories I despise
Since I must shun those Killing Eyes.

Thus is the Battle, &c.

Farewel my Trophies since I find
No Beauty left to tempt my mind,
To make my last of Actions brave,
I'll die her Victor and her Slave:
Weep that the World no more can give,
But scorn this Conquest to outlive.

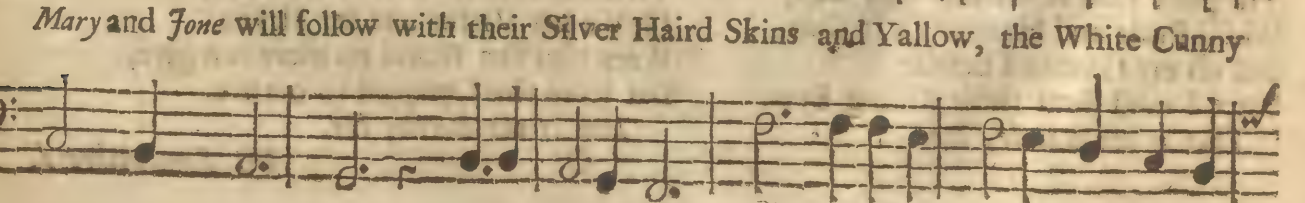
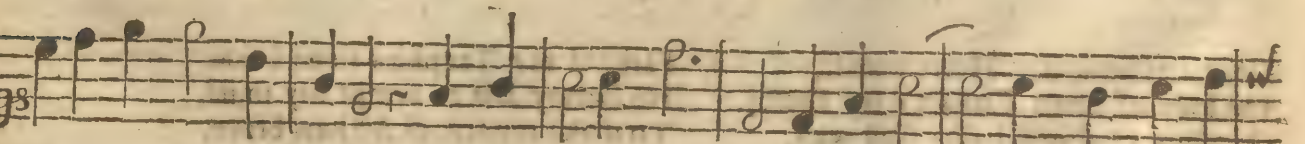
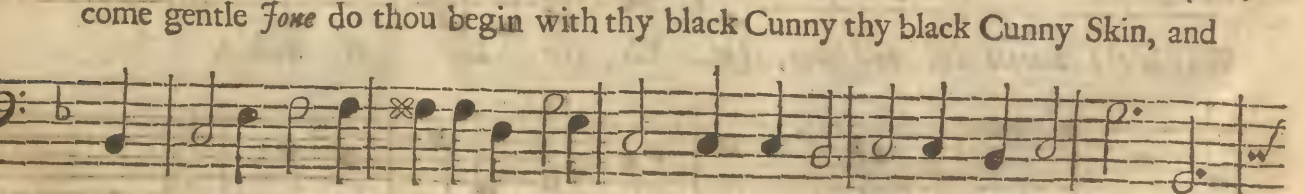
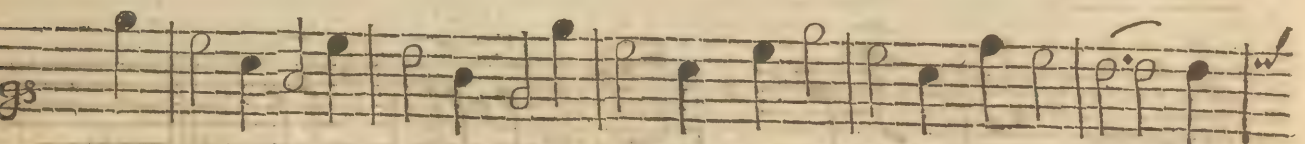
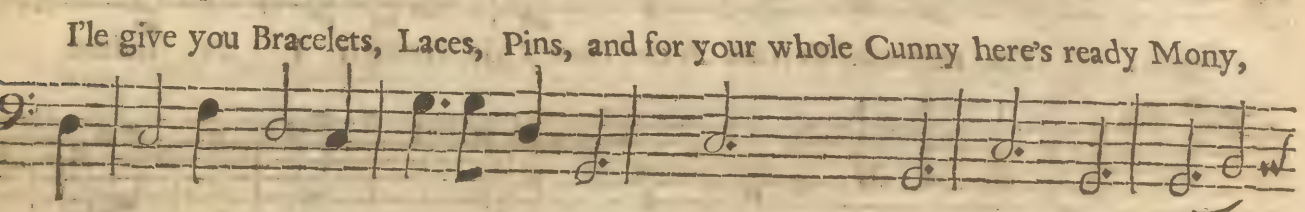
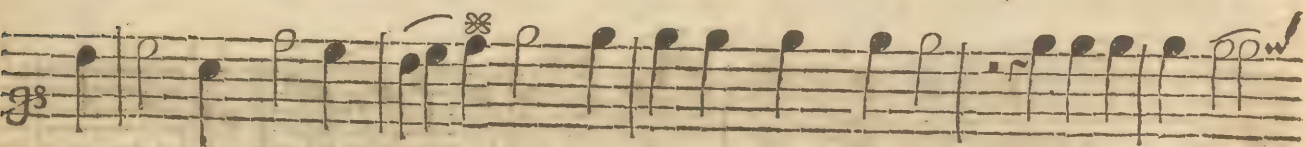
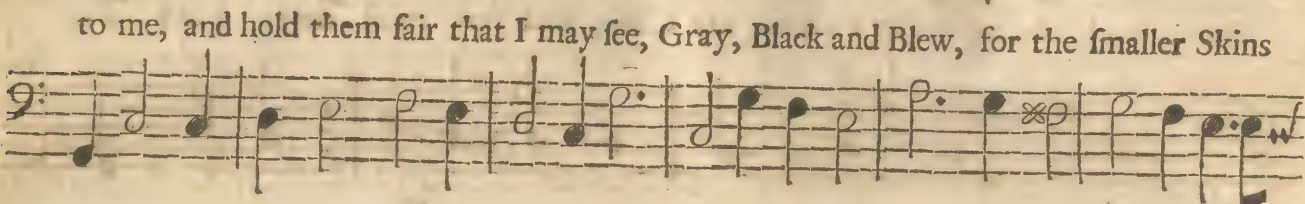
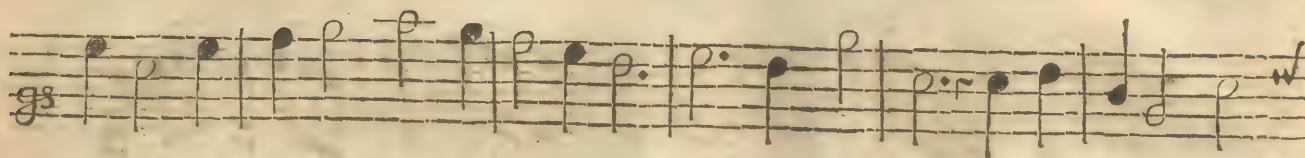
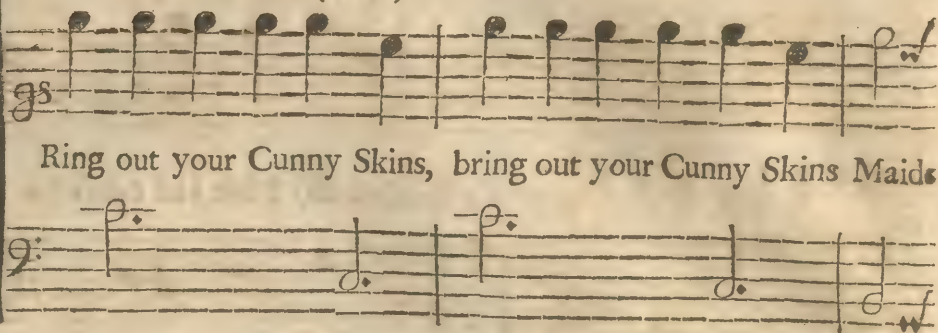
Thus is the Battle, &c.

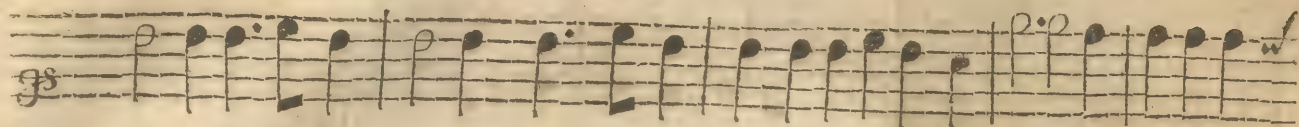
C

Mr. Sam. Ackroyd.

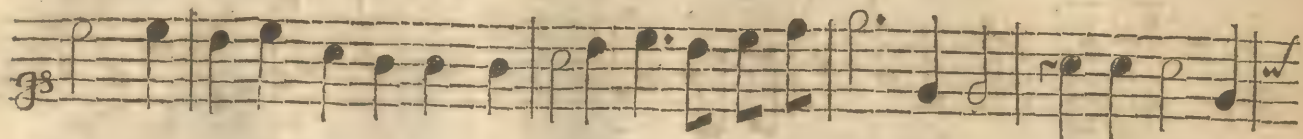
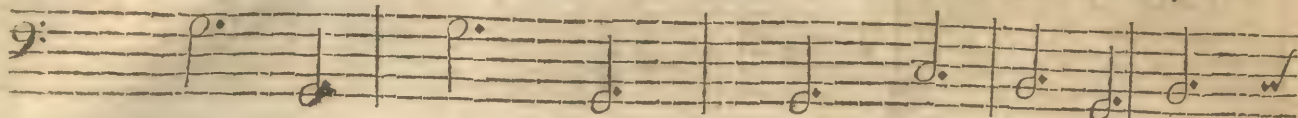


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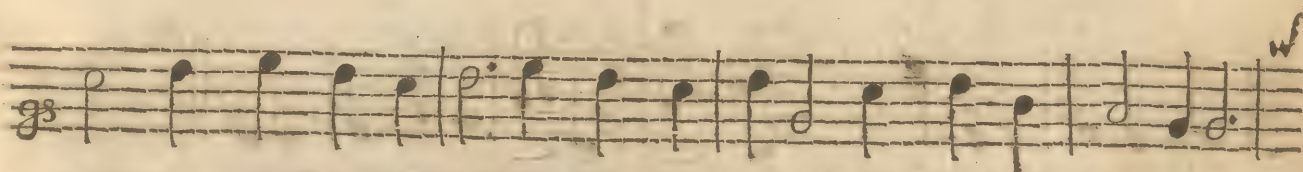
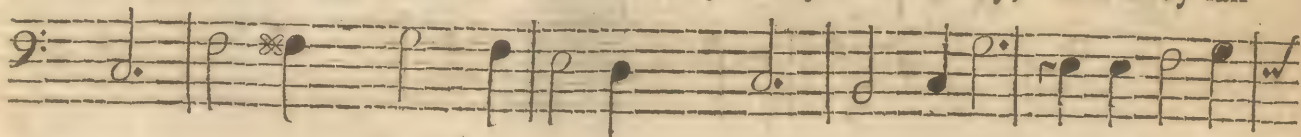




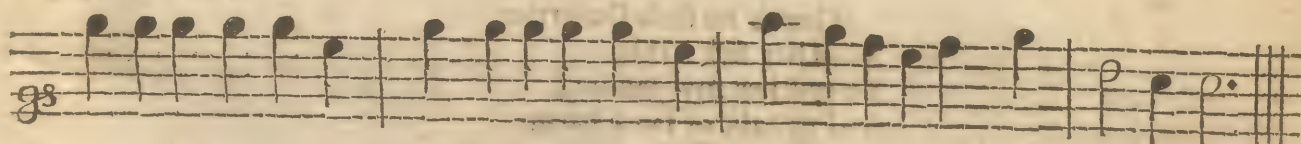
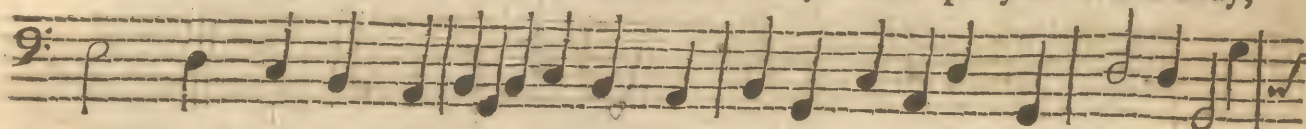
Skin I will not lay by, for though it be faint it is fair to the Eye, the Gray it is



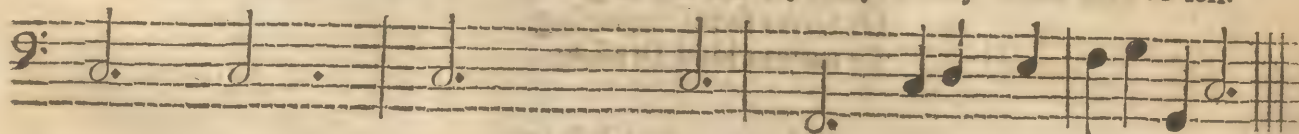
worn, but yet for my Mony, give me the bonny bonny black Cunny, come away fair



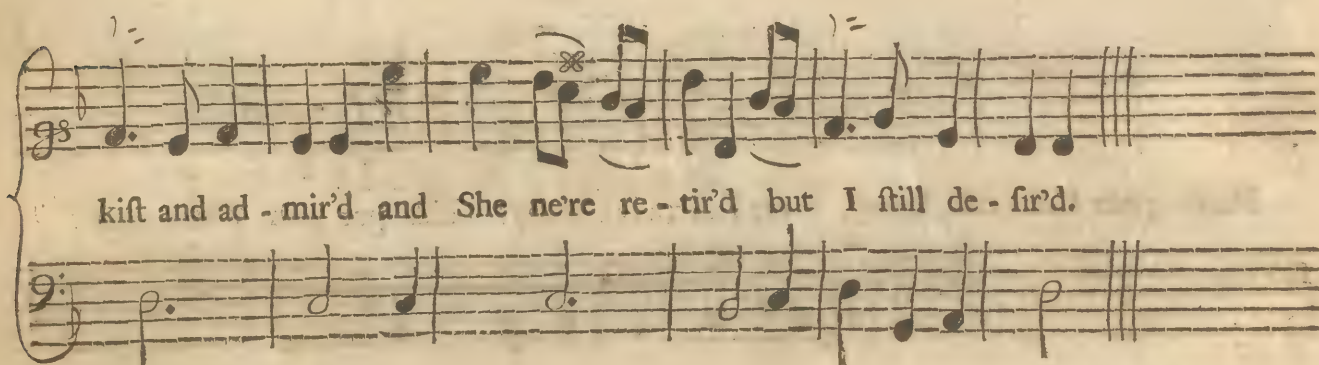
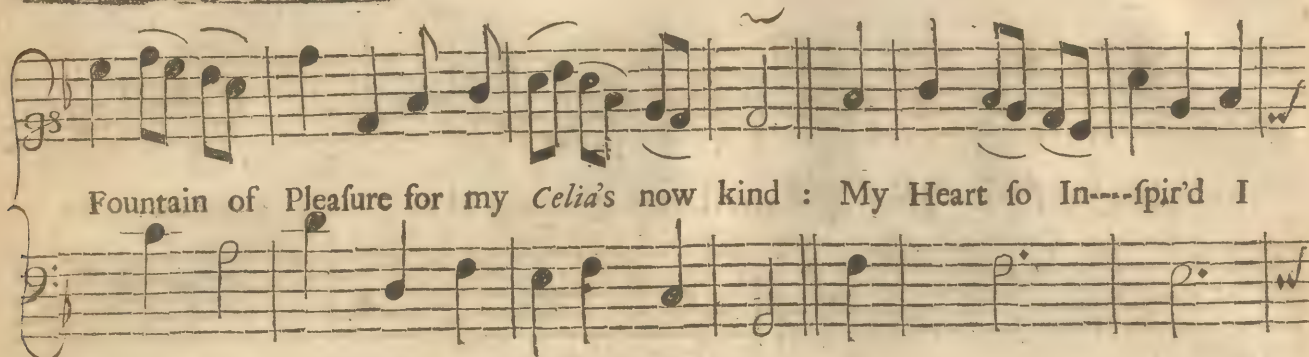
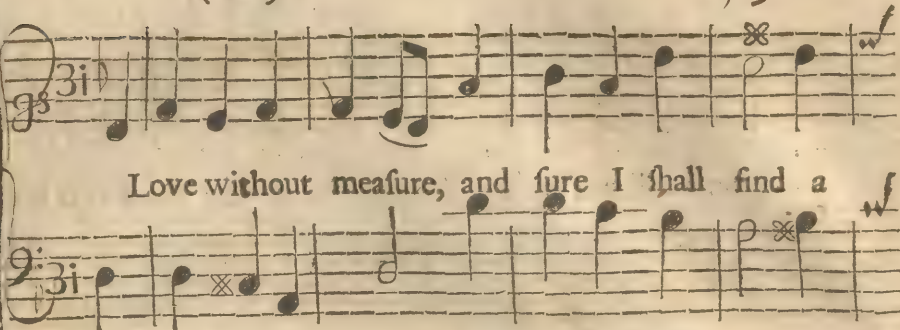
Maids your Skins will decay, come and take Mony Maids put your Wares away,



ha'ye any Cunny Skins, ha'ye any Cunny Skins, ha'ye any Cunny Skins here to sell.



Mr. Sam. Ackroyd.



Mr. Rob. King.

There's no such Devertion
As in her soft Arms,
To tell her my passion,
And to talk of her Charms,
I must be possessing,
I long for the Blessing
Of Loves sweet expressing
By natures kind Dressing.

With my passion I strove
To wait for the pow'r,
And the pleasure of Love
But for one happy houre,
With eager desire
At last I came nier,
Her Eyes darted Fire,
My Soul did expire.

S

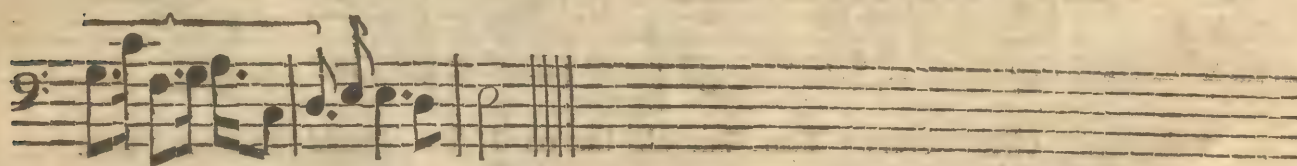
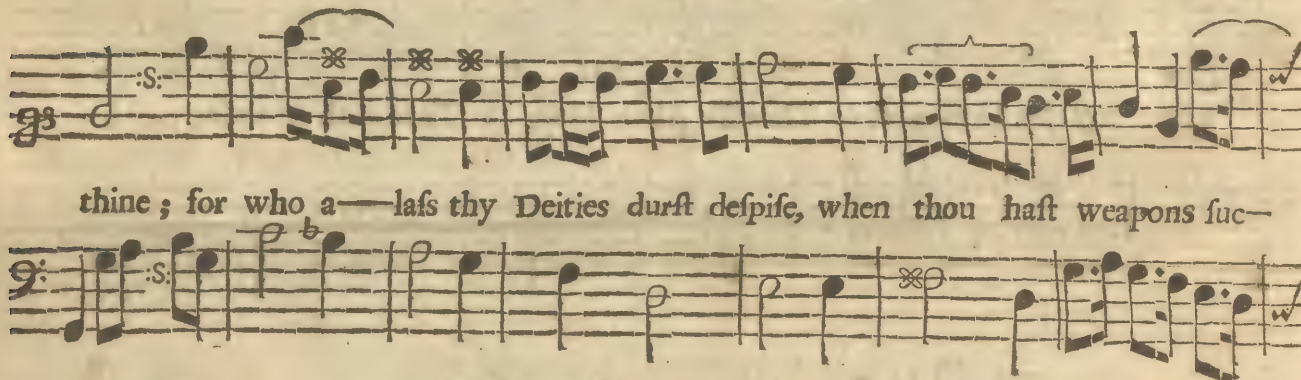
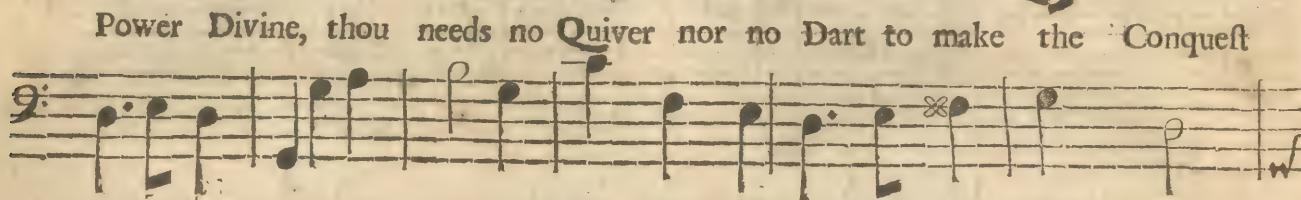
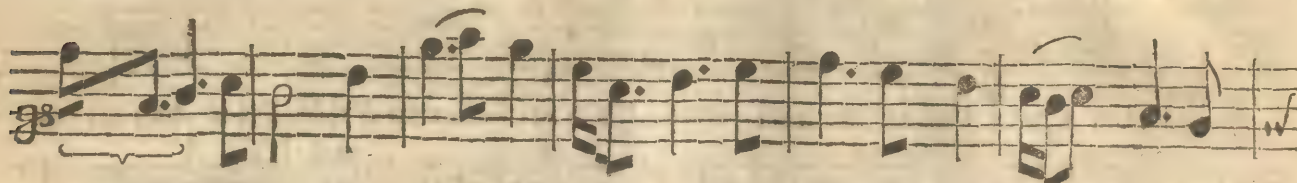
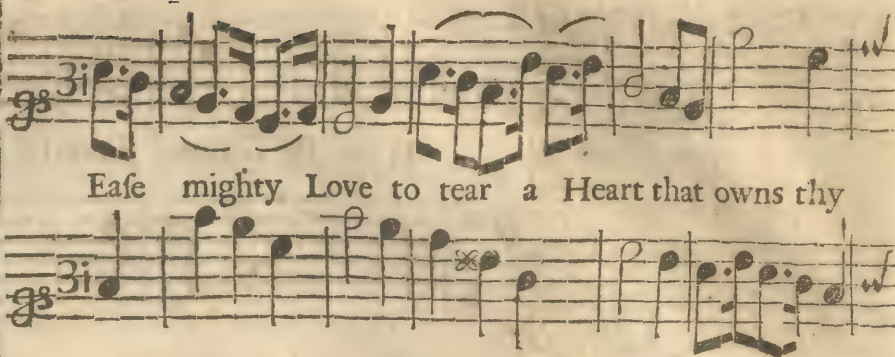
Pite of the Godhead powerful Love I will my torments

hide, but what a Vail of life must prove a Sa -- cri -- fice to Pride, Pride thou art be-

come my Goddes now, to Thee Il'e Alters Rear, to Thee each Morning pay my

Vow and offer every Tear, but oh, but oh I fear, should *Philomon* once

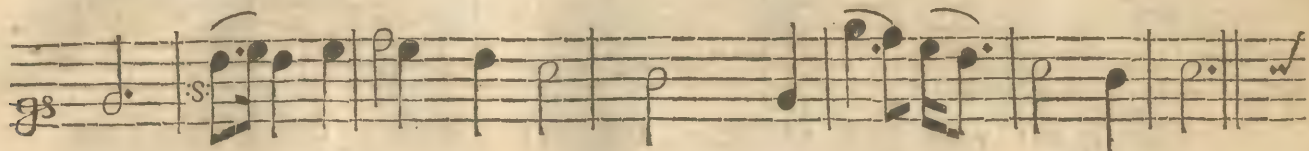
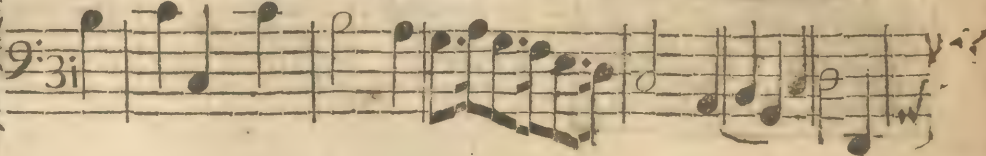
take thy Injur'd part, I soon should cast the Idol down and offer him my heart.



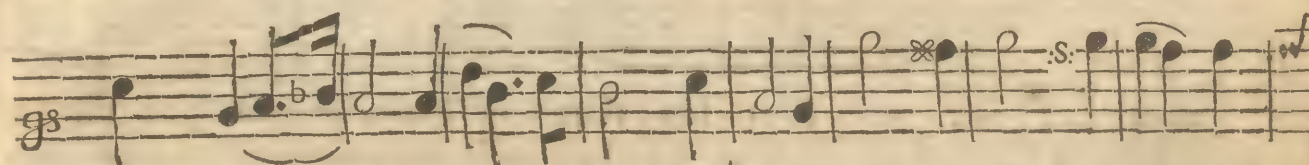
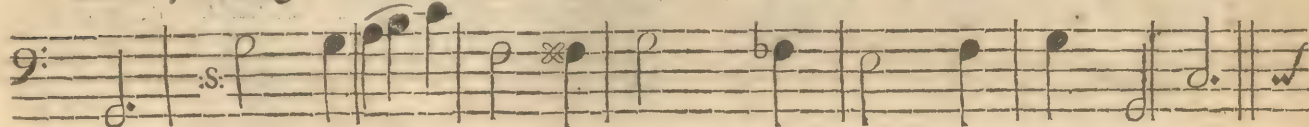
Now *Celia* you my Heart have won,
 Oh be not too severe,
 Do not your humble Slave disown,
 Nor kill him with Dispair ;
 Be not unjust to scorn my Vestal Fire,
 Which you and none but you could ere Expire.



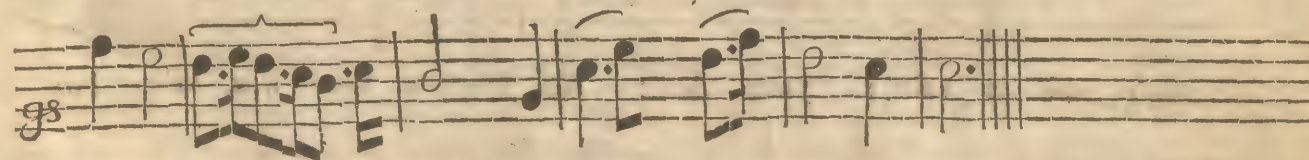
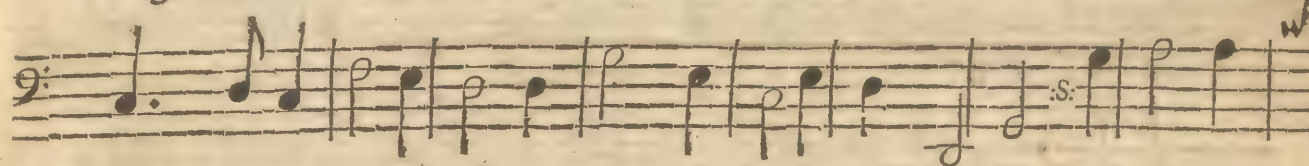
Y Wan - der -- er at last re -- treats to his forsaken



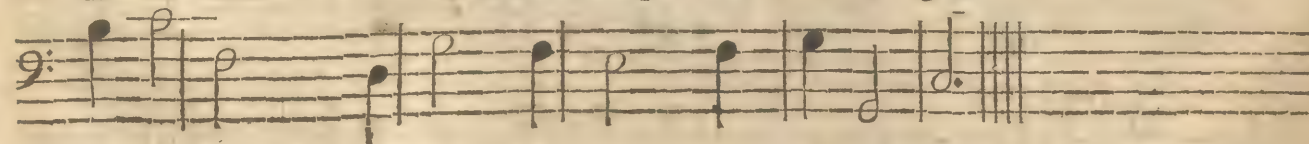
Breast, having discover'd all the Cheats, that drew him from his rest



thought himself safe in this a- bode, when Cloe prov'd it vain, by ways as

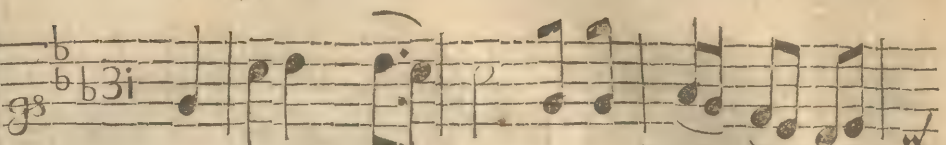


in - no - cent as odd, she tempts him out a - gain.

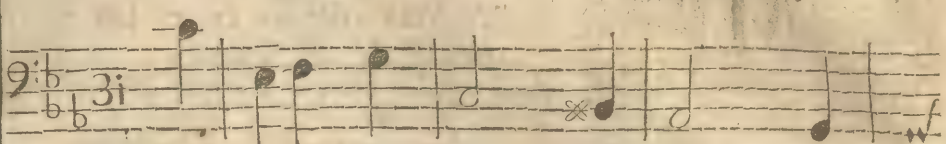


With untaught Eyes, unpractic'd Art,
 She does her Slave subdue :
 Scorns meanly to beguile a Heart,
 But claims it as her due.
 Let Tyrants then her Conquest boast,
 And keep their few in awe :
 She governs all and ever must,
 Who reigns by Natures Law.





 Ie languish no more at the glance of your



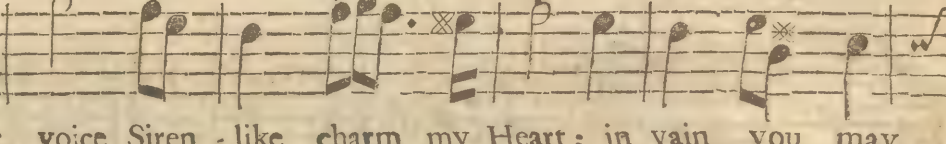
 Eye; can view you all o're and ne're fetch a deep sigh: No



 more shall your voice Siren-like charm my Heart; in vain you may



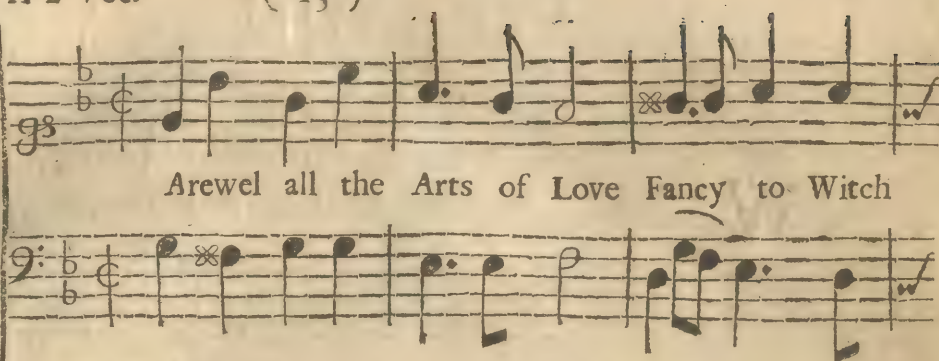
 sigh, use in vain all your Art: No Madam I'm free, when I'm



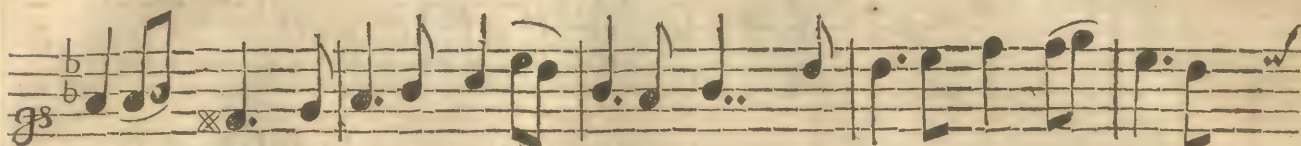
 Captive a-gain, let me unpity'd feel a-----gen my old pain.



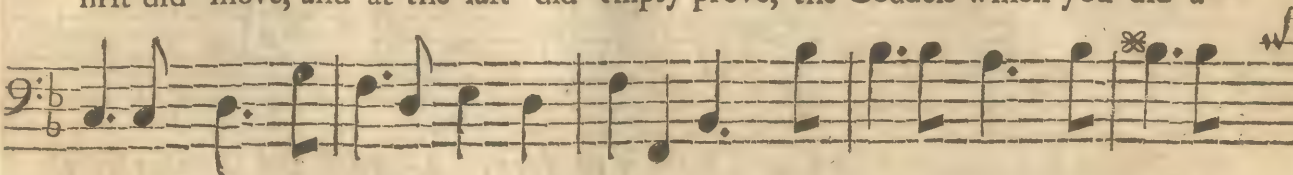
I'll Libertine turn, use all things in Common,
 No more than one Dish be bound to one Woman,
 Yet I still love the Sex but my Bottle before 'em,
 Pleuse 'em sometimes but I'll never Adore 'em,
 Go Madam be wise when a Woodcocks ith noose,
 Be sure hold him fast least like me he get loose.



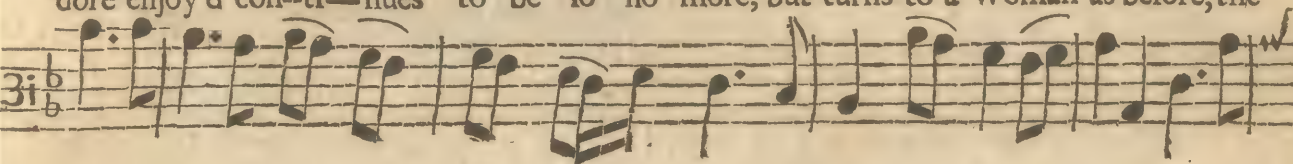
Arewel all the Arts of Love Fancy to Witch



first did move, and at the last did empty prove, the Goddess which you did a—



dore enjoy'd con--ti--nues to be so no more, but turns to a Woman as before, the

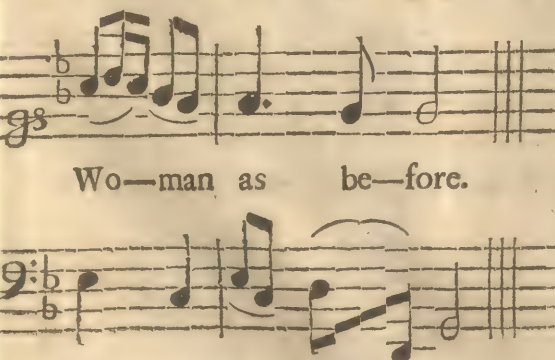


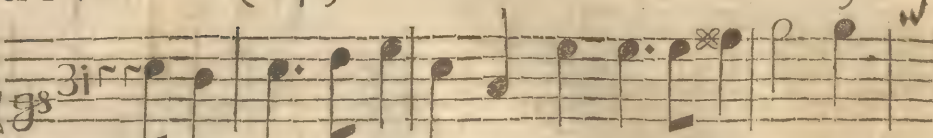
Goddess which you did adore enjoy'd con--ti--nues to be so no more, but turns to



Why then all this thought of care,
Hopes and fears and oft despair,
All to possess your self that's fair,
An easy Beauty's ever best,
Tho she lodg not in your Brest,
You soon shall find a place of rest,
An easie Beauty's, &c.

Wo—man as be—fore.





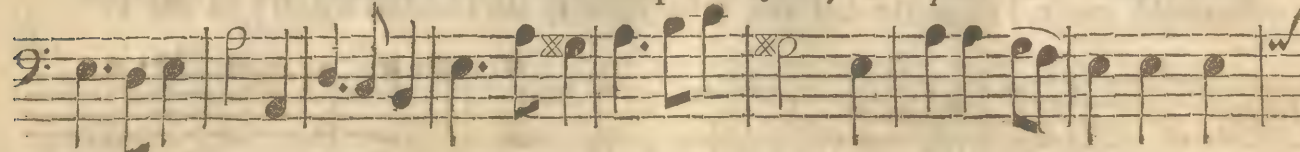
Hen the Gods at a Banquet did Revel above, did



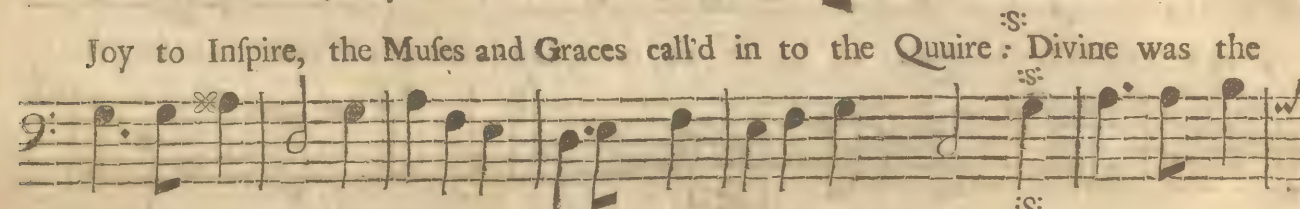
When the Gods at a Banquet did Revel, did



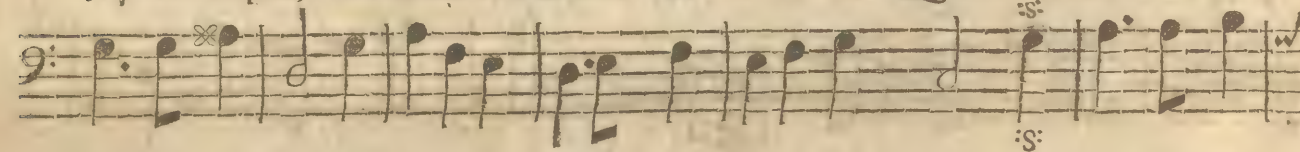
Revel above and Gannimed fill'd out a Bumper to Jove, A - pollo and Bacchus their



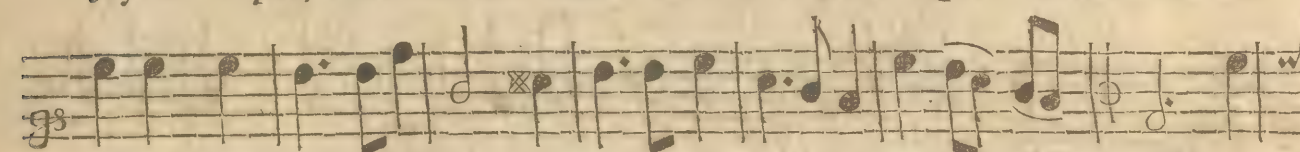
Revel above and Gannimed fill'd out a Bumper to Jove, A - pollo and Bacchus their



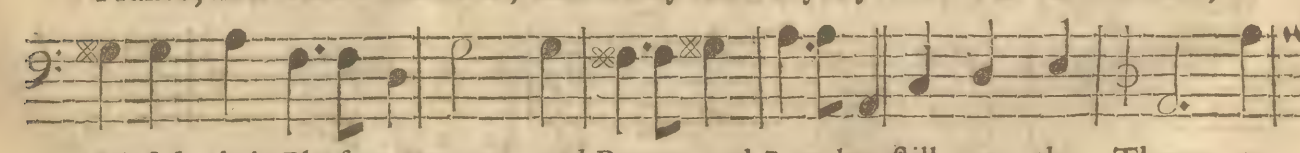
Joy to Inspire, the Muses and Graces call'd in to the Quire: Divine was the



Joy to Inspire, the Muses and Graces call'd in to the Quire: Divine was the



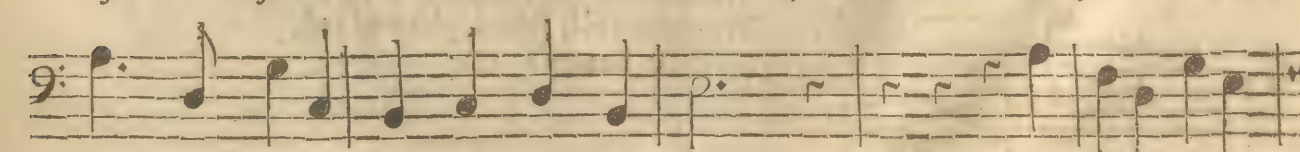
Musick, their Pleasure extream, and Beauty and Loyalty still was the Theam, to



Musick, their Pleasure extream, and Beauty and Loyalty still was the Theam, to

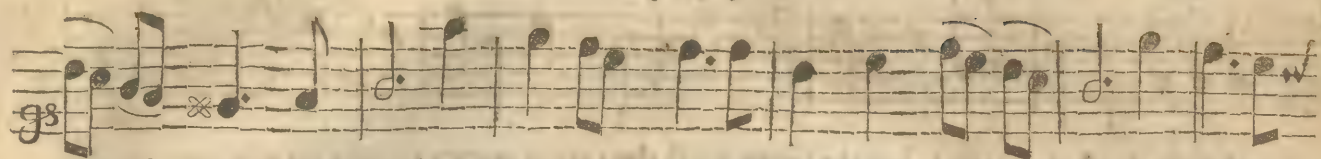


Jove and Juno's Health full Bowls were Crown'd, and to th'Immortal, and to th'im-

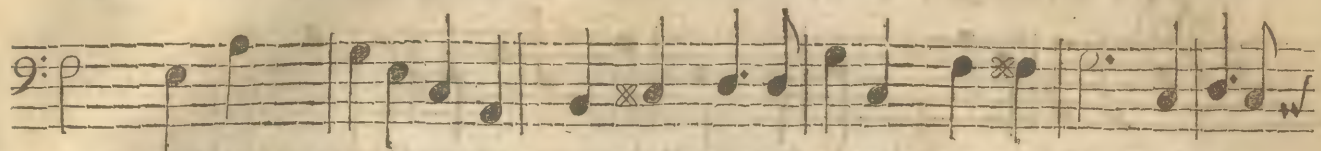


Jove and Juno's Health full Bowls were Crown'd,

and to th'immortall



mortal Powers went round who from their Thrones did their bright Goblets throw in Frolick



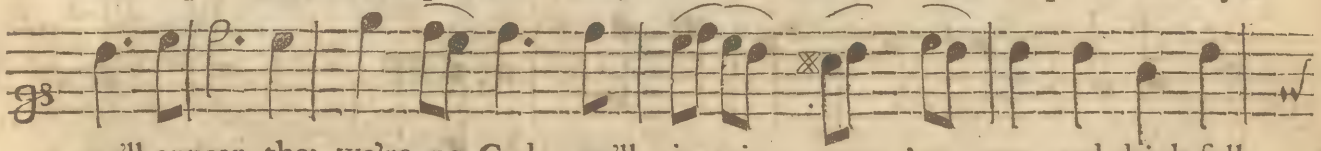
Pow'rs, Pow'rs went round from their Thrones, from their Thrones did their bright Goblets throw in Frolick



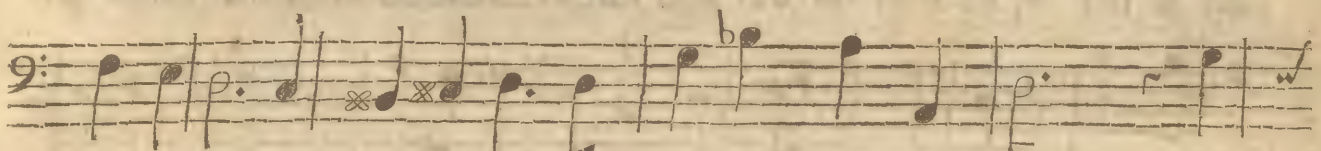
down upon the world, upon the world below : then to express how Loyal



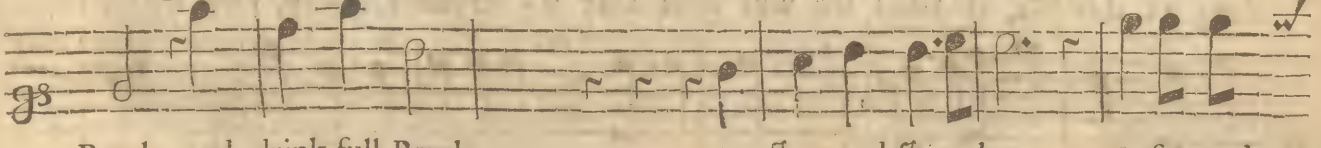
down upon the world, upon the world, the world below : then to express how Loyal



we'll appear, tho' we're no Gods we'll i-mi-tate 'em near, and drink full



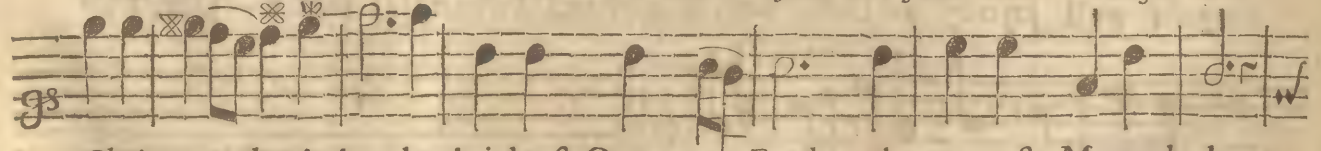
we'll appear, tho' we're no Gods we'll i-mi-tate 'em near, and



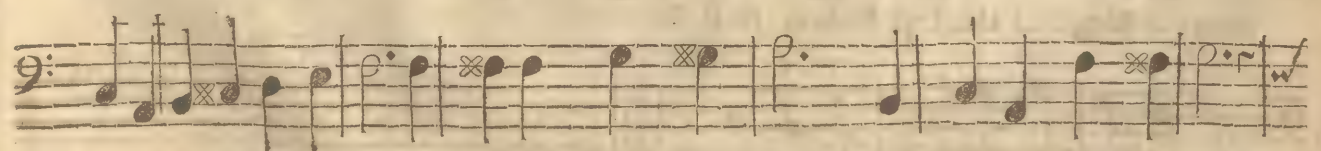
Bowls, and drink full Bowls to Jove and Juno here. Cæsar and



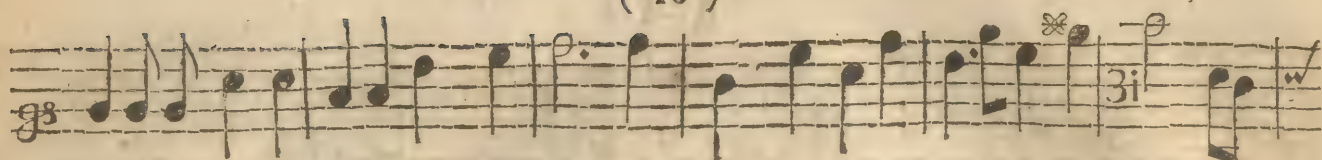
drink full Bowls, and drink full Bowls to Jove and Juno here. Cæsar and



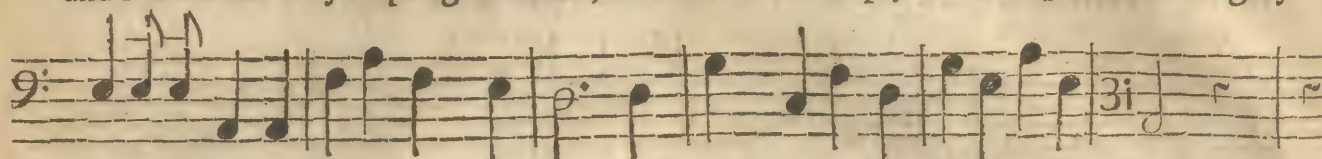
Gloria - na let it be the brightest Queen on Earth, the greatest Monarch he



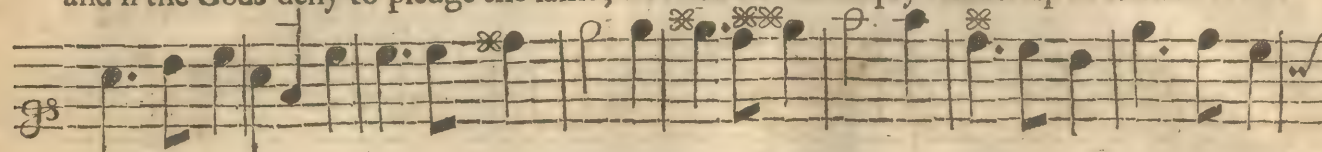
Gloria - na let it be the brightest Queen on Earth, the greatest Monarch he



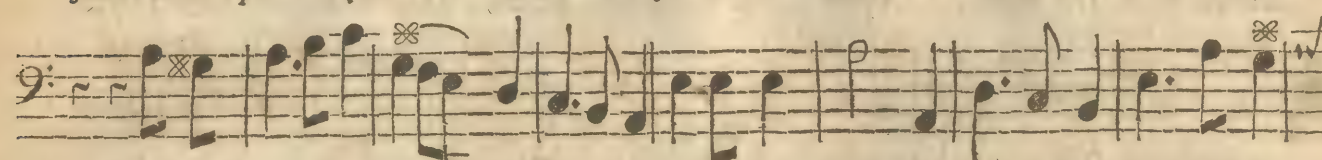
and if the Gods deny to pledge the same, we'll throw our empty Glasses up to them. Mighty



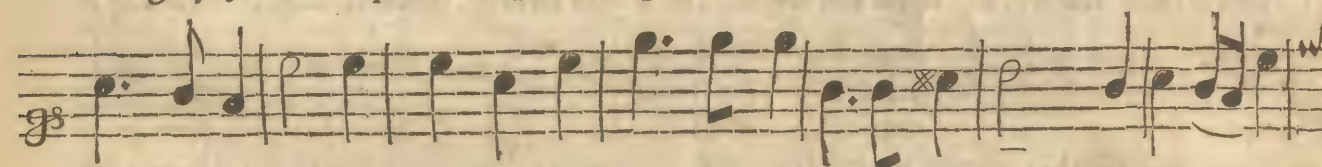
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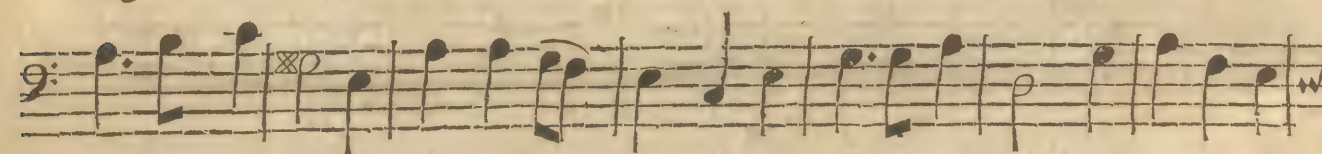
James and Apollo upon us does smile, upon us does smile, the God of this Year and the



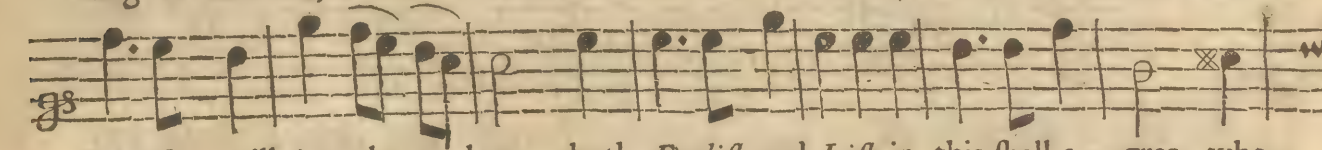
Mighty James & Apollo upon us, upon us does smile, the God of this Year and the



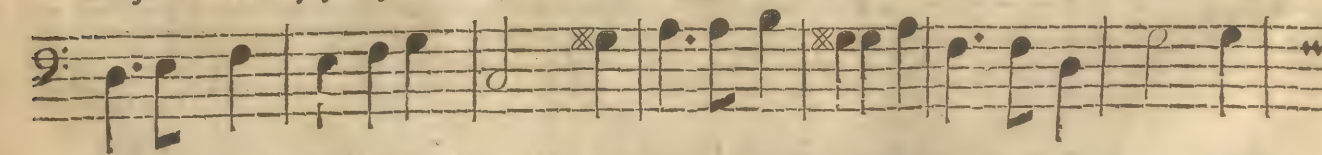
King of this Isle, all feuds we will shun that e - nervate his sway, since all are his



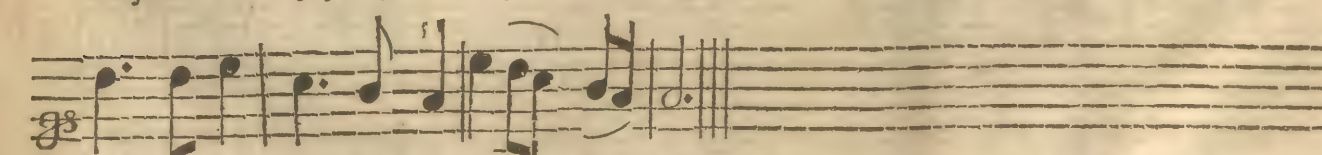
King of this Isle, all feuds we will shun that e - nervate his sway, since all are his



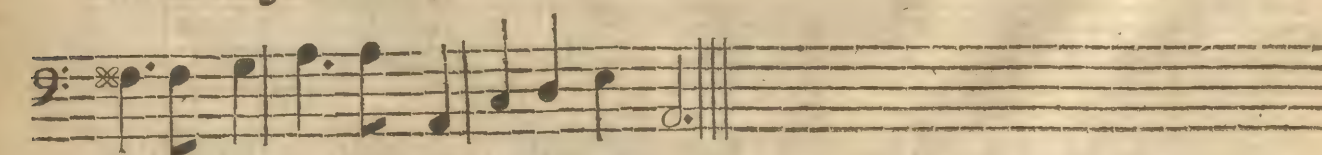
Subjects we'll joyntly o - bey : both *English* and *Irish* in this shall a - gree, who



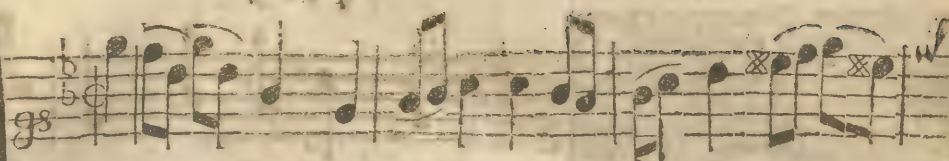
Subjects we'll joyntly o - bey : both *English* and *Irish* in this shall a - gree, who



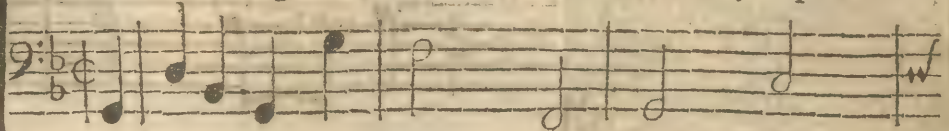
serve the King best the best Nation shall be.



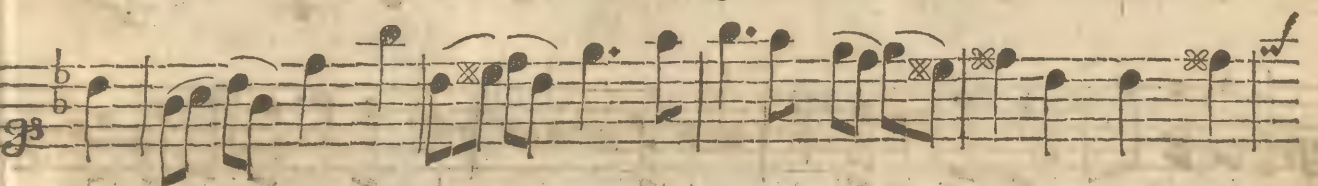
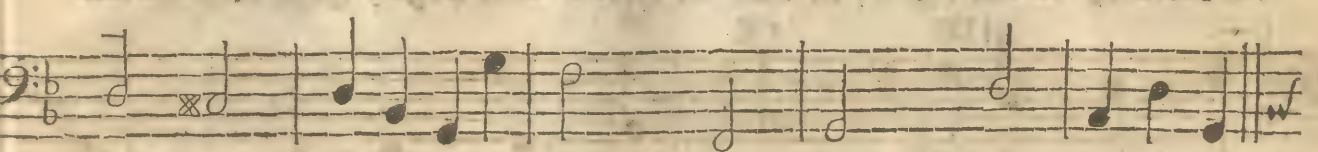
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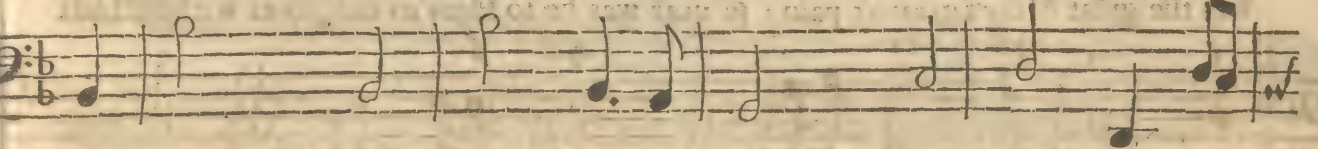
Hen first I fought my Jenny's Love she dash'd my hopes with



cold disdain, no Tears the Cruel Lass could move to hear my Vows or ease my pain,



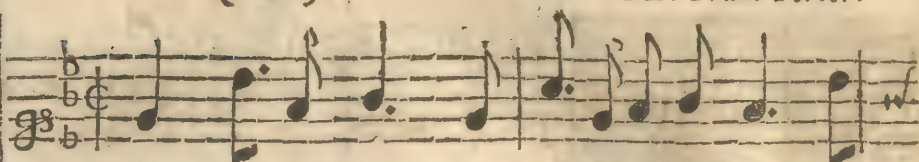
She'd chide and frown and call me Loon and bid me from her sight be gone, with



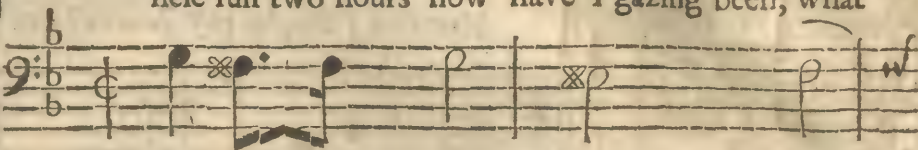
scorn my Presents She'd return, and all my Amorous Letters burn.



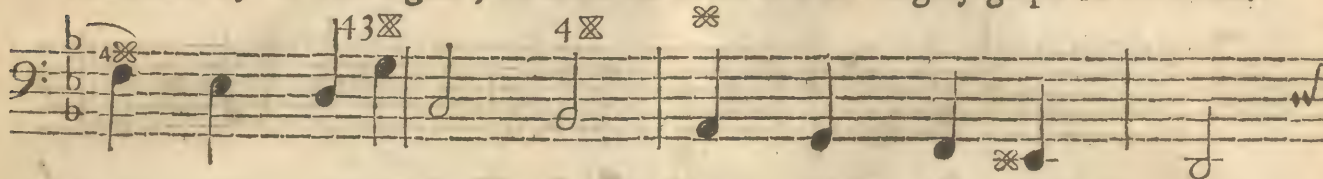
But now my Constancy She's found,
 The lovely fair relenting Maid
 With kind consent my hopes has Crown'd,
 And all my sufferings over paid;
 She'll kiss and toy
 And call me Joy,
 In Love the livelong day employ,
 She'll look and smile on me alone,
 And only grieve she e're did frown.



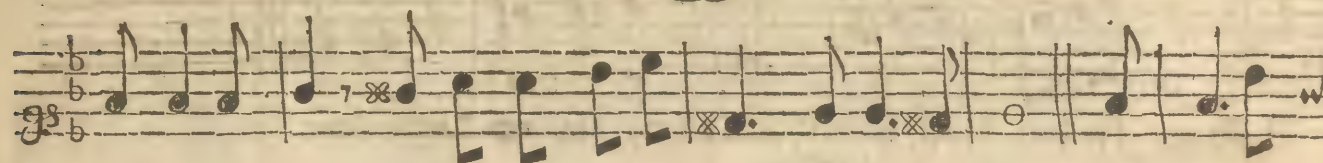
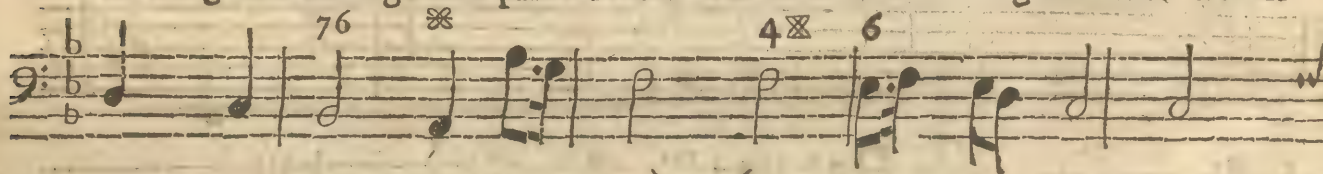
hefe full two hours now have I gazing been, what



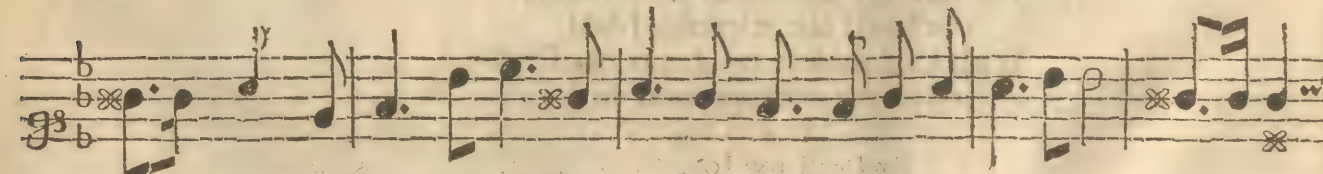
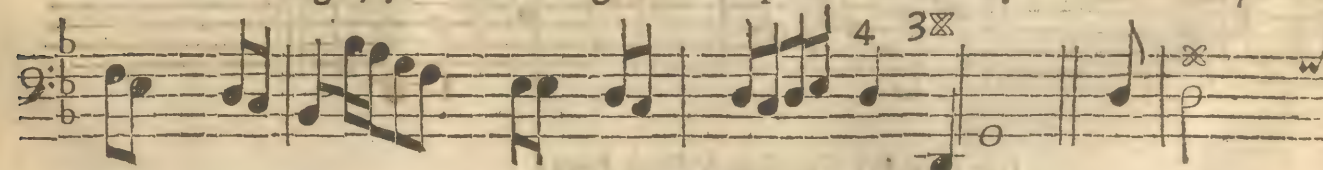
Comfort by it can I gain, to look on Heav'n with mighty gulph be — tween



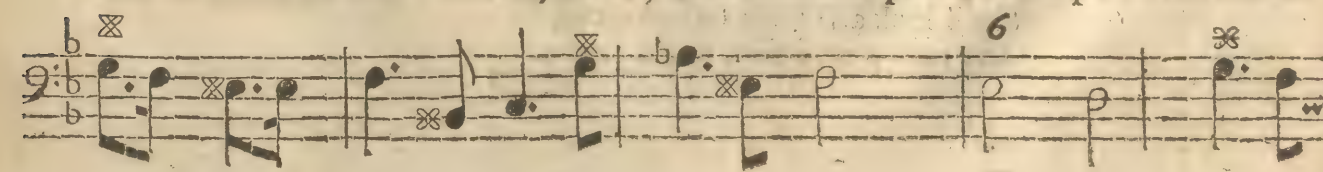
was the great Miser's greatest pain : so near was he to Heav'n's delight as with the blest

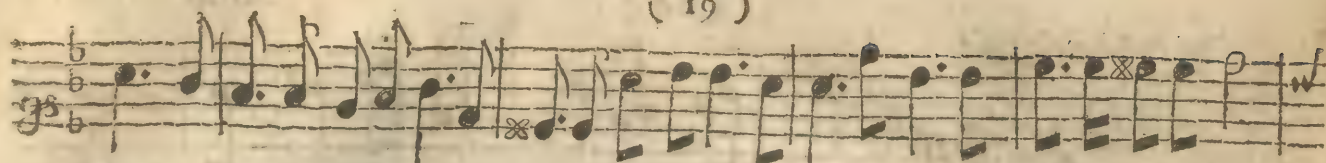


converse he might, yet could not get one drop of Water by't. Ah wretch I

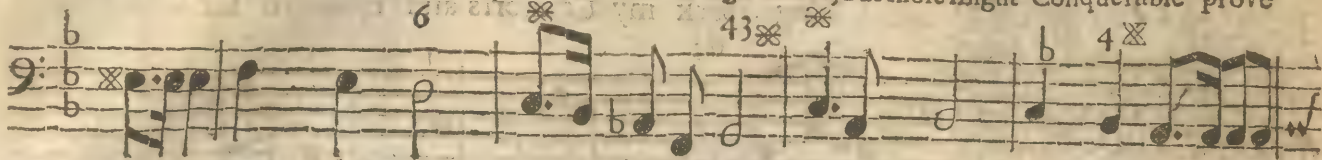


seem to touch her now : but oh, but oh, what boundless spaces does us part ! fortune and

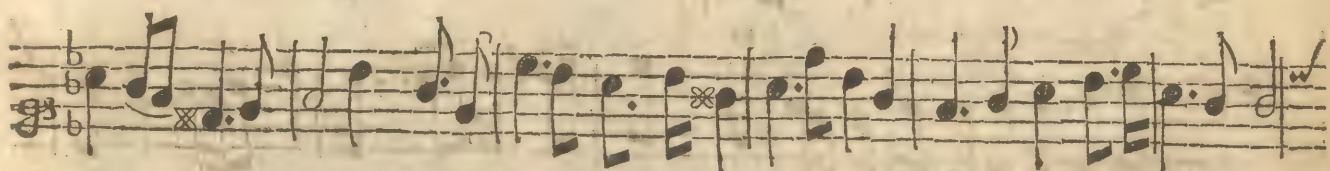
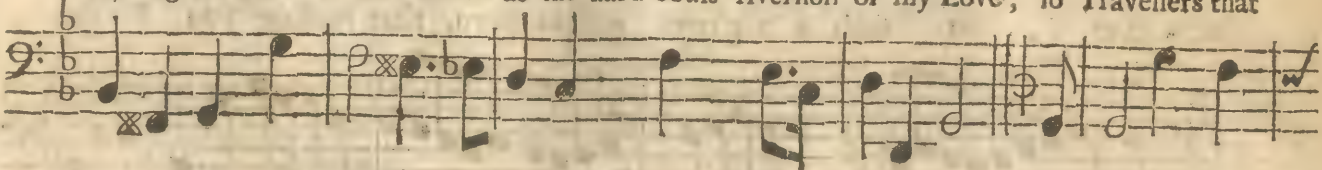




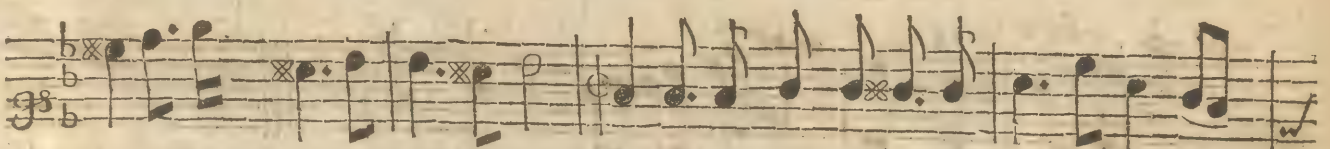
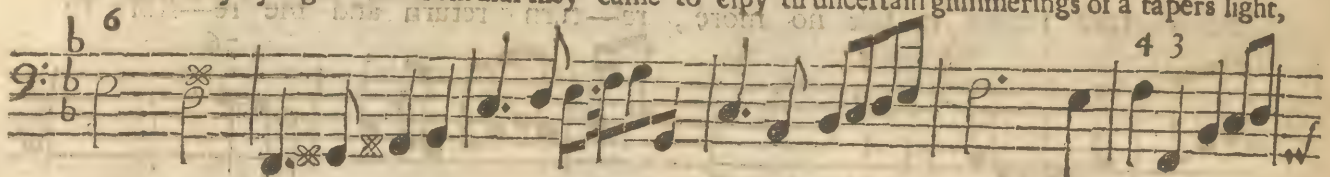
Friends & all Earths empty show my lowness and her high desert, but those might Conquerable prove



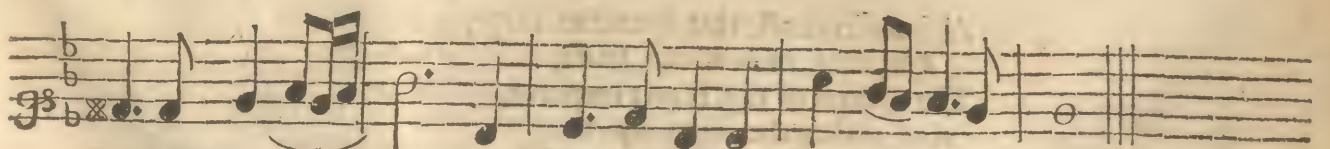
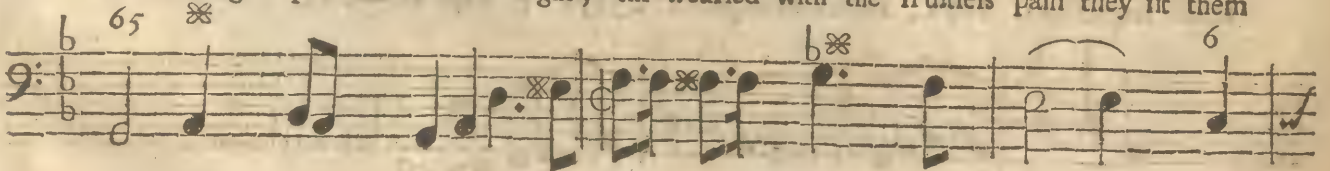
nothing does me so far remove as the hard Souls Aversion of my Love; so Travellers that



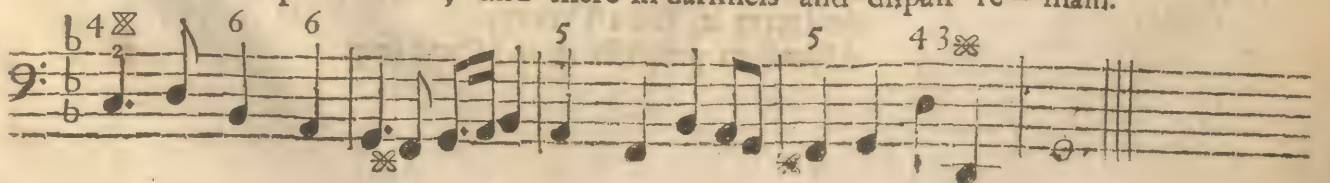
lose their way by night when from afar they came to espy th'uncertain glimmerings of a tapers light,



like flatt'ring hopes and think it night, till wearied with the fruitless pain they sit them



down and weep in vain, and there in darkness and despair re—main.





Ring back my Comforts and re—turn for well you

know that I, in such a vig'rous passion burn, that missing you I die.

flow

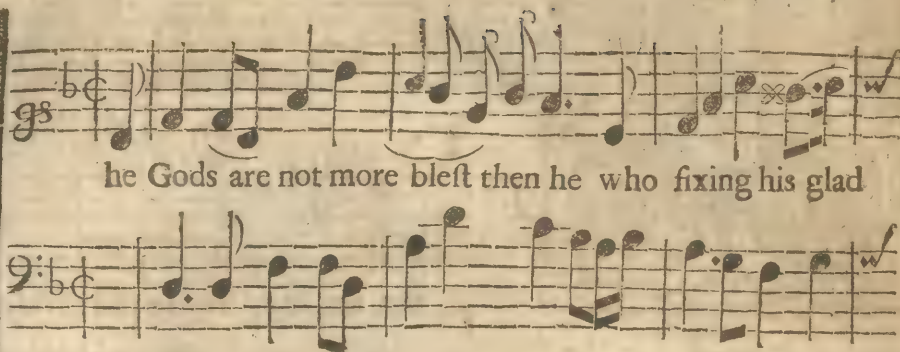
Re—turn return in—sult no more, re—turn return and me re—store to

flow

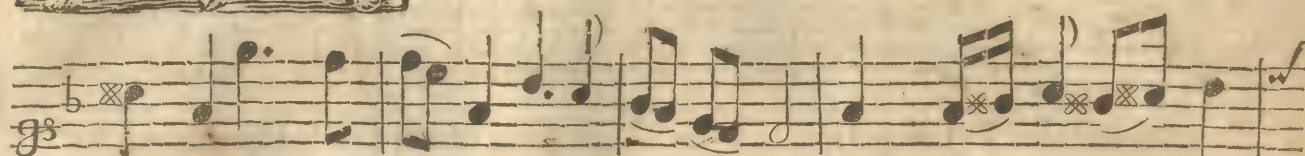
those sequester'd Joys, to those sequester'd Joys I had be—fore.

Absence in most, that quenches Love,
 And cool their warm desire,
 The Ardour of my Heart improve,
 And makes the flame aspire.

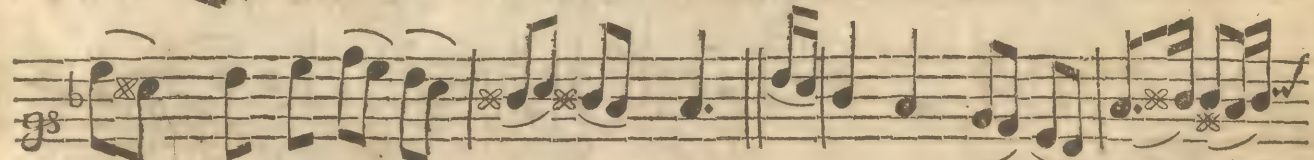
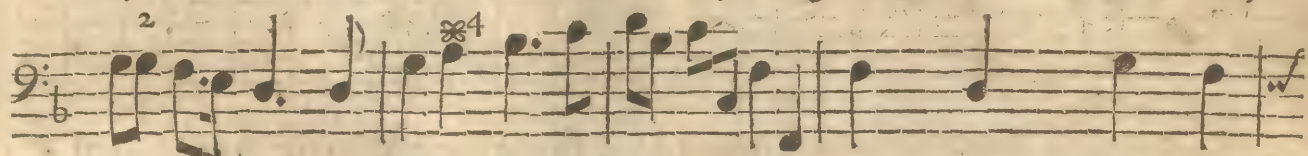
The Maxim therefore I deny,
 And term it, tho a Tyranny,
 A Nurse to purest Faith and Constancy.



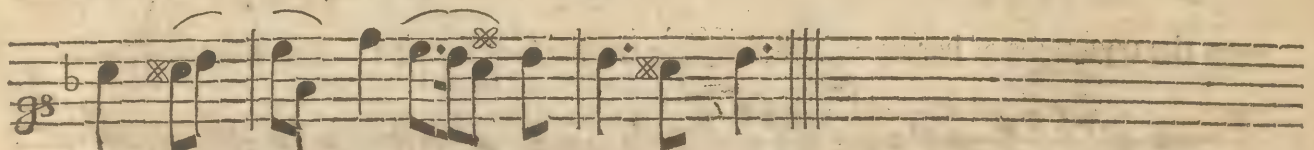
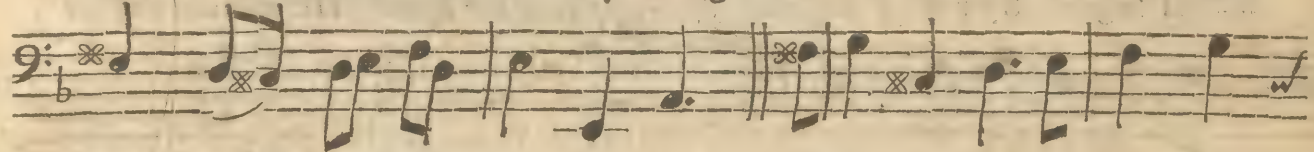
he Gods are not more blest then he who fixing his glad



Eyes on thee does ever hear and ev'—ry long Charm'd with the Mu—sick,



Charm'd with the Mu—sick of thy Tongue that sees with more then hu—mane



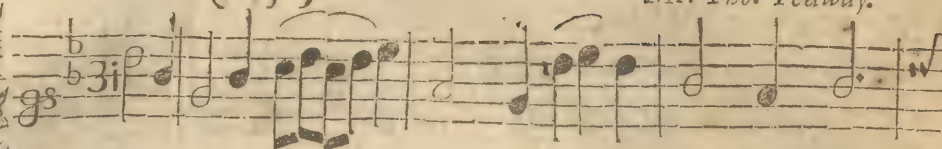
Grace sweet smiles A—dorn A—mint's Face.



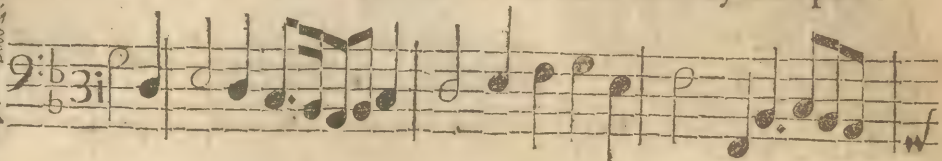
But when to pity you incline,
And so become much more Devine,
What mortal can support the Joy
The mighty blessing does destroy,
Ah ! would you have your *Damon* live,
Your Favours less profusely give.



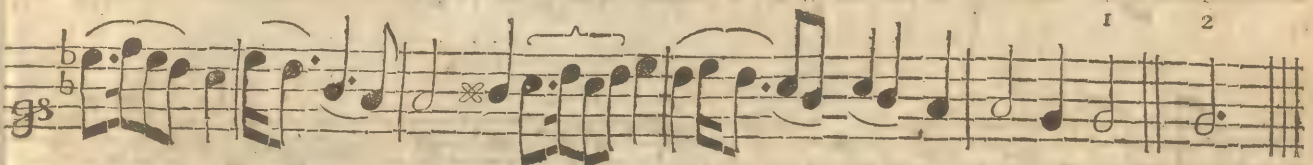
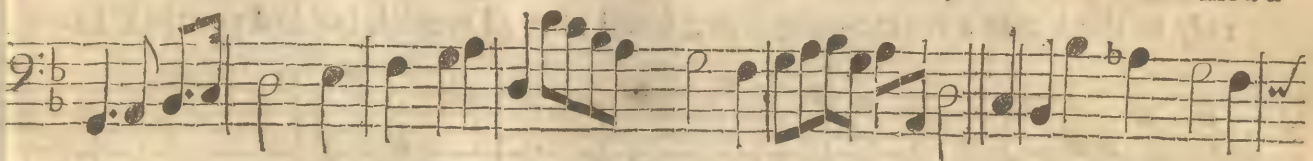
EE, see, see the lovely Maid and Paradise and
 See, see, see, see, see the lovely Maid and Para-
 Pa---ra---dise in Bed display'd, like blushing Morn, like blushing Morn she
 dise in Bed in Bed display'd, like blushing Morn, like blushing Morn she lyes, and
 lyes and sings the tryumphs, sings the try---umph of her Eyes. The wanton Cupids
 sings the tryumphs of her Eyes, and sings the tryumph of her Eyes. The wanton Cupids
 play and sport their lit---tle Hearts away, whilst all a round them throng. To
 play and sport their little Hearts away whilst all a round them throng, to hear the Musick
 hear the Musick of her Tongne, to hear the Musick, hear the Musick of her Tongue.
 of her Tongue, to hear the Musick of her Tongue, to hear the Musick of her Tongue.



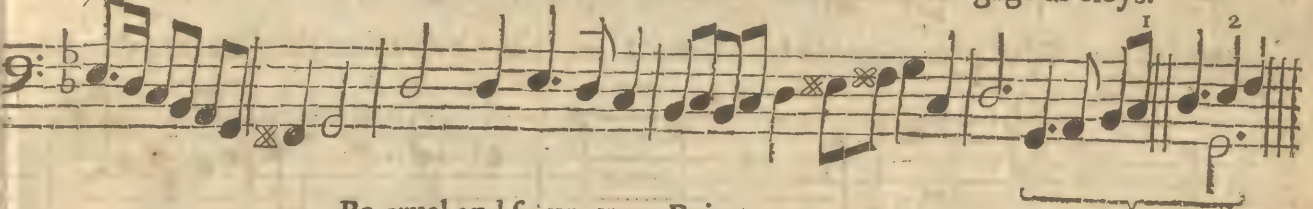
*Il*via be no lon—ger kind, the kind be--tray their pow'r



still to the proud and false inclin'd our Ty—rants we A--dore, fru--ition which shou'd



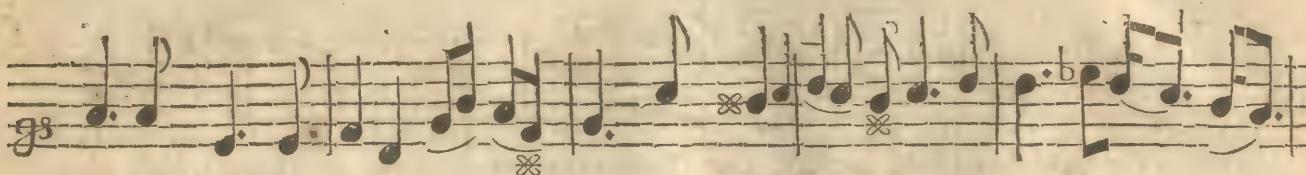
make our blifs di—stroy, and kindness which shou'd most in--gage us cloy.



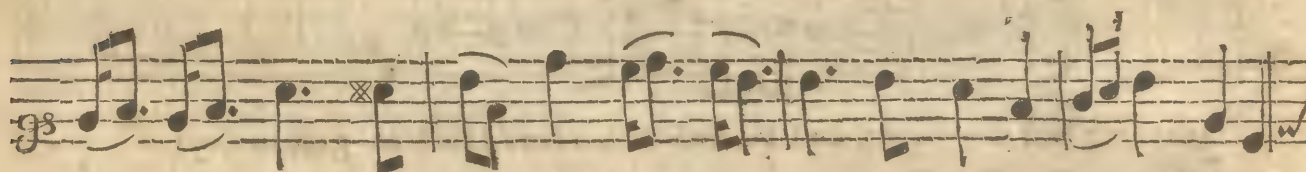
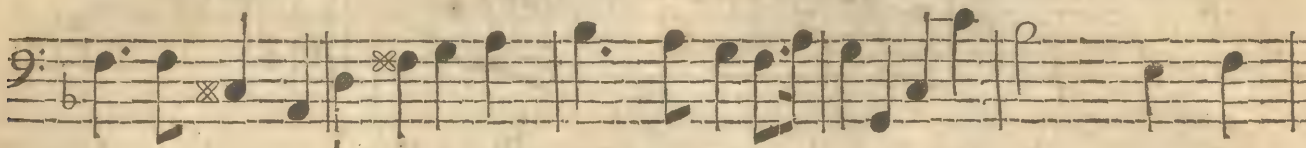
Be cruel and secure your Reign,
Myrtilla's Pride and Scorn,
 Her haughty looks and fierce disdain,
 Show her for Empire born ;
 Oh curst disease of our fantastick mind,
 The Cruel we pursue and fly the Kind.



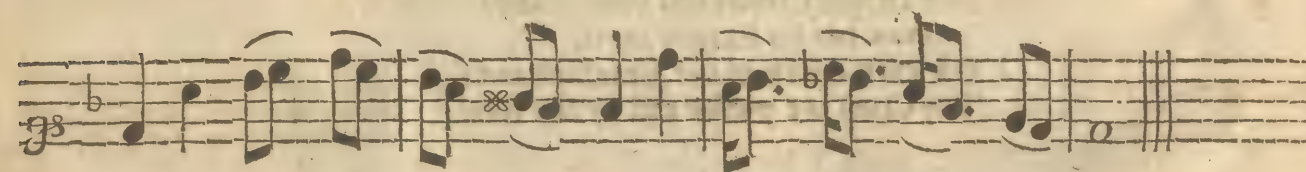
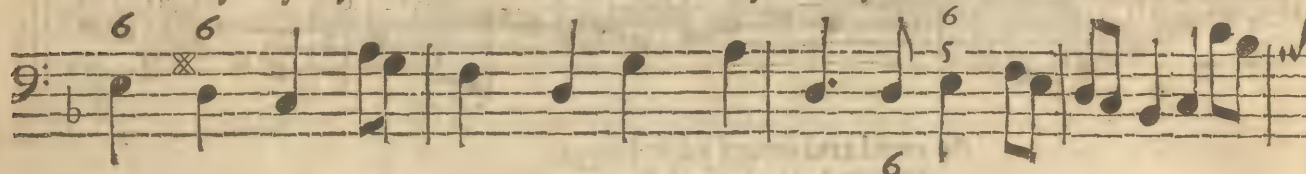
Intbia 'tis own'd that I too long on Woman-kind did



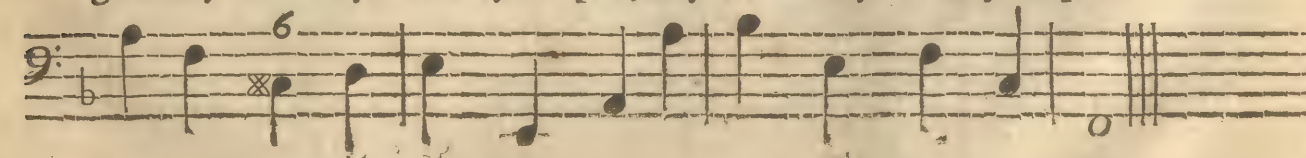
rail, to think that a re-can-ting Song shou'd after all prevail, but had you then but



markt my Eyes, or cou'd have vew'd my heart you'd seen thro' all that thin dif-

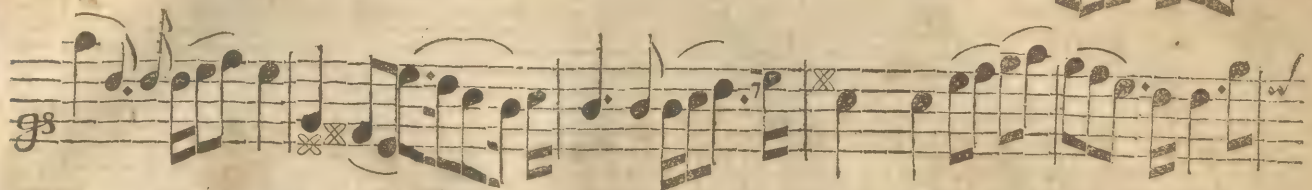
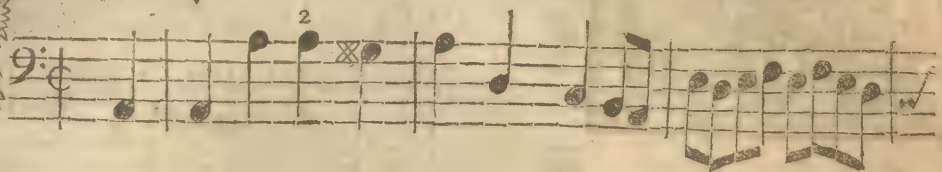


guise they all—ways took your part, they all—ways took your part.

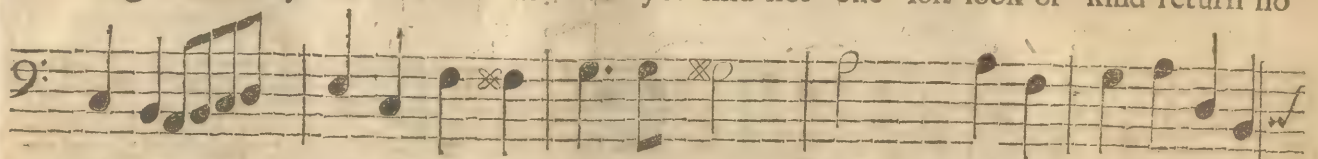




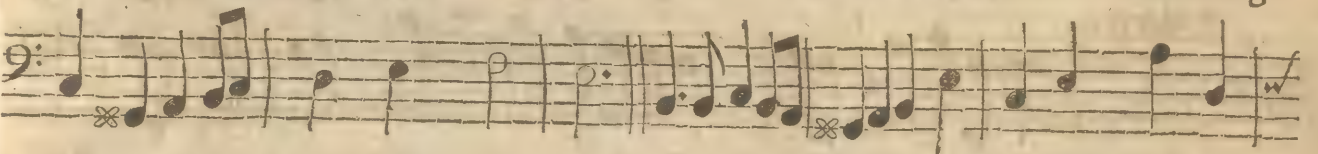
O W long devine Ce—tin—da shall I mourn how



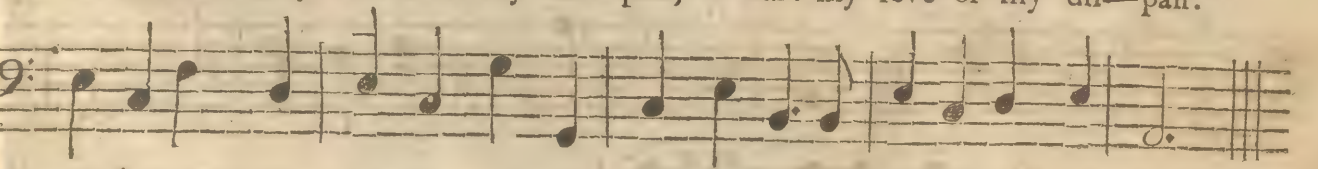
long disclose my sorrow all in vain yet find not one soft look or kind return no



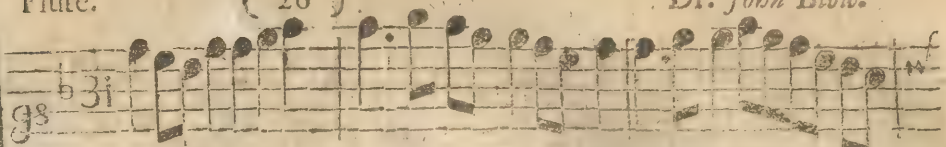
sign of ease to sooth my growing pain. Ah Cruel, ah Cru—el, Cru—el Charming



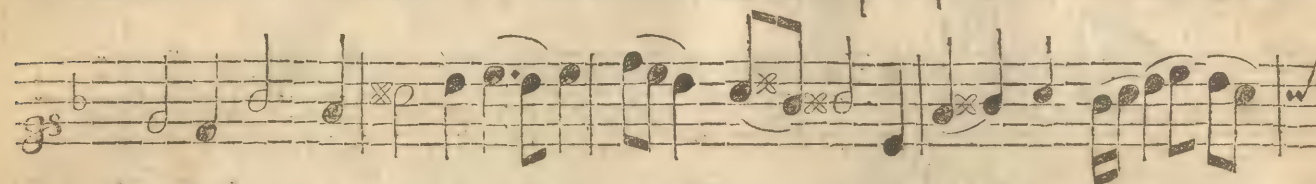
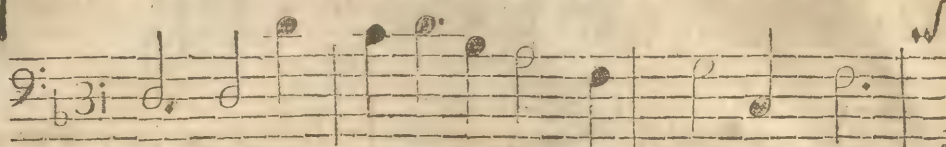
fair, or cure my love or my dis—pair, or cure my love or my dis—pair.



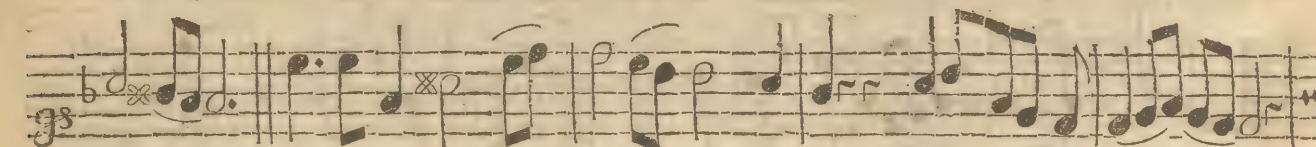
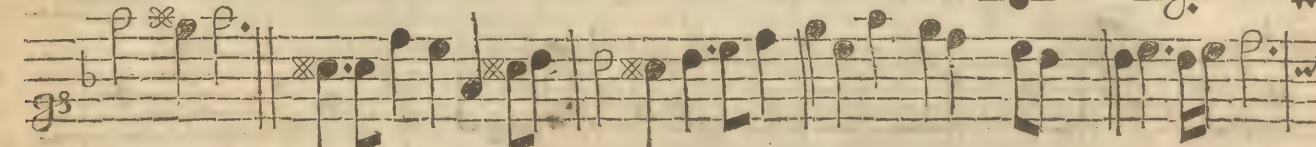
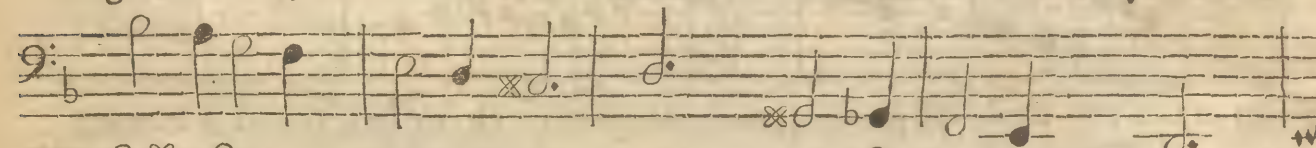
All night the thoughts of you forbids my rest,
Nor can the noisie business of the day
Divert the constant trouble of my brest,
Or the tormenting Passions there allay;
Ah cruel charming Maid,
When shall this mighty debt of Love be paid.



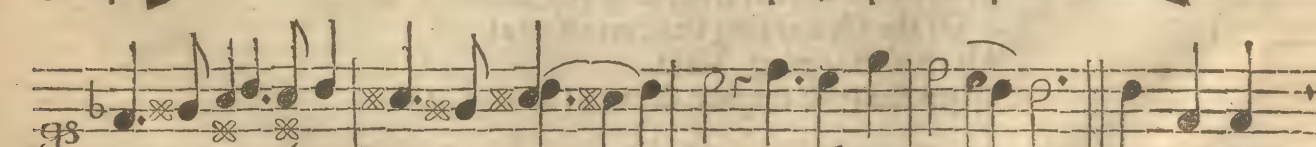
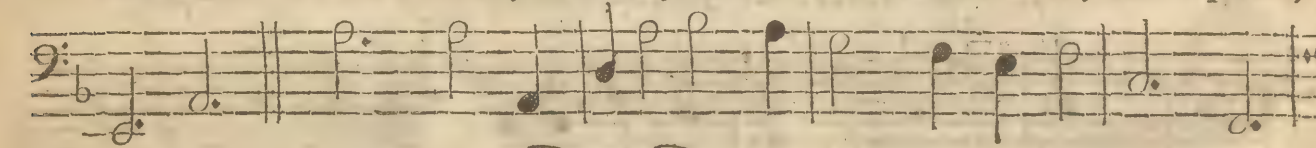
Hill's I must needs confess that I am fic-kle



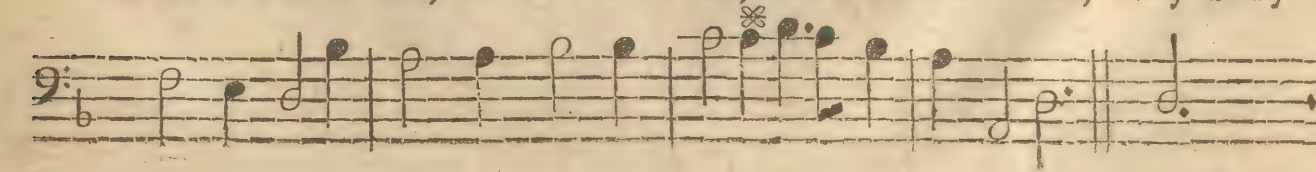
grown of late, and now to *Celia's* Charms Ad-dress that love which yours did



first create. Not that I think your Beauty less then hers who does my Heart possess,

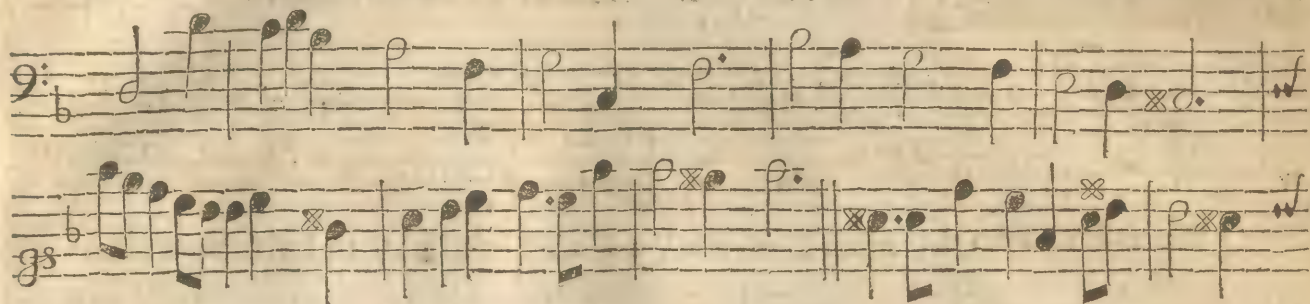


but tis the will of fate, tis the will of fate, but tis the will of fate, tho you may

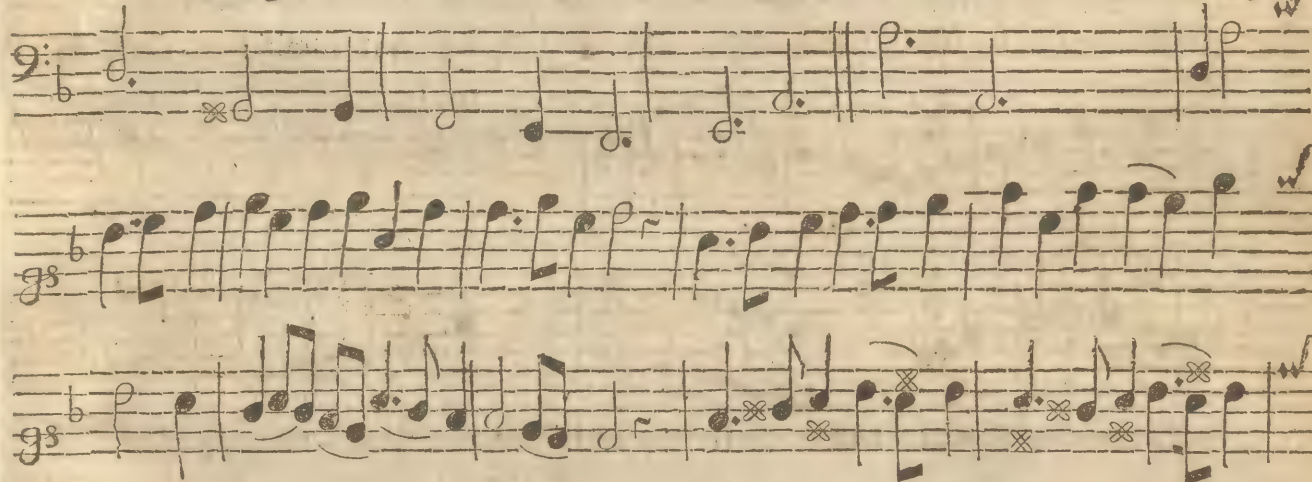




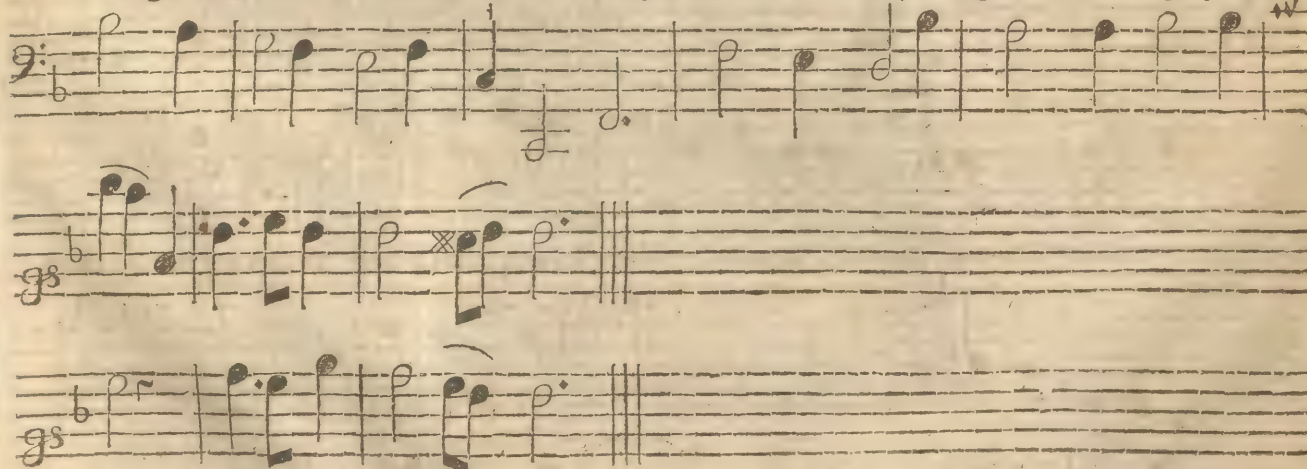
think the practice strange I'll Ju—sti—fie the roving flame, nor fear the Am'rous



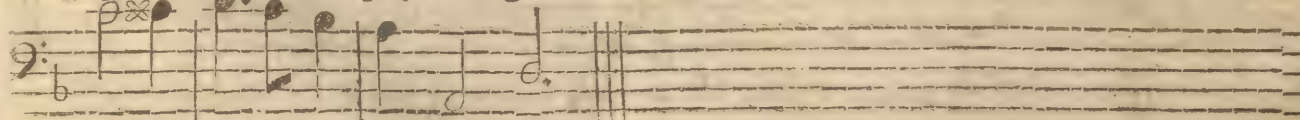
Gods revenge, since I still love tho not the same, for tho my heart does hourly

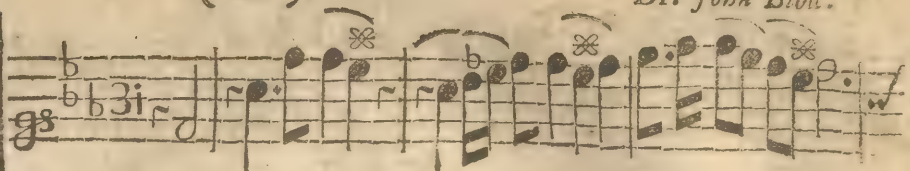


range he looses nothing by the change, since I still play his game, I still play his

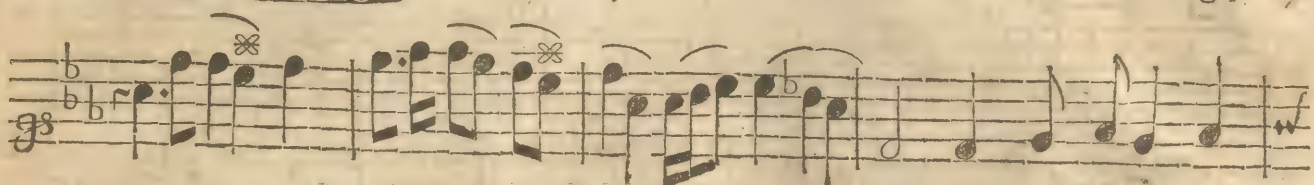
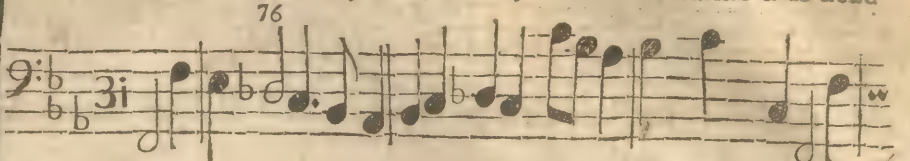


game, since I still play his game.

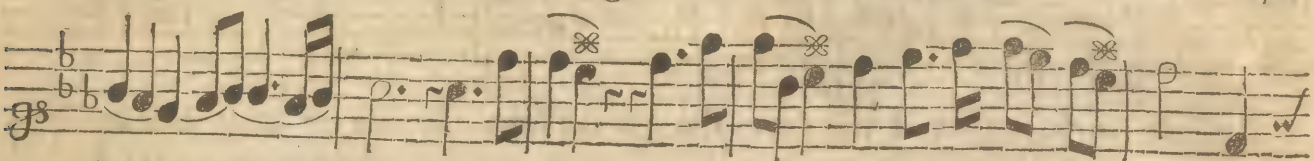
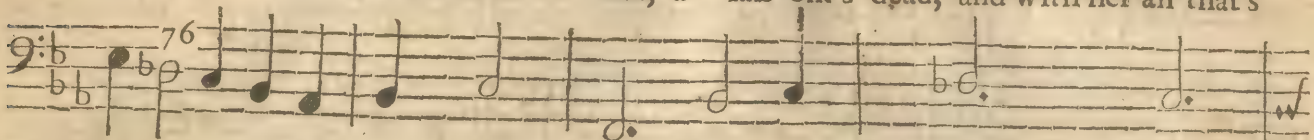




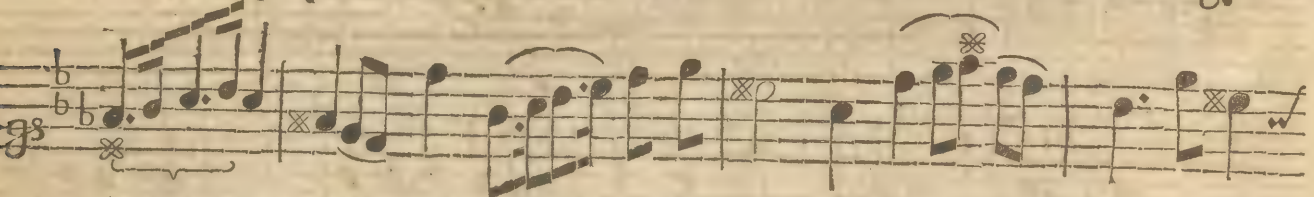
HE, She, alafs, She, a-lafs, whom all admir'd is dead



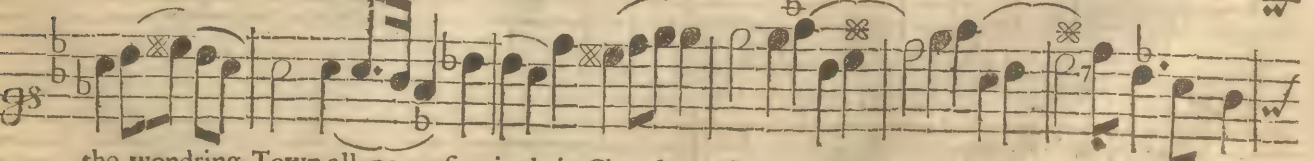
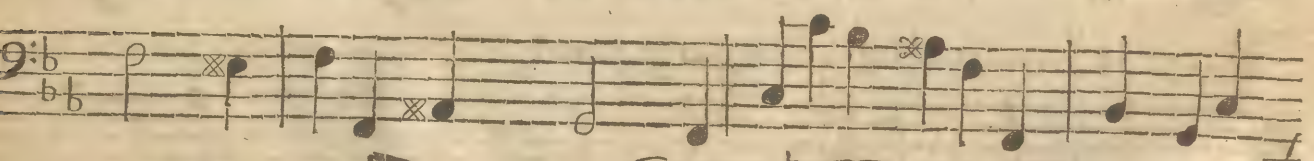
She a-lafs whom all admir'd is dead, a—lafs She's dead, and with her all that's



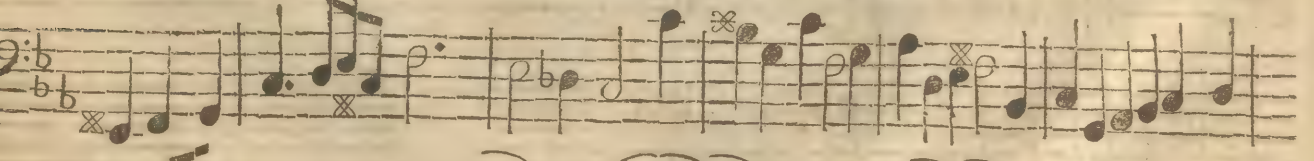
brisk or gay is fled, She a—lafs, She a—lafs, whom all admir'd is dead, no



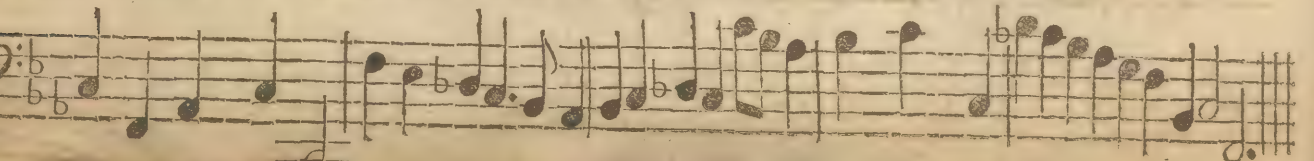
Rat—ling Coaches now run up and down, nor Am'—rous Sparks amuse

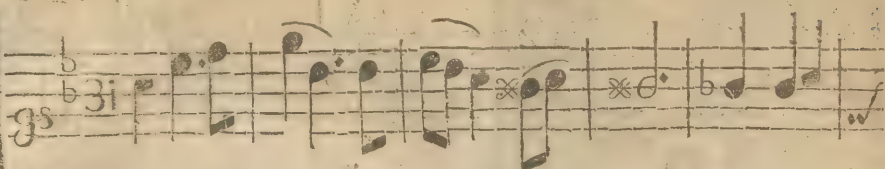


the wondring Town all pen - five in their Chambers sit and mourn and mourn the fair the sweet

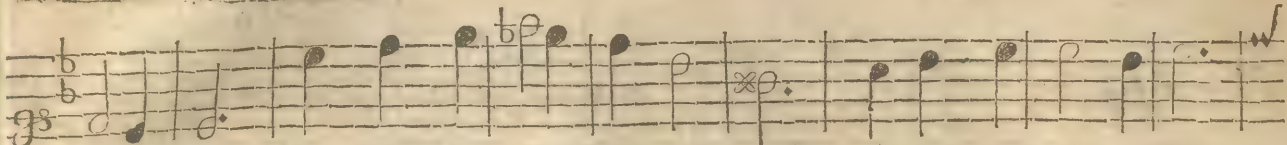
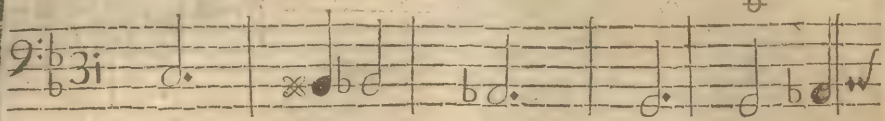


Cor-rin-na's dead & gone, She a--lafs, She a—lafs whom all admir'd is dead.

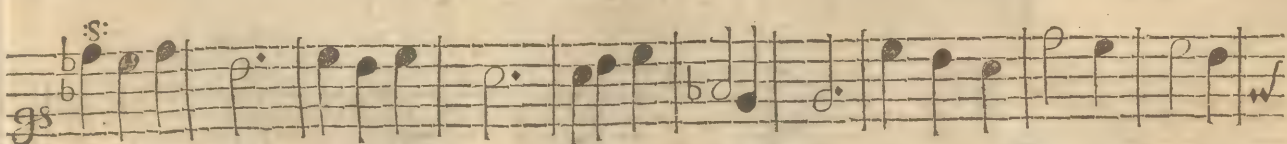
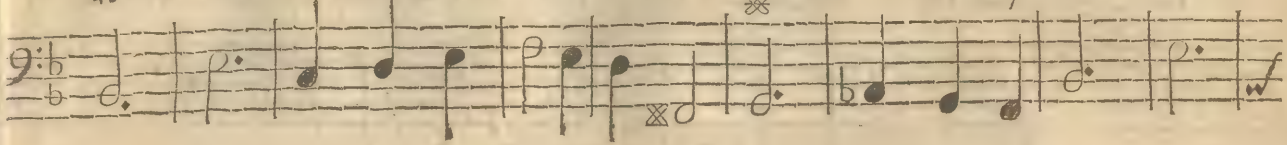




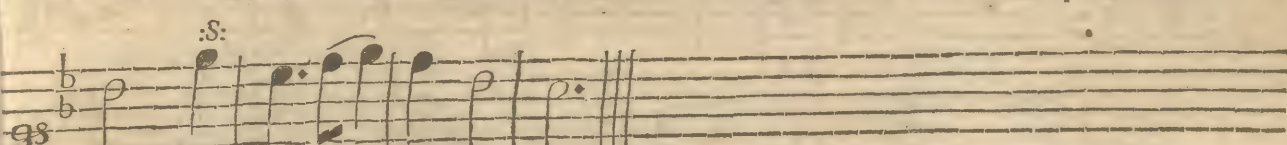
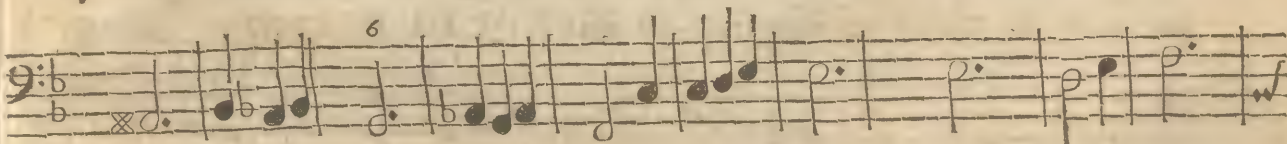
Hys un—just—ly you com—plain, and tax my



tender heart, with want of pity for your pain , or fence of your differt.



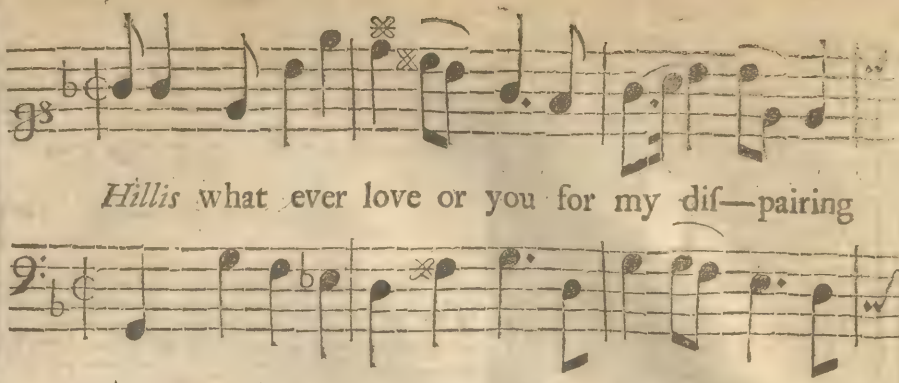
By secret and misterious Springs alas our passions move, we Women are fan-tastick



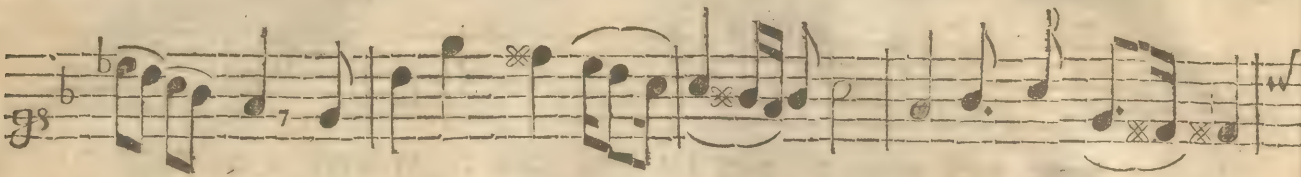
things that like be—fore we love.



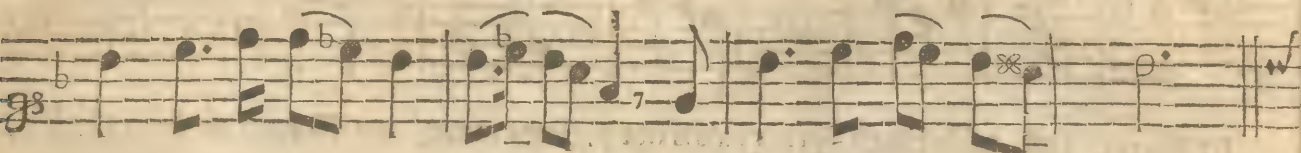
You may be handsome and have Wit,
 Be secret and well bred,
 The Parson Love must to us fit,
 He onely can succeed.
 Some die and yet are ne're believ'd,
 Others we trust too soon,
 Helping our selves to be deceiv'd,
 And proud to be undone.



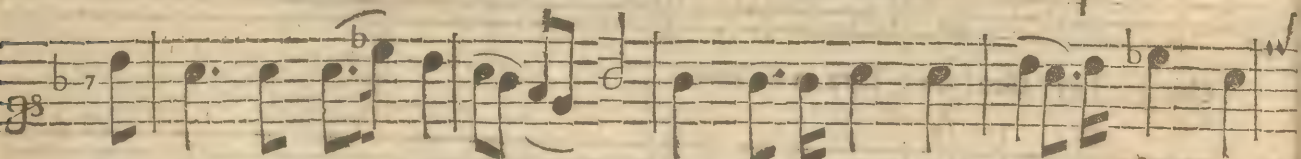
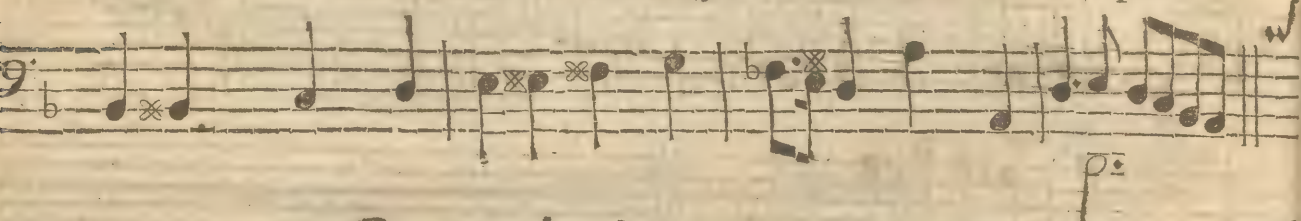
Philis what ever love or you for my dis—pairing



shall or—dain, my suffering Heart shall still be true, and with the Tor—ments



and with the Tor—ments that en—sue may break but ne're com—plain.

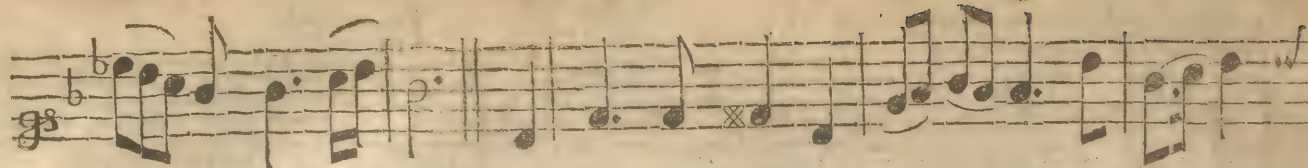


My grief when *Phil—lis* Is un—kind no rude re-sent-ments shall be—tray tis

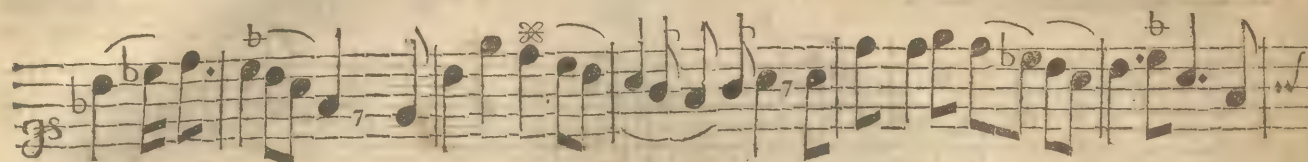
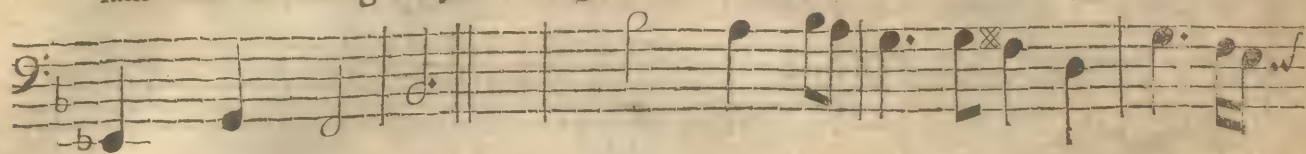


calm as Vows for Hea--ven de-sign'd, and gentle as the Southern Winds that

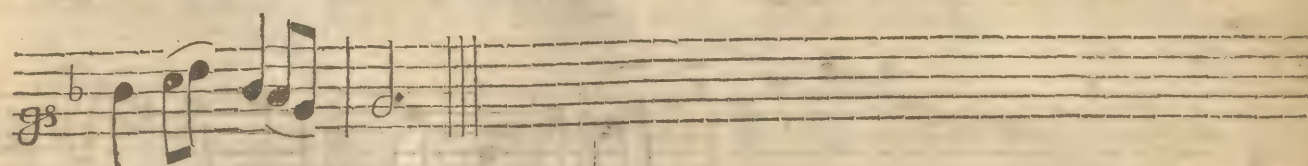
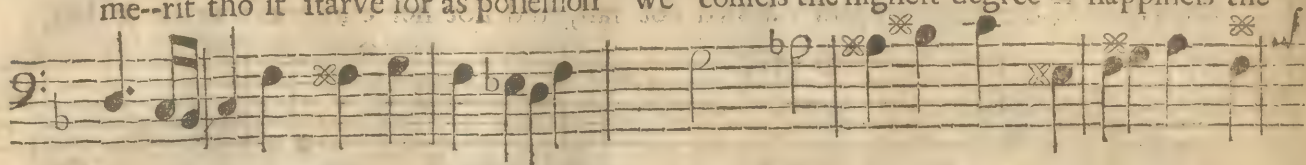




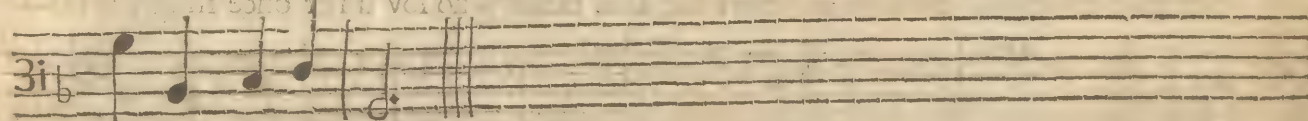
fans the blooming May. No slights shall make my pas--sion less, my Love shall



me--rit tho it starve for as possession we confess the highest degree of happiness the

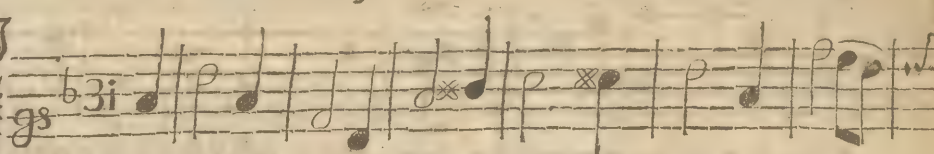


next is to de---serve.

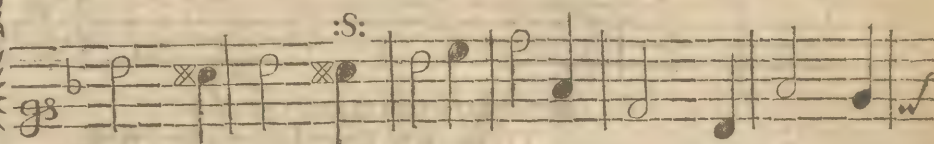


A Catch for 3 Voc.

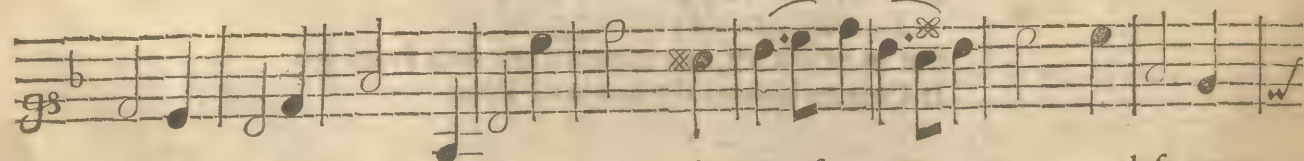
Mr. Henry Purcel.



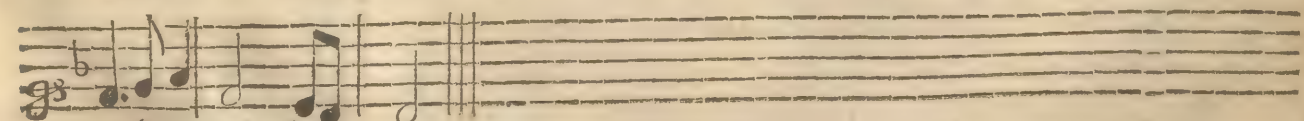
Hen V and I to--gether meet, we make up 6 in



House or Street, yet I and V may meet once more, and



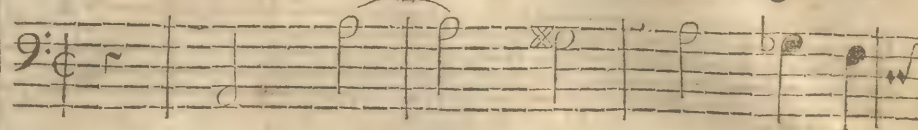
then we 2 can make but 4, but when that V from I am gone, alas poor



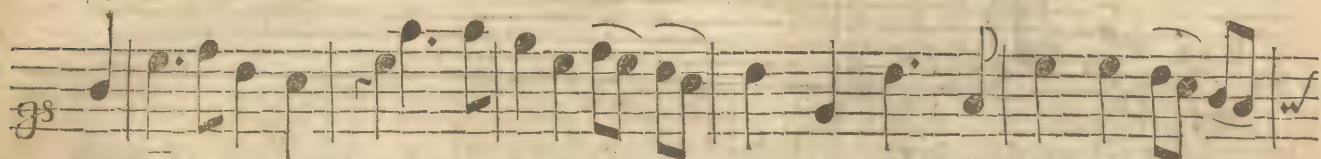
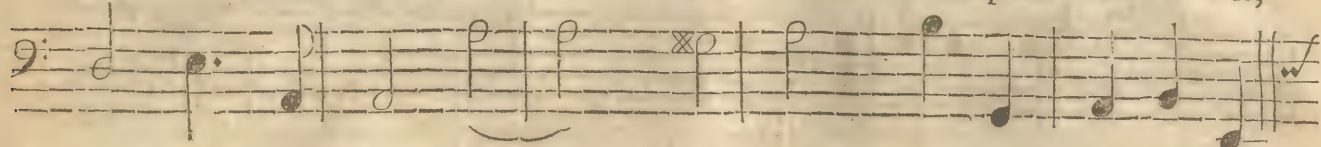
I can make but one.



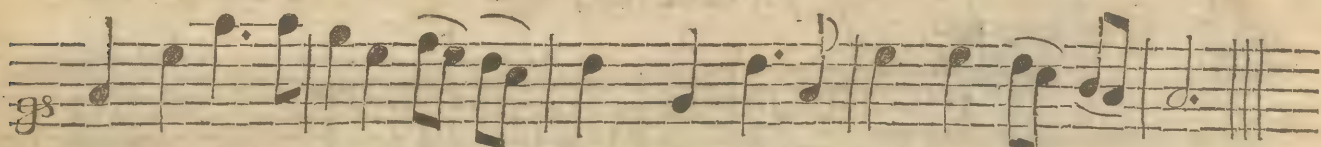
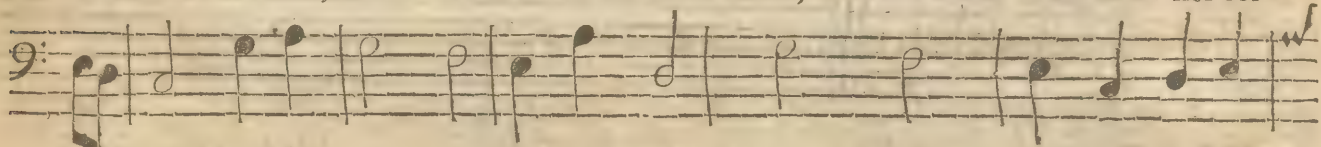
Ould softning melting looks pre - vail, Phillis might ever



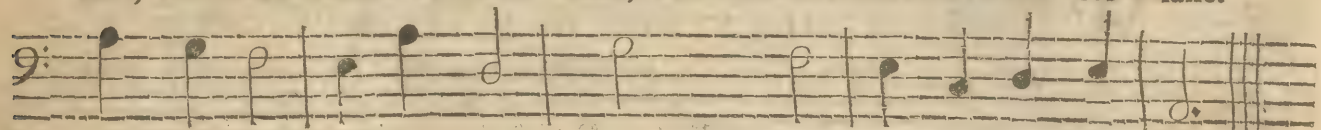
hope success, her beauties pow'r would not fail, did not her cheapness make it less,



but such advances, but such advances she does make, who lov'd her once must her for-



fake, but such advances she does make, who lov'd her once must her for—fake.



She who's too eagerly enclin'd

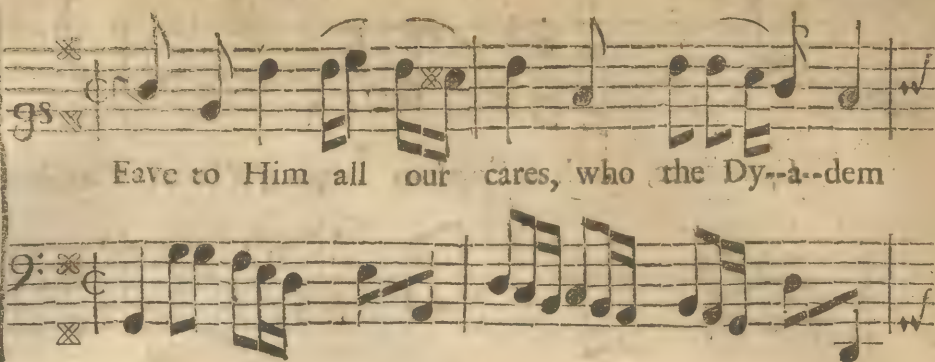
To catch at Love lets go her fame,

And 'tis beneath a generous mind

To catch ignoble yeilding game.

But in resistance, but in resistance such force lies,

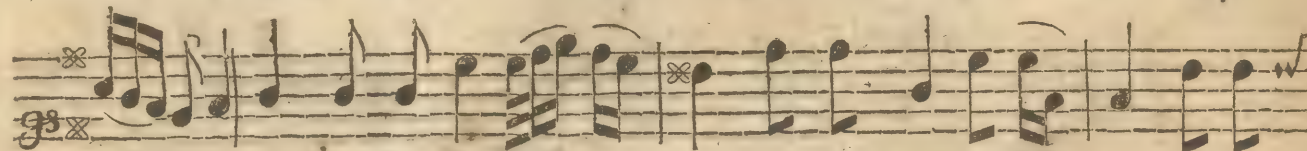
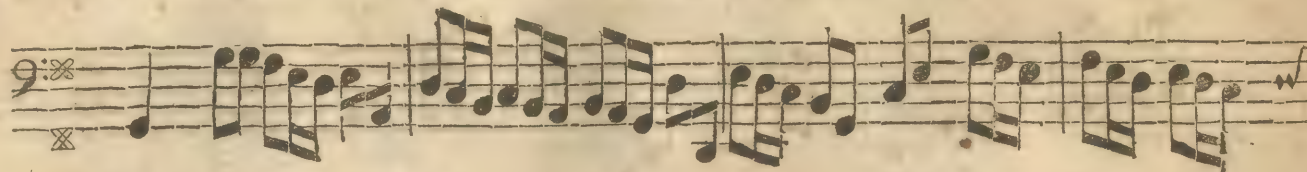
It Charms beyond the brightest Eyes.



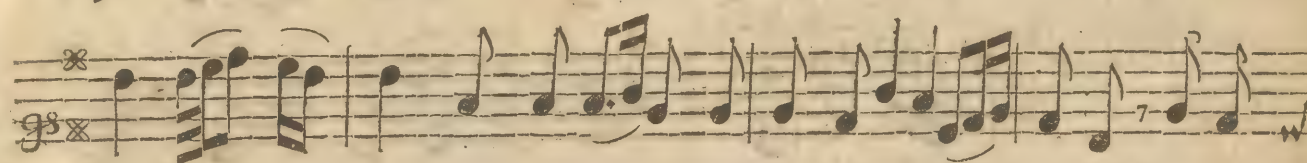
Leave to Him all our cares, who the Dy-a-dem



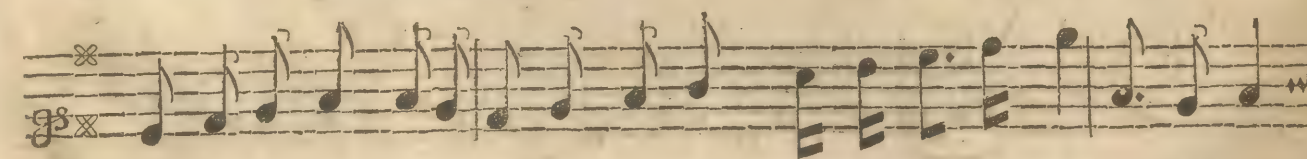
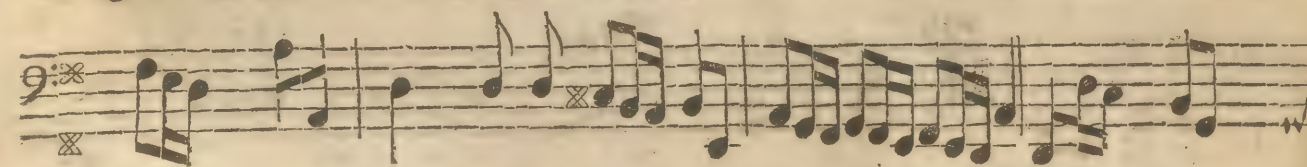
wears, leave to him, leave to him all our cares, to him all our cares who the



Dyadem wears, put to grafs all your fears, all your fears, all your fears put to

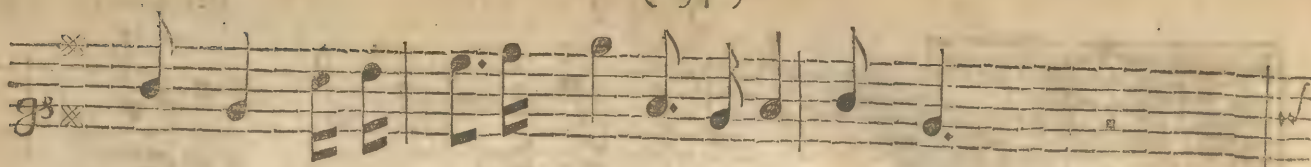


grafs all your fears, Whig and To-ry dif-putes are all, all, all nonsense, he com-



mands us our ease, and to do what we please, which is freedome e-nough in all

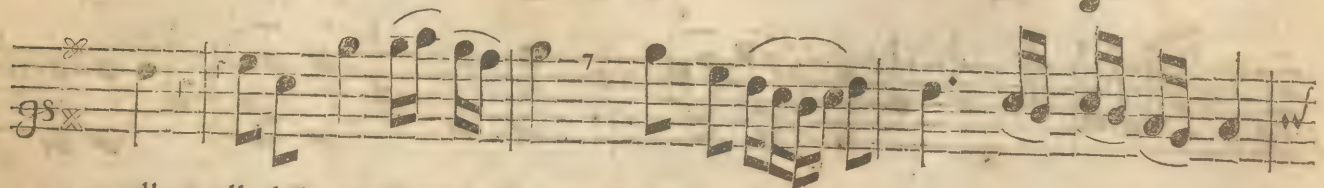




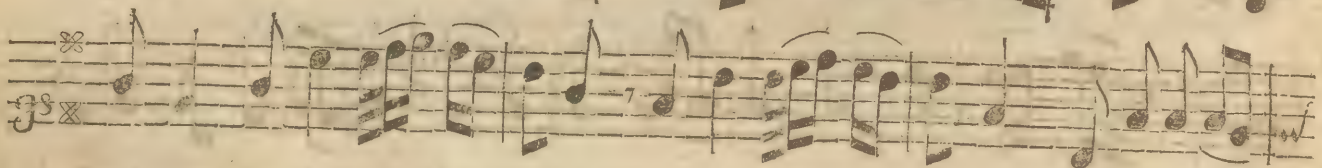
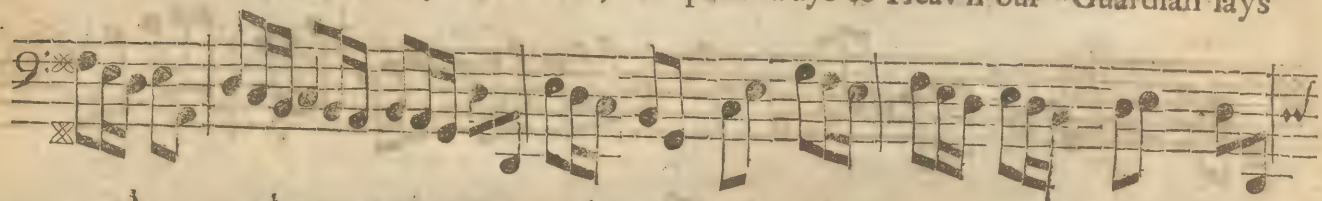
Conscience, which is freedom enough in all Conscience,



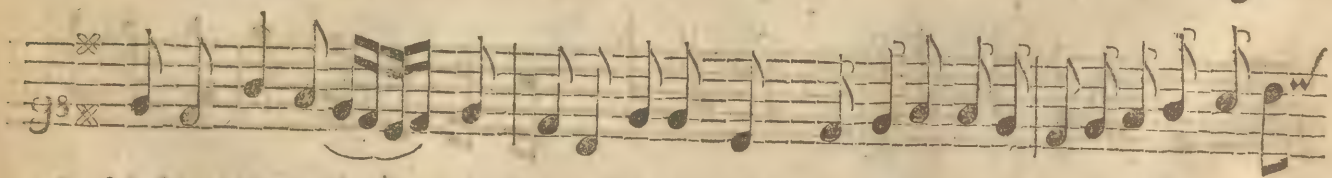
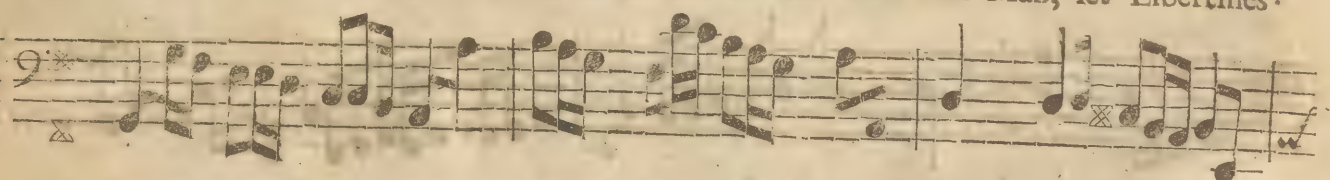
all the pathways to Heav'n our Guardian lays common, all,



all, all, the pathways to Heav'n, the path-ways to Heav'n our Guardian lays

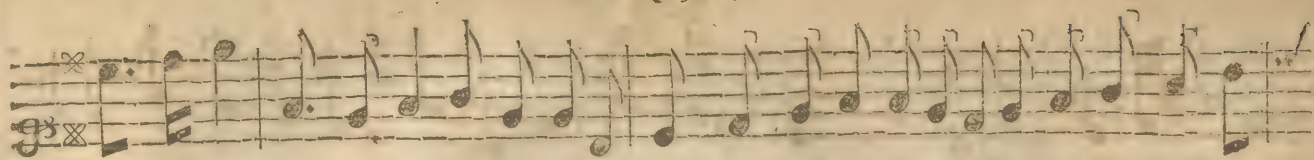


common, the Test now bars no Man, the Test now bars no Man, let Libertines.



thankful be, thank-ful be, for it Penal Laws were abus'd, only fit to be us'd against



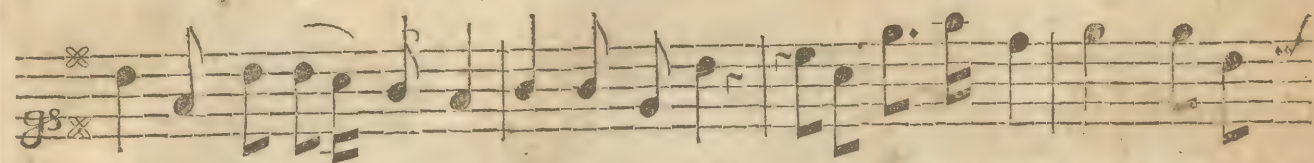
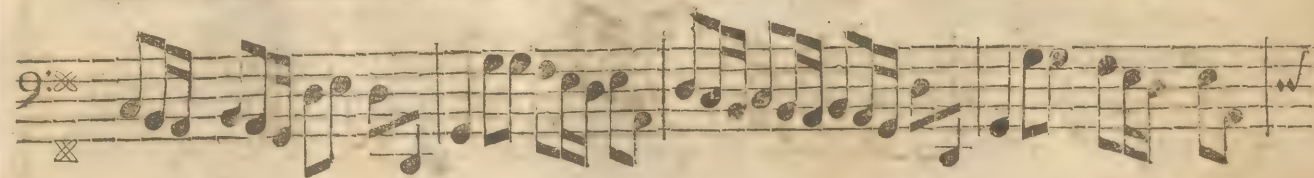


Shiflers and Flinchers of Claret, Penal Laws were abus'd; only fit to be us'd against

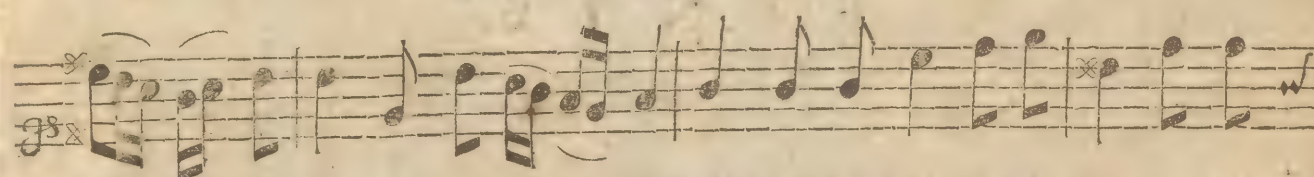
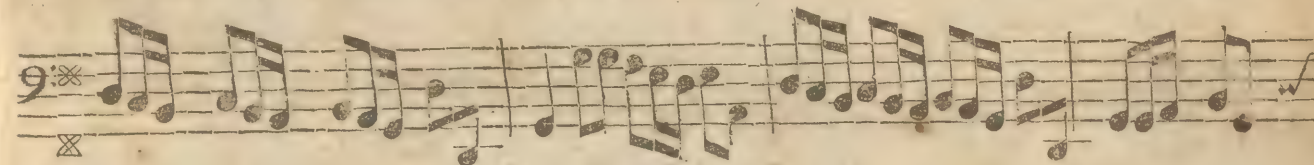


Shiflers and Flinchers of Claret,

Fill a Glas of large



size that his Customs may rise, fill a Glas, fill a Glas of large size, that his



Customs may rise, that his Customs may rise, were it heapt to the Skies, to the

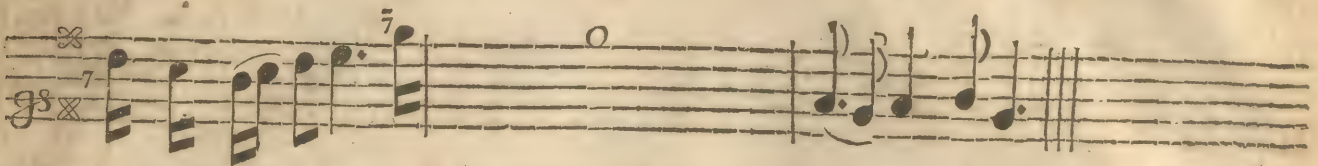
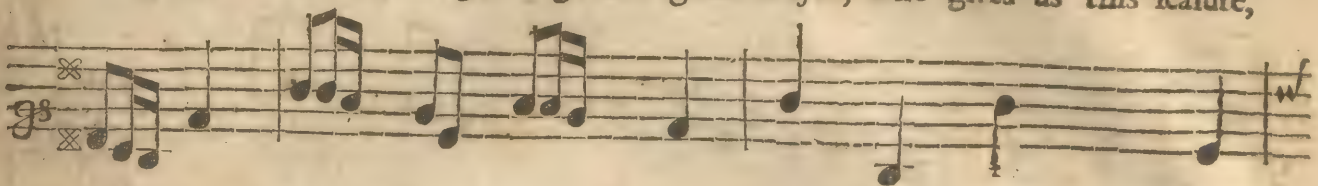


Skies, to the Skies, were it heapt to the Skies, and a mile to the bottom, i'de



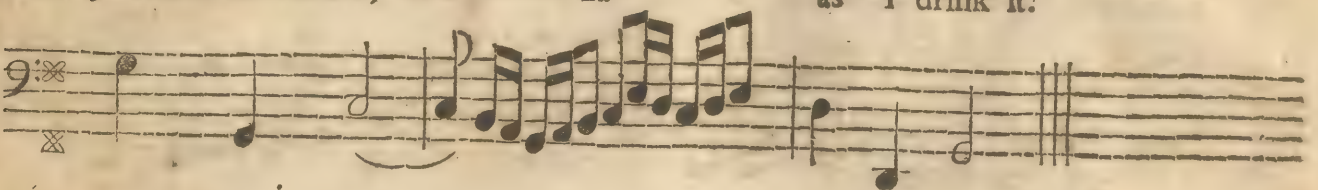


finck it, I'de finck it, long, long live great Cæsar, who gives us this leasure,



you must all Huzza, Huz——za

as I drink it.



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		<i>Why is your faithful slave</i>	19

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The Musical Entertainment performed at a Musical Feast on St. Cecilia's Day, Nov. 22. 1683. The Words made by Mr. Christopher Fishburn, and set to Musick, in two, three, four, and six Parts, by Mr. Henry Purcell, Composer in Ordinary to His Sacred Majesty, and one of the Organists of His Majesty's Chappel-Royal.

The second Book of the Musical Entertainment, performed at a Musical Feast on St. Cecilia's day, Nov. 22. 1684. The Words made by the late ingenious Mr. John Oldham, Author of the Satyr on the Jesuits, and other excellent Poems; and set to Musick, in two, three, four, and five Parts, by Dr. John Blow, Master of the Children, and one of the Organists of His Majesty's Chappel-Royal.

An Essay to the Advancement of Musick, by T. Salmon. Price 2 s.

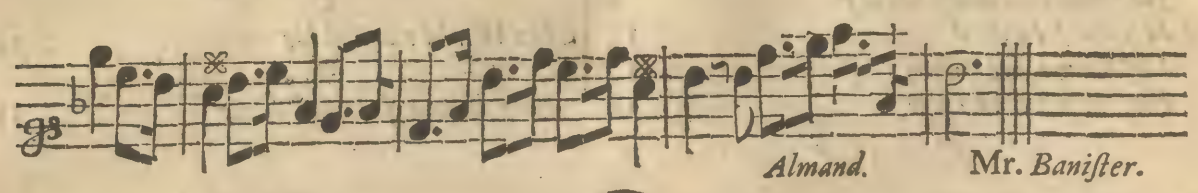
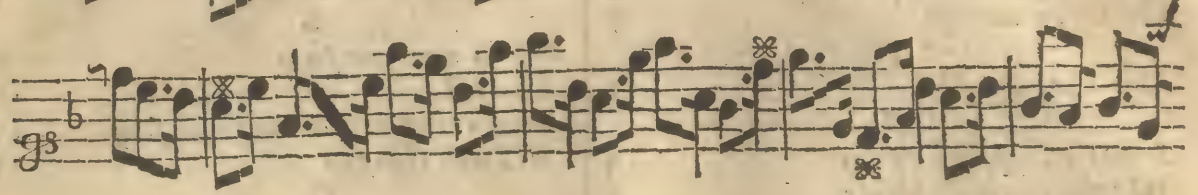
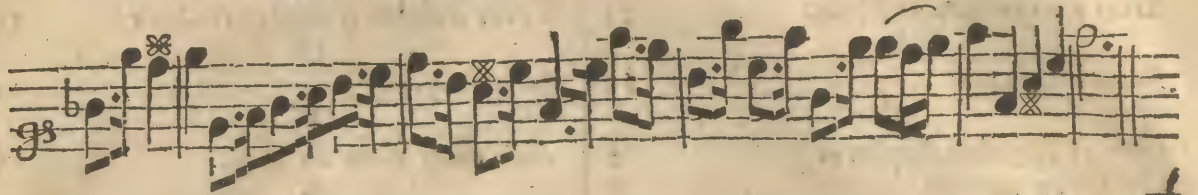
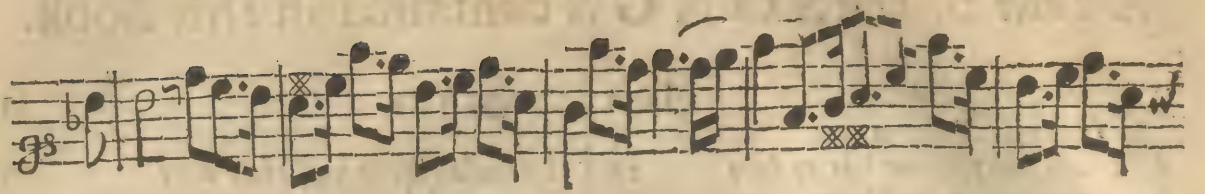
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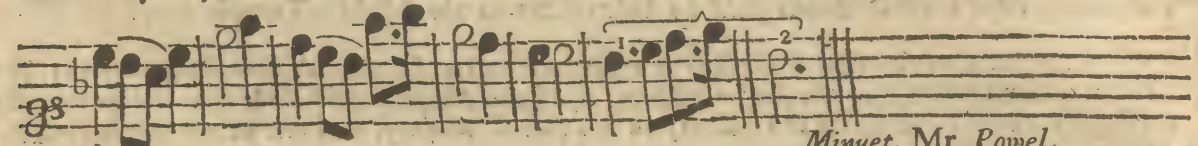
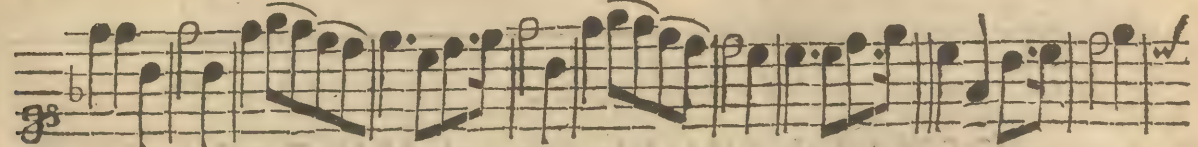
Trepla Concordia, or new Ayres for three Parts for Treble and Bass Viols.

Early Lessons on the Gittar for young Practitioners Single, and some of 2 Parts, by Signior Francisco Vinculum Societatis, or the Tie of good Company, being a Collection of New Songs. The first Book.

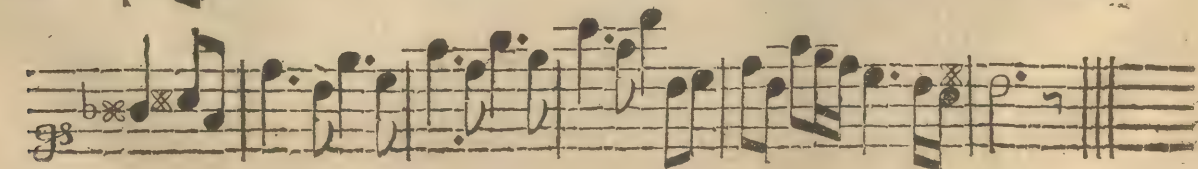
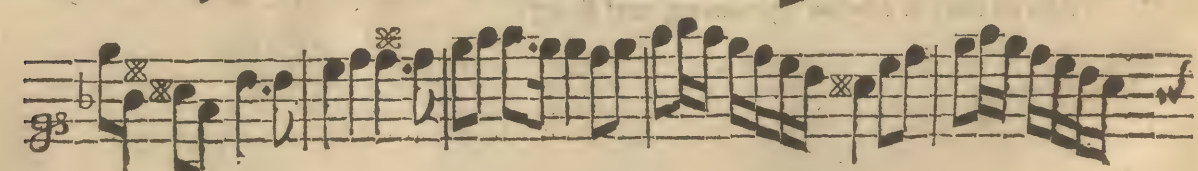
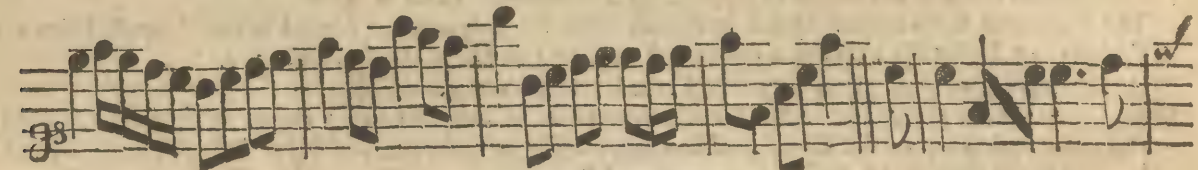
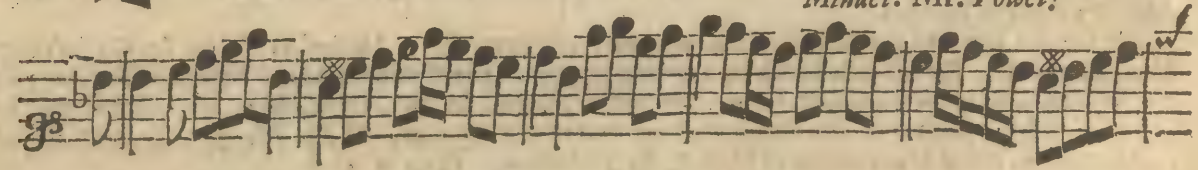
Also all sorts of Musical Instruments, and Strings.



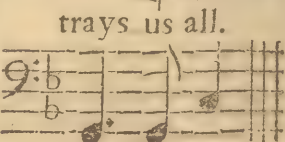
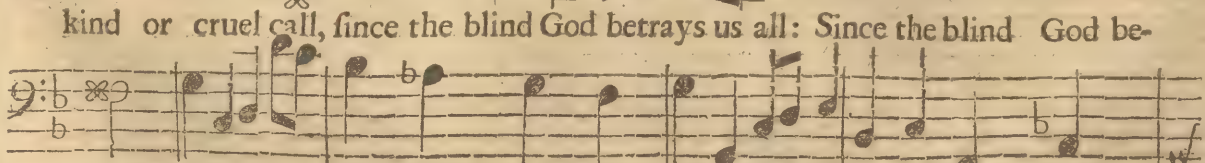
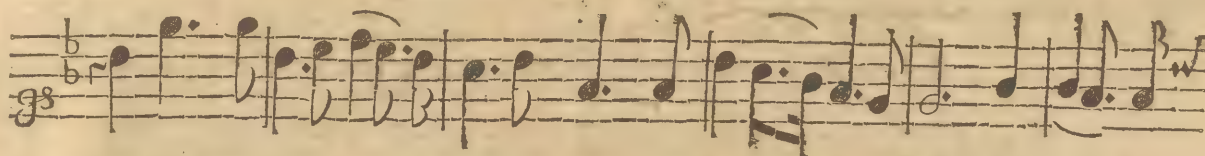
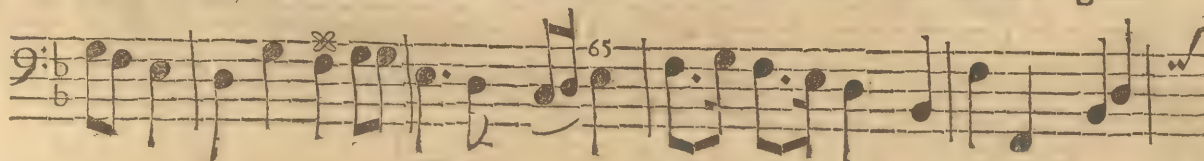
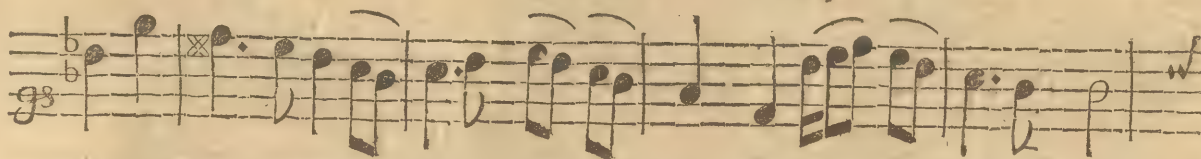
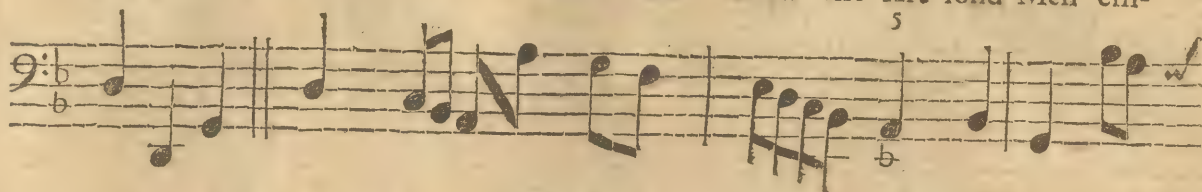
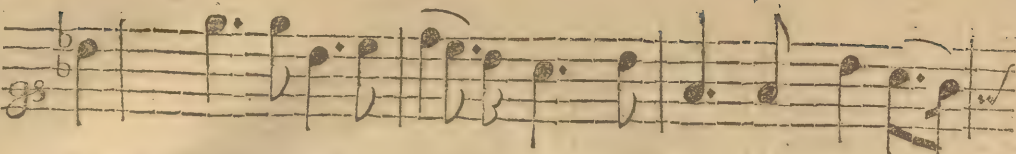
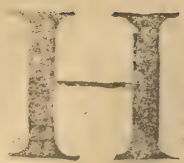
Almand. Mr. Banister.



Minuet. Mr. Powel.



Mr. Sam. Ackroyd.



Thus he with beauteous *Phillis* Armes,
To Reign a Tyrant in her Charms,
Gives her unbounded power to kill ;
But when she'd Mercy have :
Where he points confines her Will,
Nor can she farther save.
Then laughs to see ev'n Monarchs dye,
For what their Kingdoms cannot buy.

For what their Kingdoms cannot buy.

The Symphony before the Song.

L

Ucinda close or veil those Eyes, where thousand Lo----ve's

in Am----bush lies; where Darts are poin-----ted with such skill,

they'r sure to hurt if not to kill,----- if not ----- to

(3)

kill: Let pity move thee to seem blind, left seeing thou left seeing

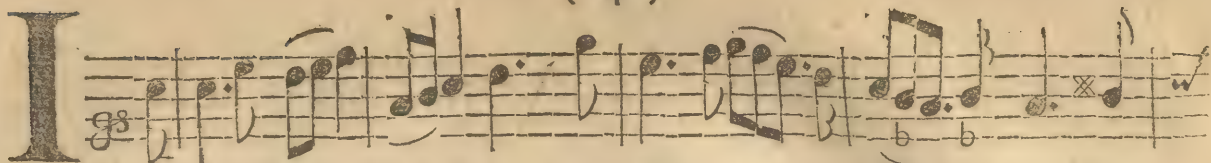
Thou---left - seeing thou De-----stroy man - kind; Let pi-ty

move thee to seem blind, left see---ing thou left see---ing thou left seeing thou

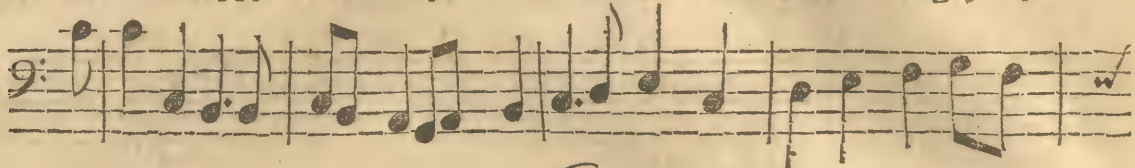
De-----stroy Man---kind; left see---ing thou, left see--ing thou

De-----stroy Man---kind.

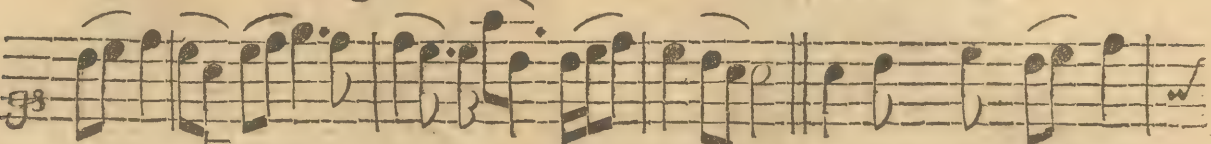
Set by Seignior Baptist. Draghi



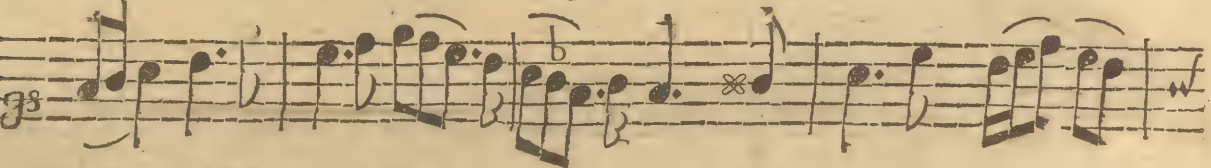
T was a happy Golden Day, when fair *Al--the--a* kind and gay, put



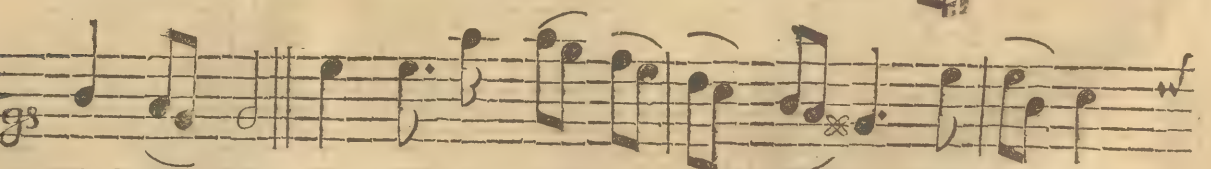
all but Love and me a--way. Arm'd with soft words I did Ad--dress sweet & kind



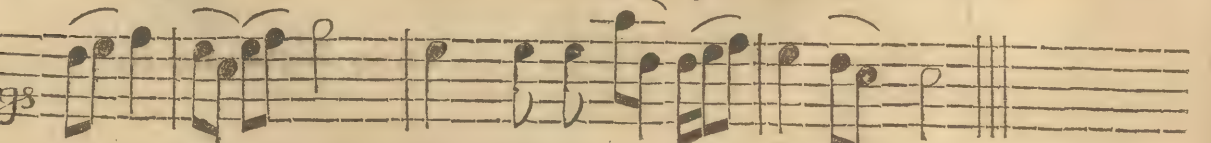
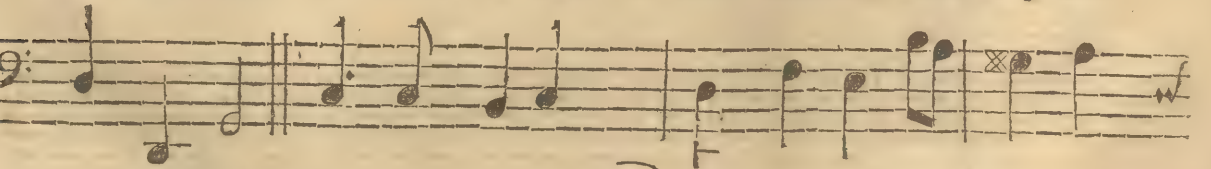
Kisses to exprefs a greater joy and happinefs : Nature the best In-



structer, try'd the Ivory Pil--lars to di--vide, that Love might fail with

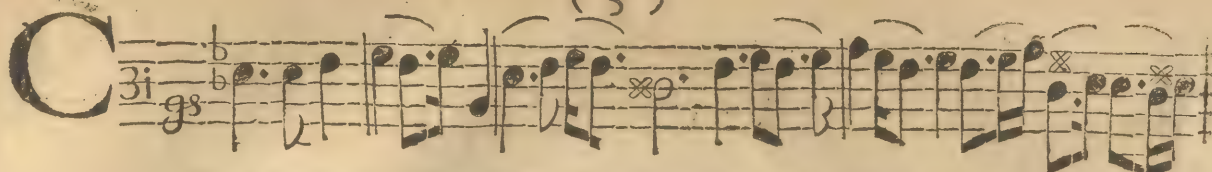


Wind and Tide: She rais'd the Mast and sail'd with it; That Day two

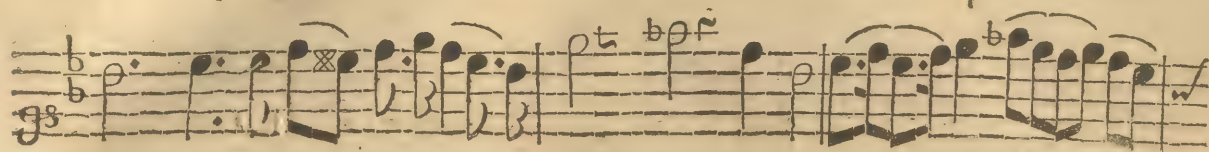
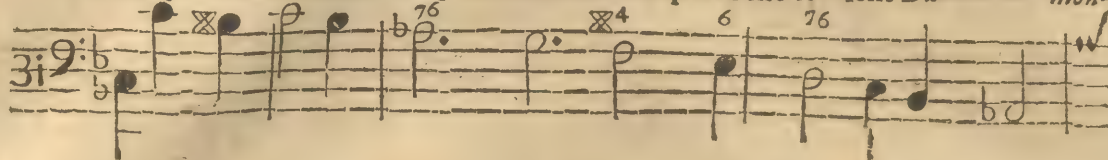


Tides to--ge--ther met, drove him a-shore soon dropping wet.

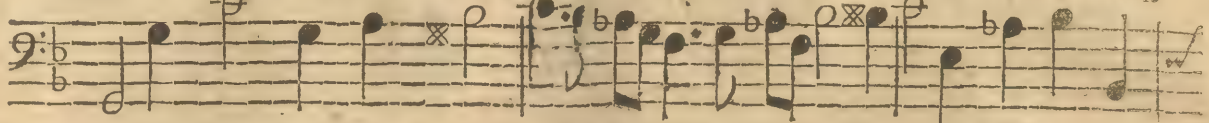




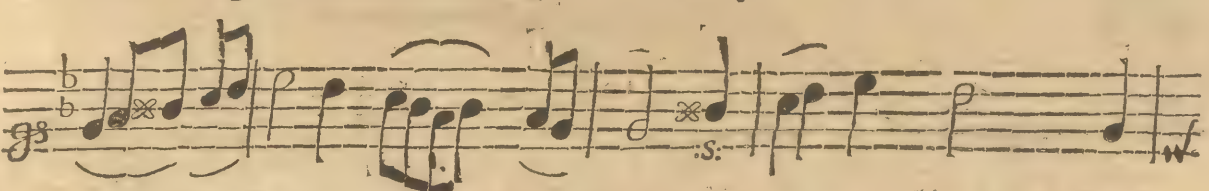
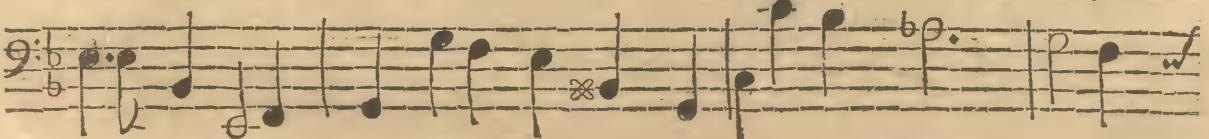
Ome ye for-----faken Shep-herds come weep o're the fi---lent Da-----mons



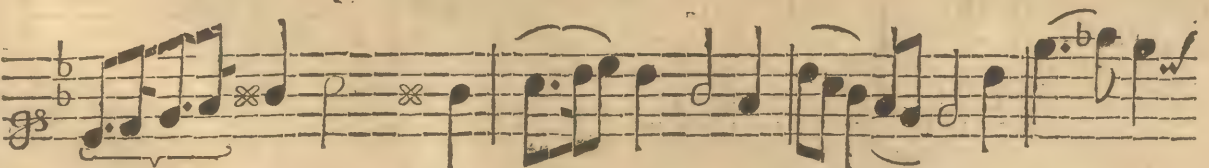
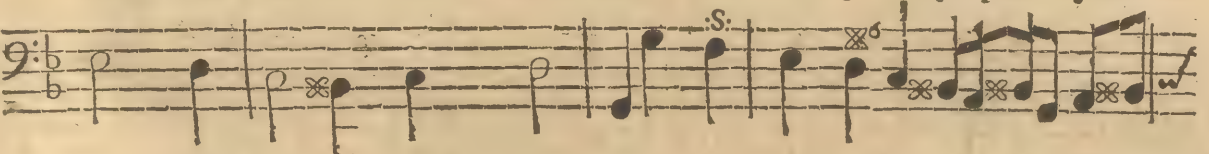
Tomb; weep in sad Melancholy strains; tell, tell it o're the won---dring



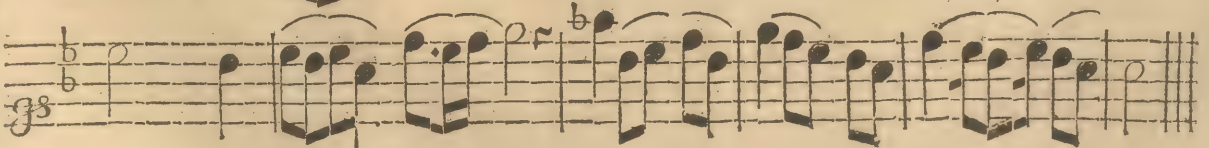
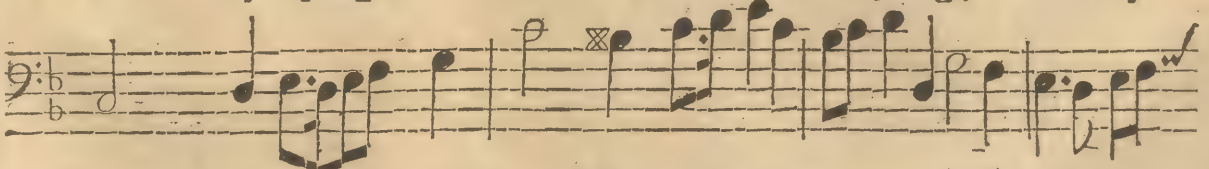
Plains, *Damon's* no more whose tune-----full breath cou'd once charm all, cou'd



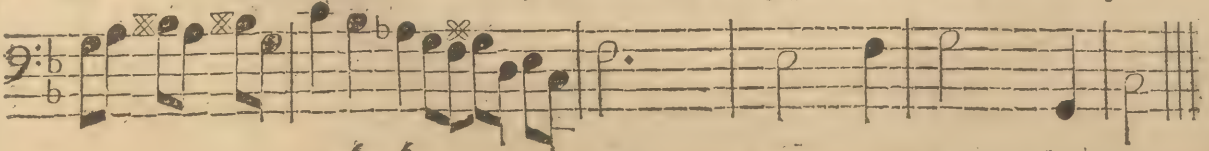
once charm all but cru-----ell Death. No more ye Nymphs you't

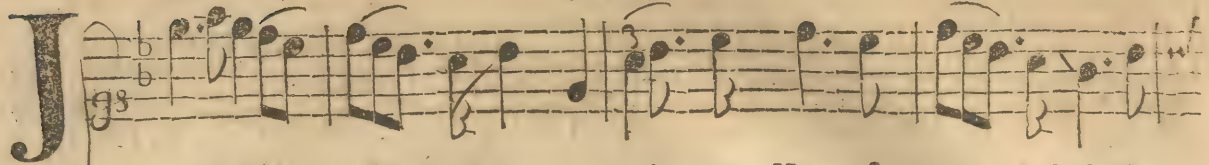


sitt by Springs whilst Love---ly Da---mon sweetly sings; a---dieu ye

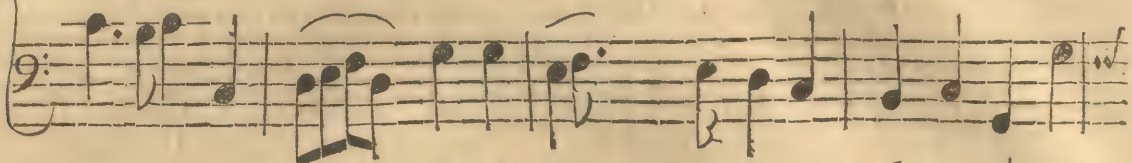


ten-----der Flocks a---dieu, Da--mon will pipe no more to you.

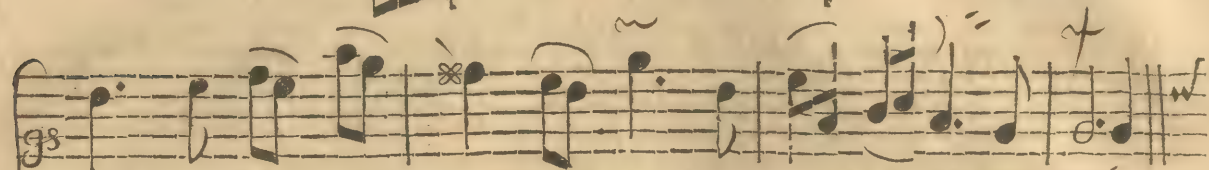




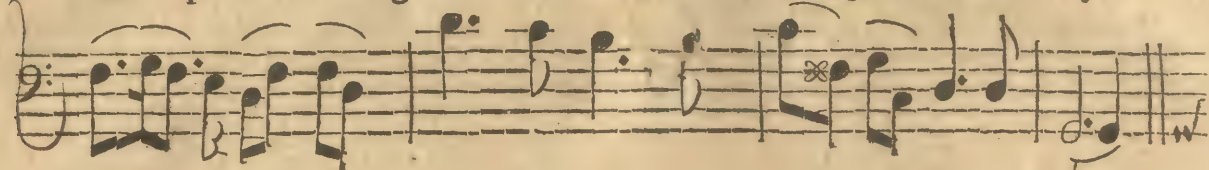
U--li--a--na's Charming Beauty gains a Heart she does despise: her



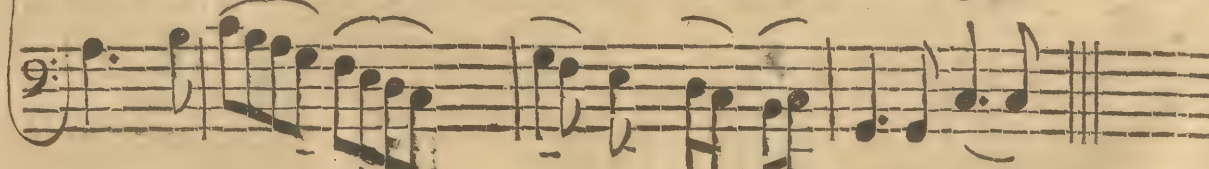
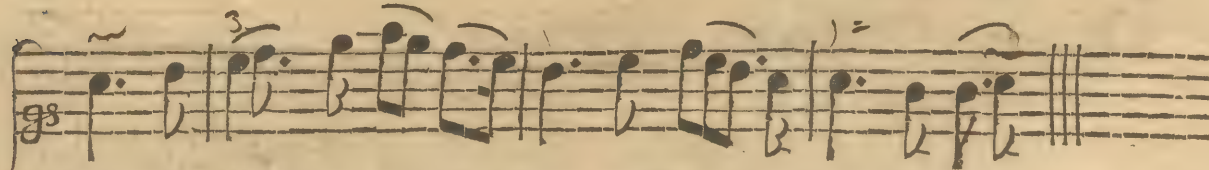
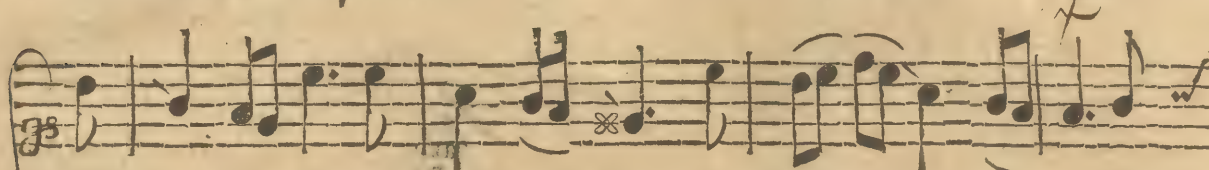
all pre---vail---ing wit main---tains the Conquest of her Eyes:



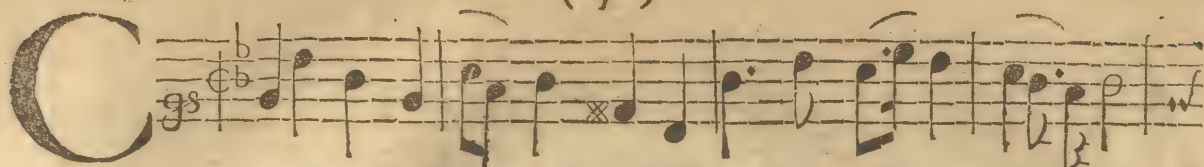
To her and Fate all things must bow; this difference does remain, the



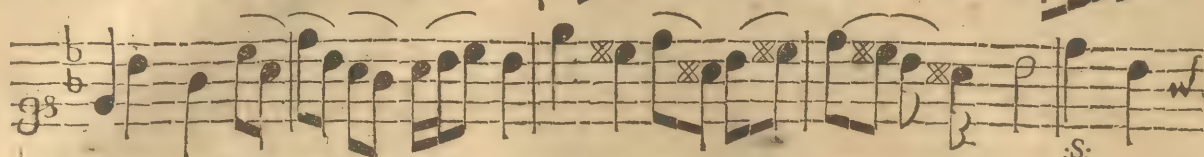
Laws she gives we all al---low, nor dy---ing dare complain.



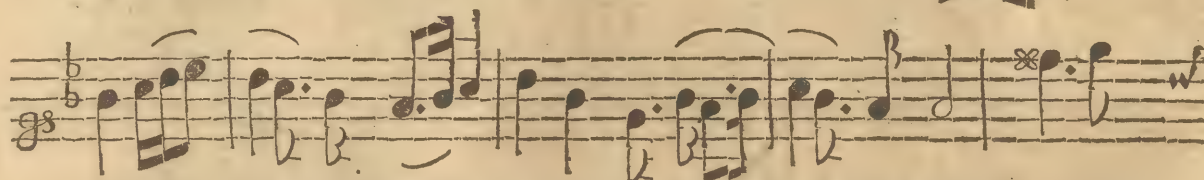
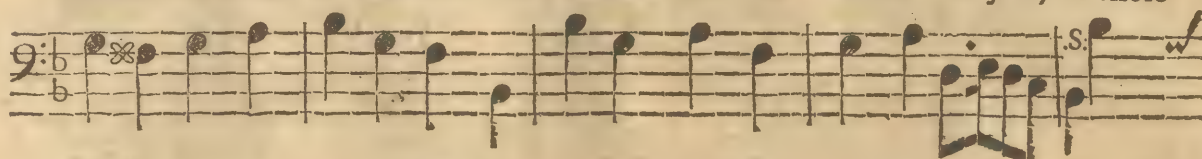
Mr. Raphael Courteuill.



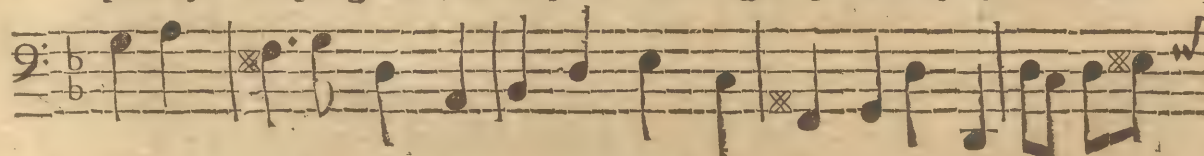
Loris saw me sigh and tremble, and then askt why I did so ;



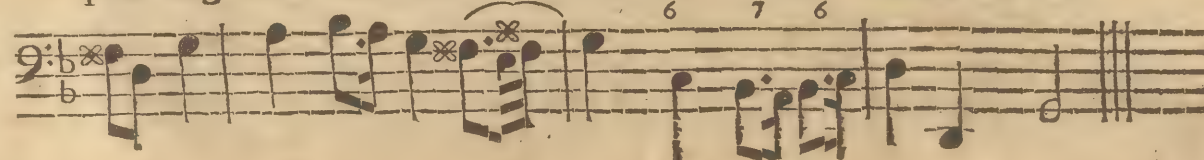
love like mine can ill dis-sem-ble : *Clo--ris* 'tis for Love of you, for those



pret-ty tempting Graces of your smi--ling Lips and Eyes, for those



pref--sing close em---bra---ces when your snowy Breasts do rise.

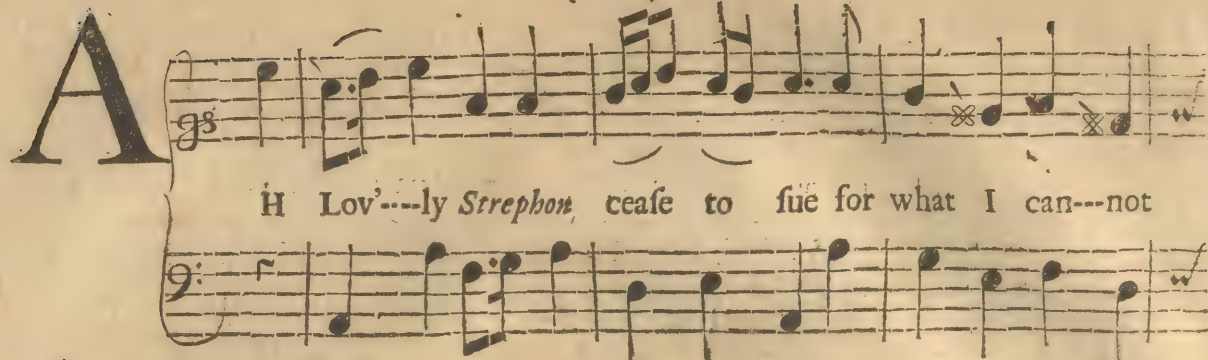


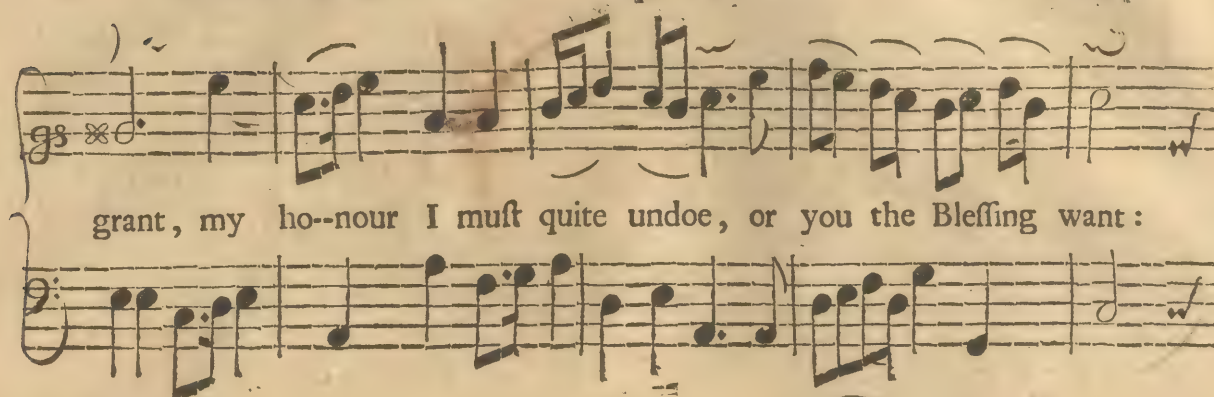
For those Joys of which the trial
Only can instruct your Heart :
What you lose by your denial,
When Love draws his pleasing Dart.
For those Kisses in perfection,
Which a wanton Soul like mine,
Form'd by *Cupid's* own direction
Cou'd infuse too into thine.

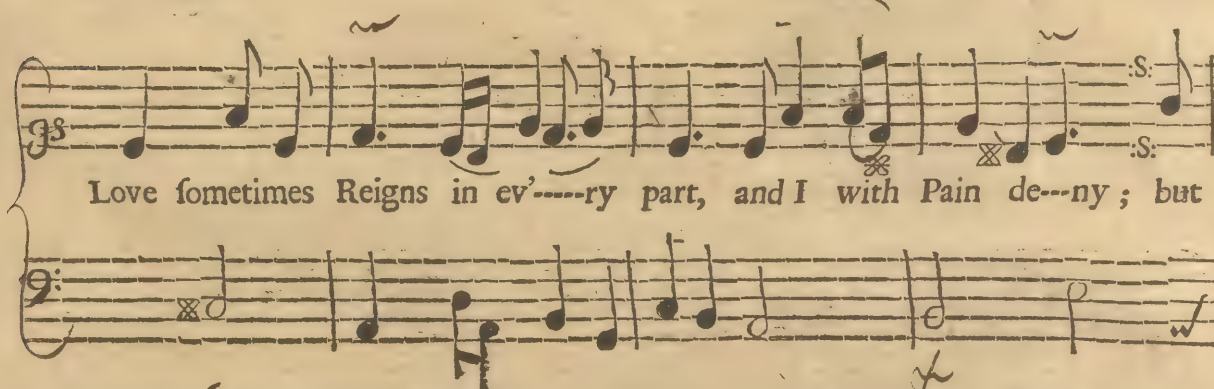
For those Shapes my lovely *Cloris*,
And a thousand Charming things,
For which Monarchs might implore you
To beget a Race of Kings.
And for which I fain wou'd whisper,
But my Heart is still afraid ;
Yet 'tis that young Ladies wish for
Ev'ry Night they go to Bed.

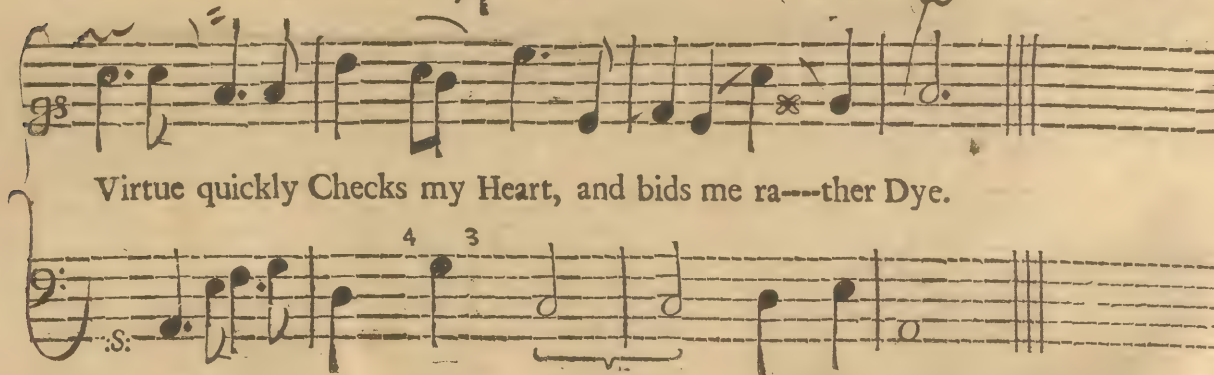
C

By Mr. *Teddeway*.

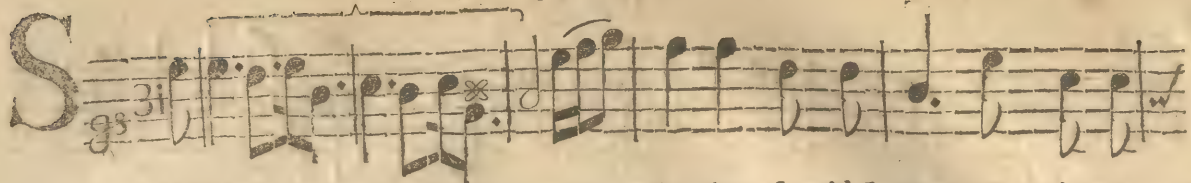
A  *H Lov'---ly Strephon, cease to sue for what I can---not*

 *grant, my ho--nour I must quite undoe, or you the Blessing want:*

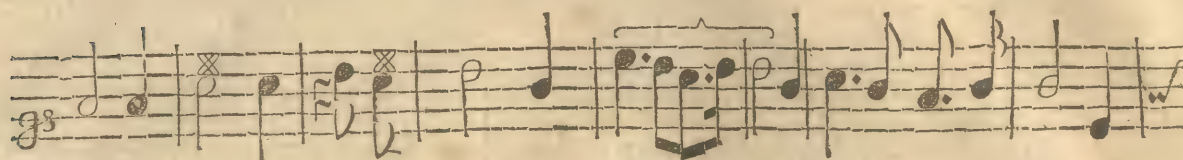
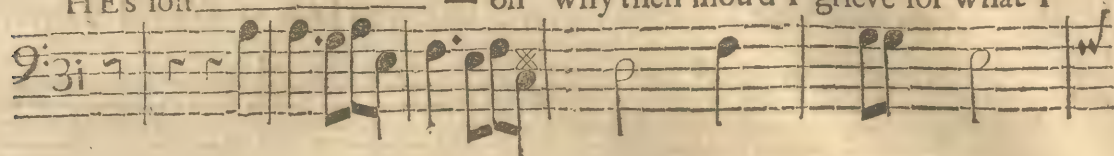
 *Love sometimes Reigns in ev'----ry part, and I with Pain de---ny; but*

 *Virtue quickly Checks my Heart, and bids me ra---ther Dye.*

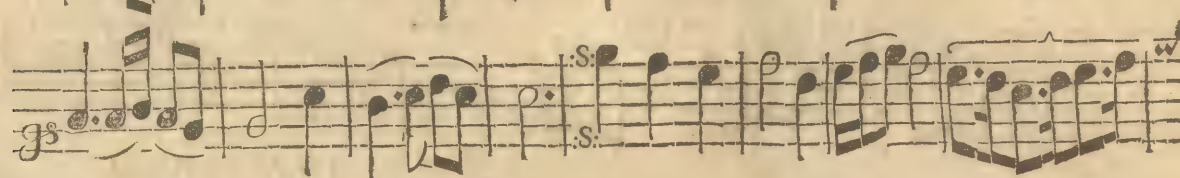
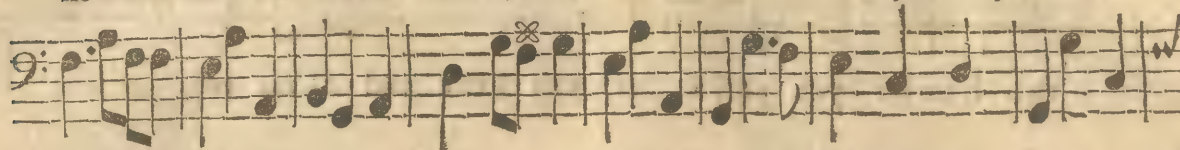
Set by Mr. Daniel Purcel.



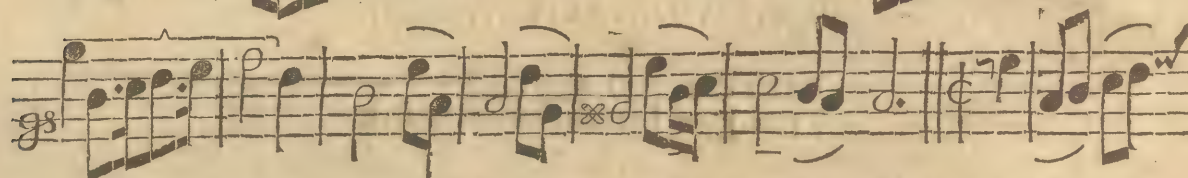
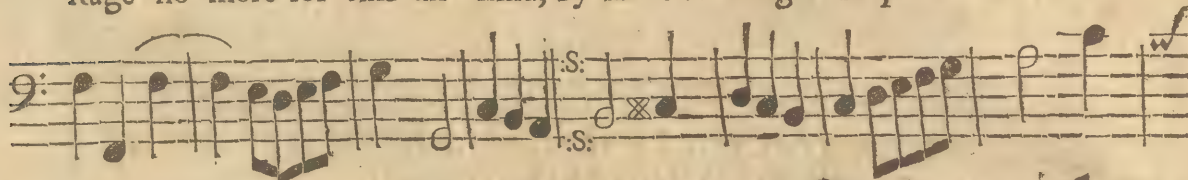
HE's lost — oh why then shou'd I grieve for what I



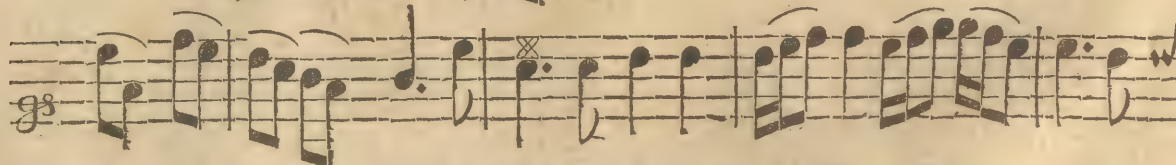
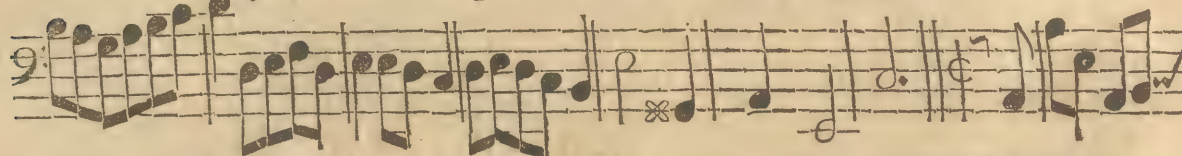
ne - ver ne - ver can re - trieve; hence - forth — be still my stormy Brest, &



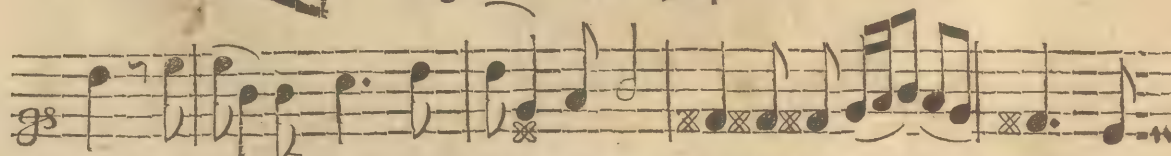
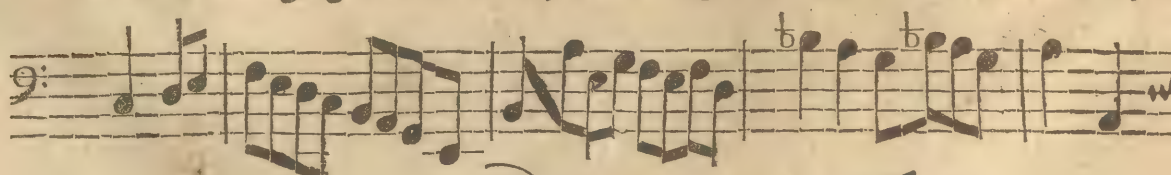
Rage no more for this un - kind, by Love no longer be pos-



--- fest, no more soft spell no more En - chant my mind. Then thus I

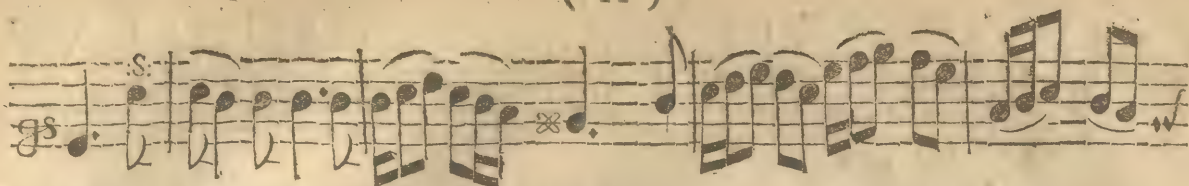


Charm the Raging Flood, o-bey the Risings, Risings, Risings in my



Blood, Ebb gently down from these extreems, neither my waking thoughts mo-

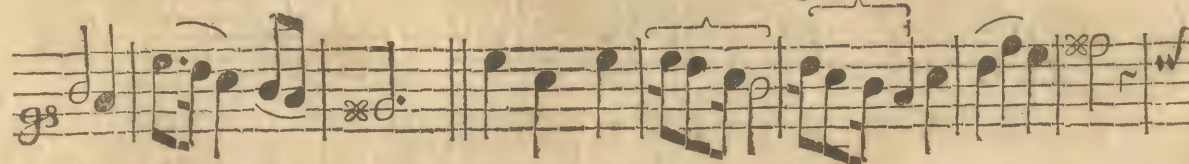
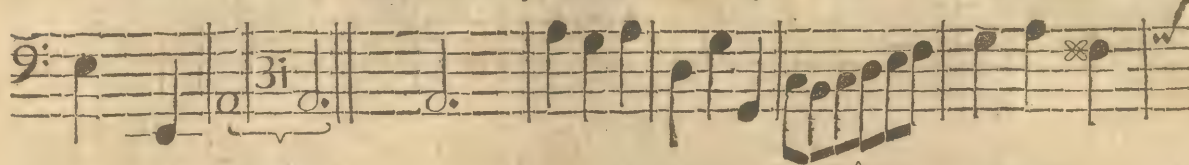




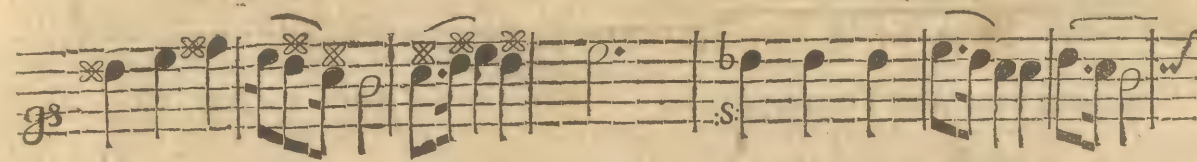
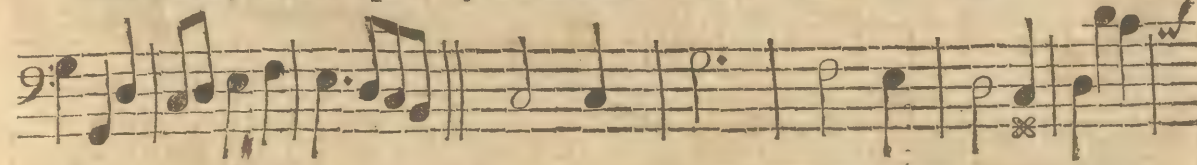
left, nor bring Panthea to my Dreams, but let my Love sick, Love sick



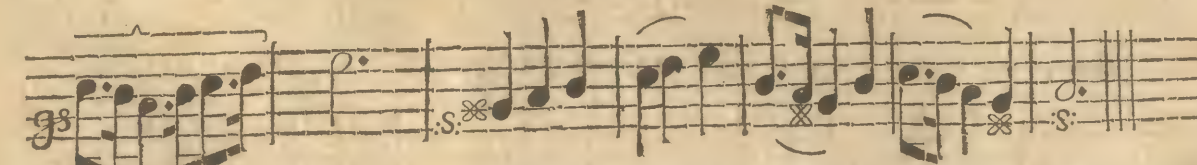
Soul have Rest ; make hast my freedom to my Heart , from thence too



fatal Love, de - - part ye Tears that fall ; fall , and sighs that rise,



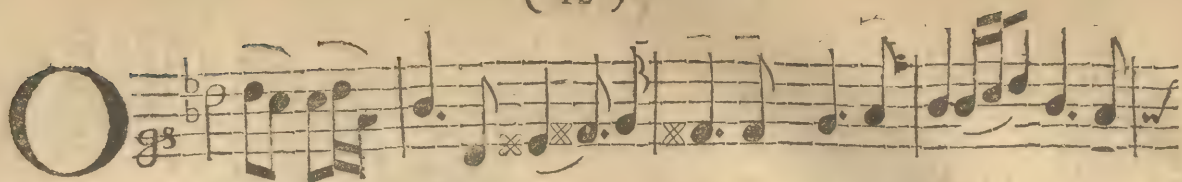
since 'tis a fol - ly to be true , now drop your farewell to



my Eyes , and languish out your last, your last a - due.



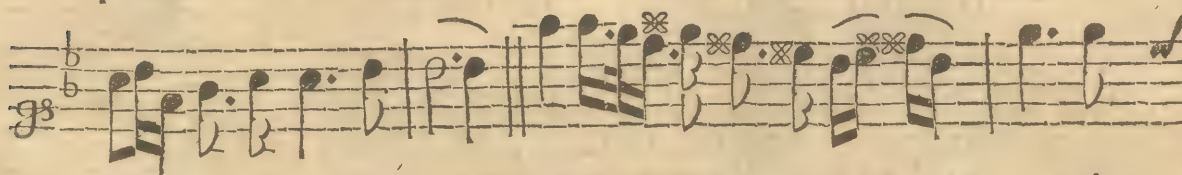
A New Song, the Words made and set by Captain Pack.



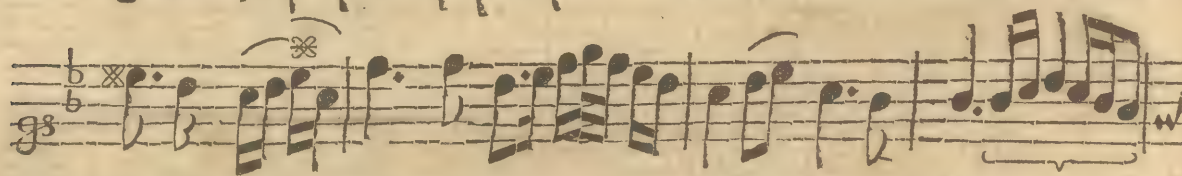
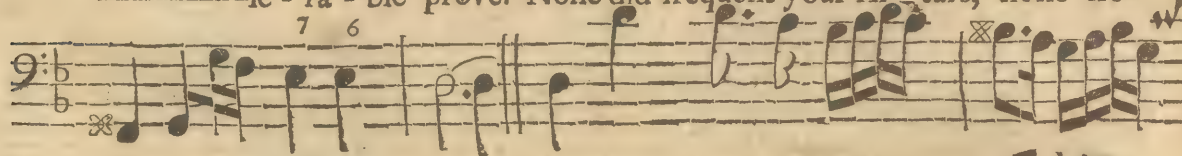
H tis un-- just ye Pow'rs a - bove to make un - happy Damon



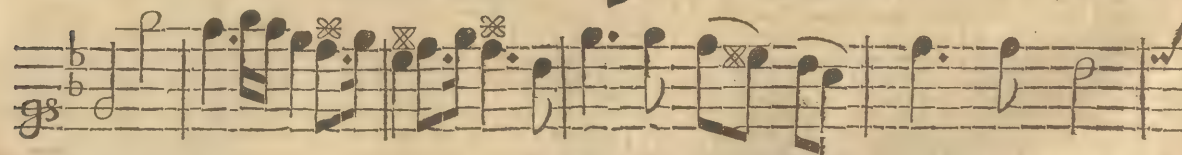
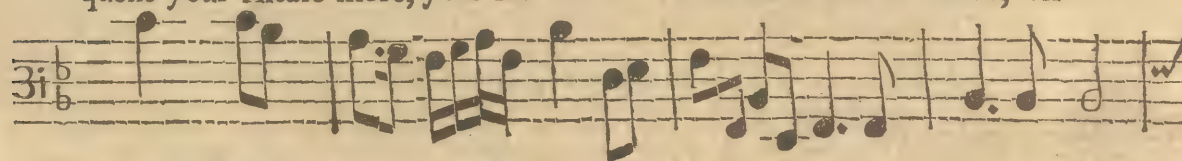
Love, then make his Passion, then make his Passion mi



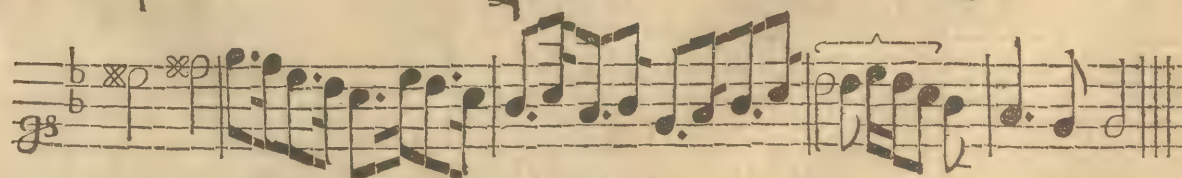
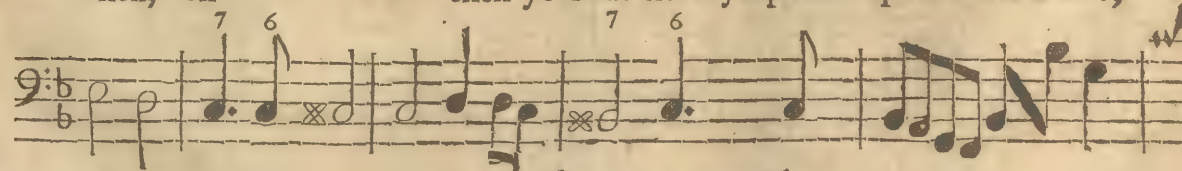
se - ra - ble prove. None did frequent your Al - tars, none fre-



quent your Altars more, your De - - - - ities did more a - dore, oh - - - -

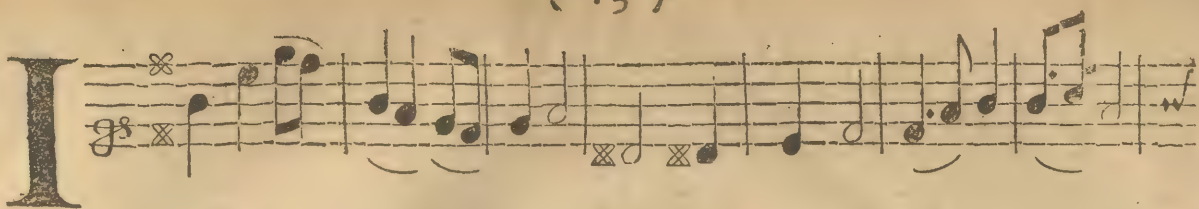


then, oh - - - - - then ye Gods the Nymph In - spires with Love,



oh , oh , oh , ————— give her e - qual Fire.

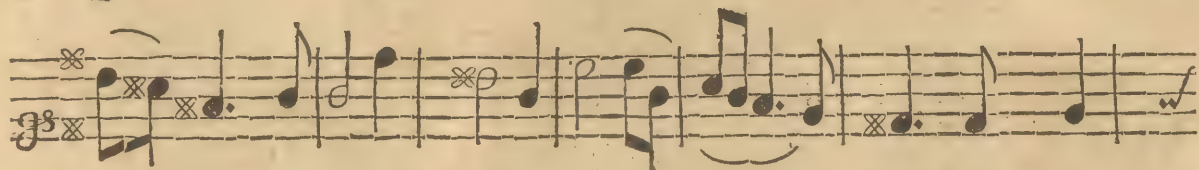




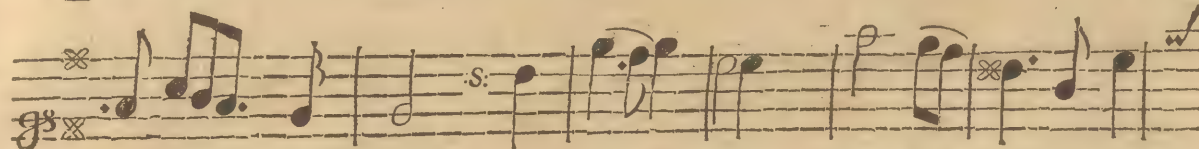
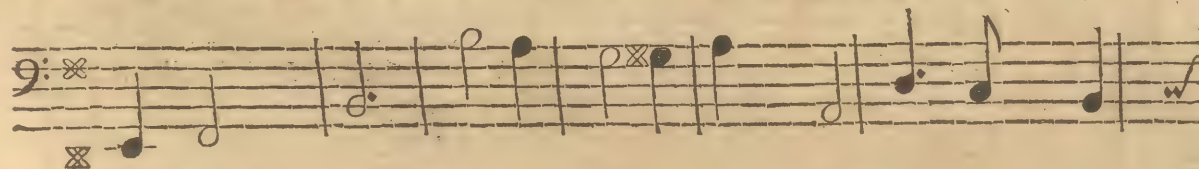
N vain I bo--sted to be free, from Loves Al--migh--ty migh--ty



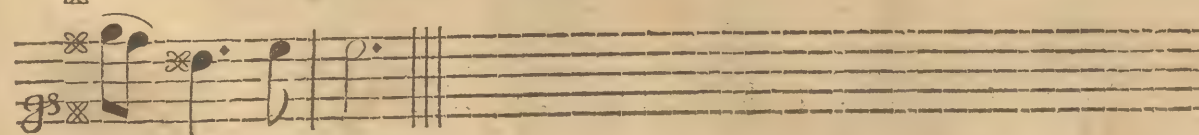
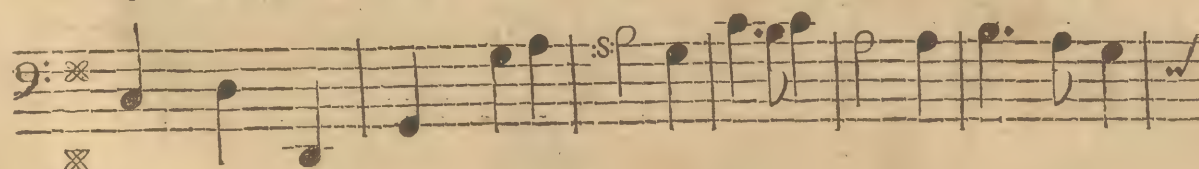
Charms, when one kind look hath Van---quisht me and all



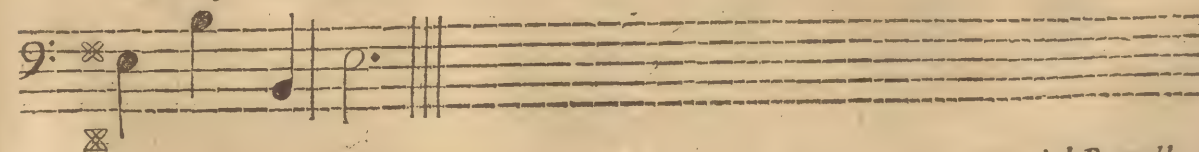
my force difarms: how weak a---las is Rea---son grown when Beau-



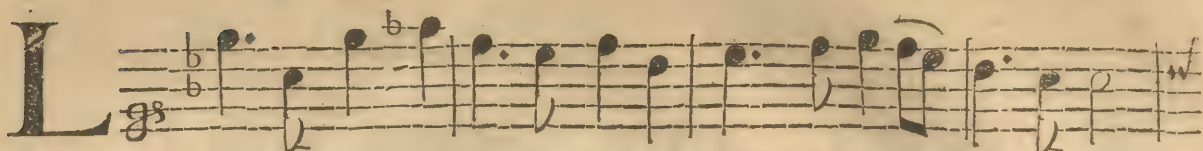
ty shoots her Dart; how ea-si-ly her power we own, and of-



fer up our Heart.



A Song for two Voices. Set by Mr. Sam. Akeroyd.



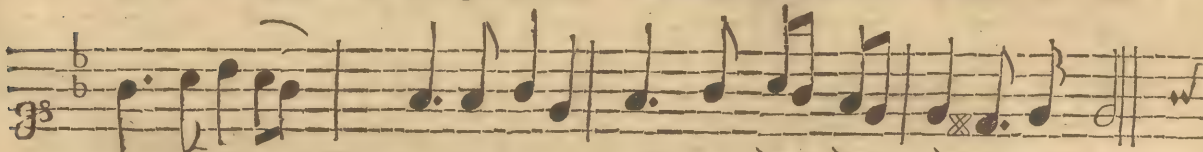
Ove's a Dream of mighty treasure, which in Fancy we possess;



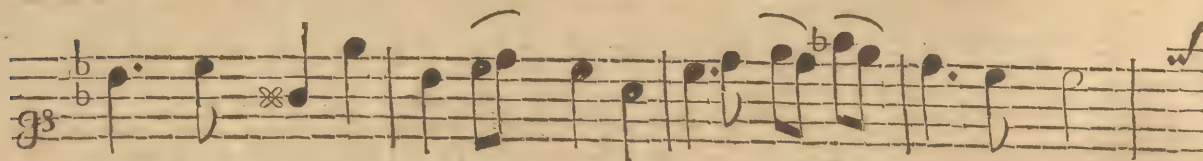
Ove's a Dream of mighty treasure, which in Fancy we possess;



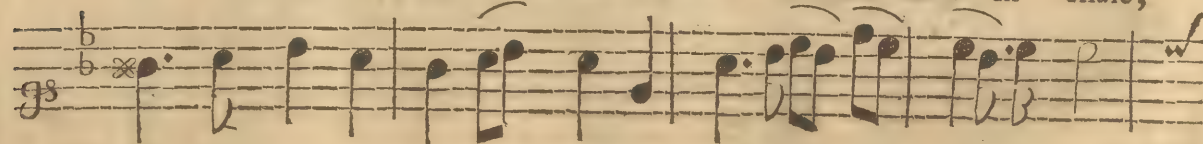
In the fol---ly lies the pleasure, wisdom e-----ver makes it less :



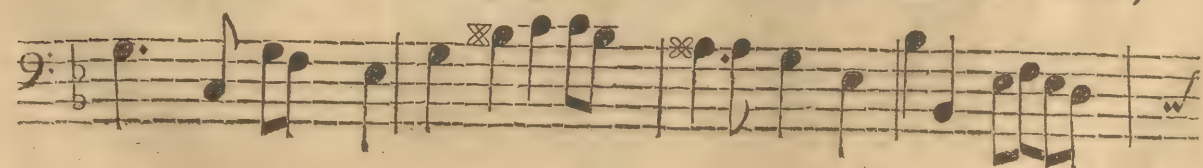
In the fol---ly lies the pleasure, wisdom e-----ver makes it less :

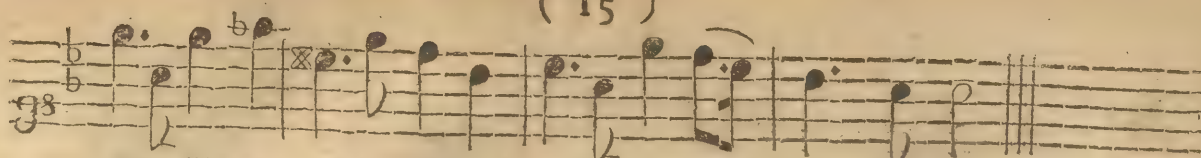


When we think by pas--fi--on heated we a Goddess have in chase,



when we think by pas--fi--on heated we a Goddess have in chase,

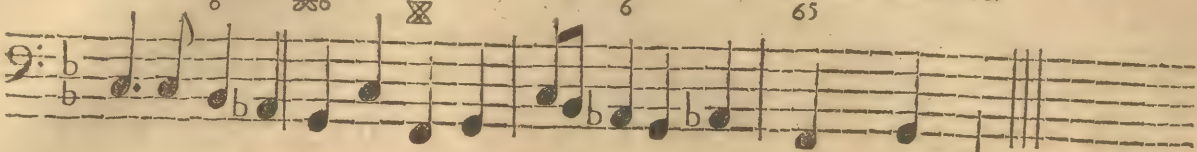




Ixion-like we all are cheated, and a gau---dy Cloud embrace.

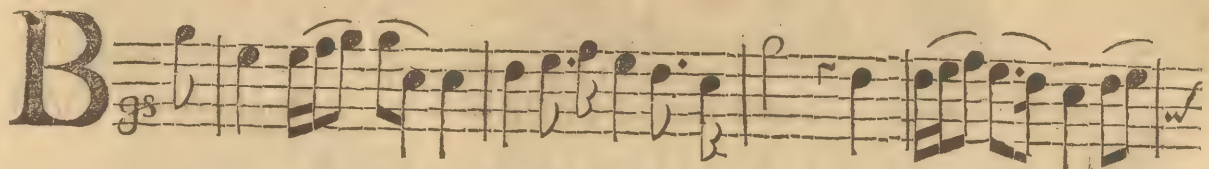


Ixion-like we all are cheated, and a gau---dy Cloud embrace.

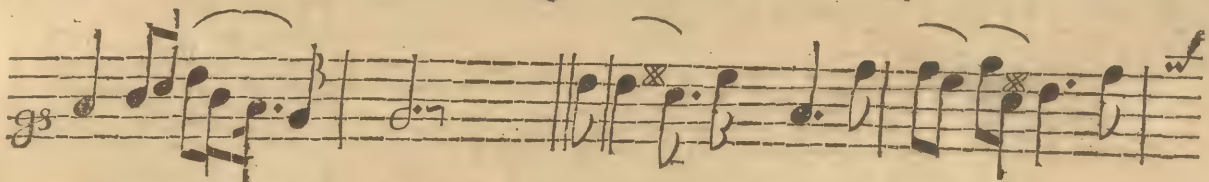


Happy only is the Lover,
Whom his Mistress well deceives;
Seeking nothing to discover,
He contented lives at ease.

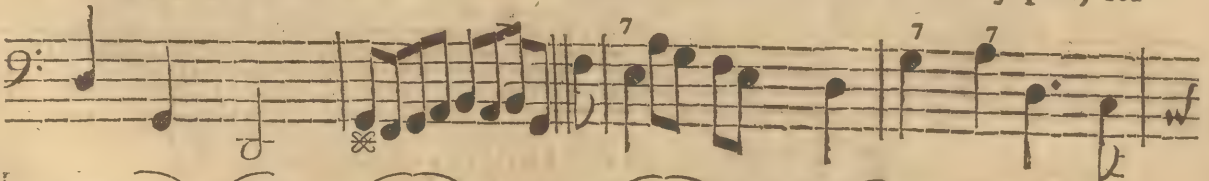
But the wretch that will be knowing
What the Fair one would disguise,
Labours for his own undoing,
Changing happy to be wife.



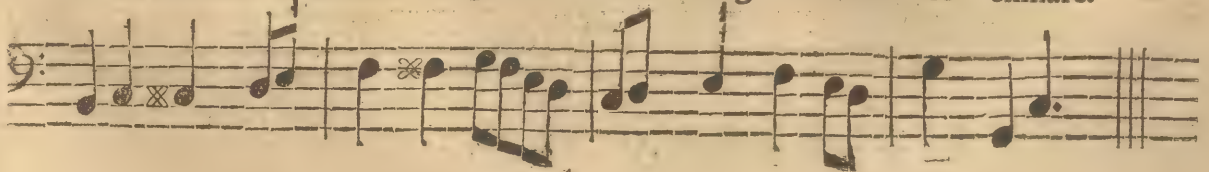
Eware A---glau---ra, tender Aglaura be-ware how you to Strephon



too good na---tur'd a---r---e, but guard your Heart on e---ve---ry part, for



he knows all the cun---ning Art be---lie---ving Wo-man to ensnare.



31 **A**

H how pleasant 'tis to Love, Every mo---ment does im---prove :

Joys sur---pri---sing now I meet, nothing like Love so Charming sweet :

Some do make a God of Pleasure,
Others Worship hoarded Treasure ;
While the Lover's still addressing,
To his Nymph for every blessing. By Mr. Henry Purcell.

A CATCH. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

P

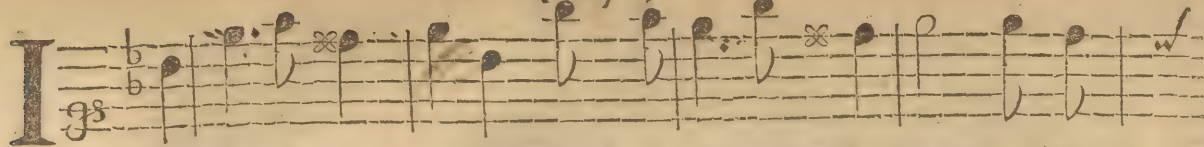
ale Faces stand by and our bright ones Adore, we look like our

Wine, you worfe than our Score ; Come Light up our Pimples all

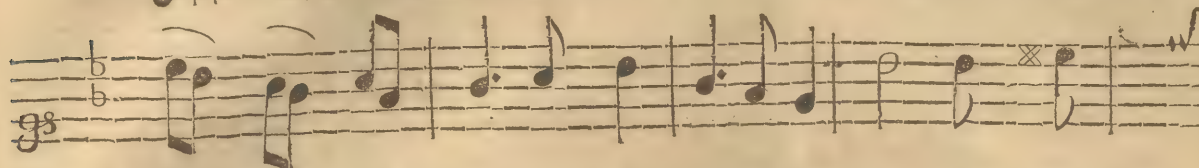
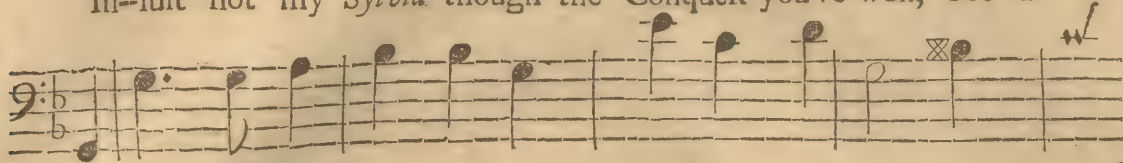
Art we out--shine ; When the plump God does paint each streak is Di-

vine : Clean Glasses are Pencils, old Cla--ret his Oyl, he that

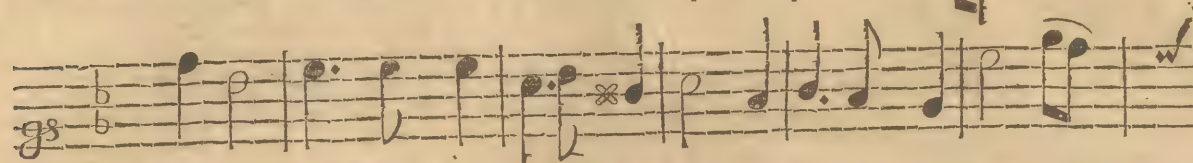
fits for his Picture must sit a good while.



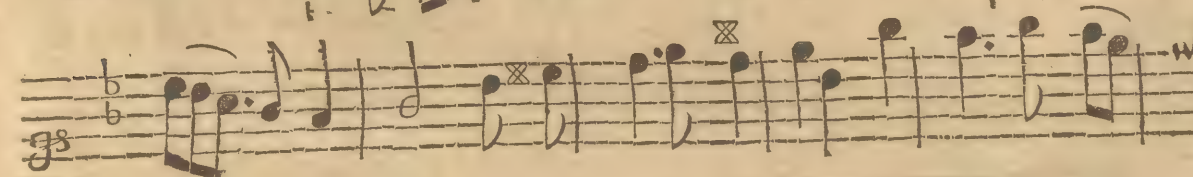
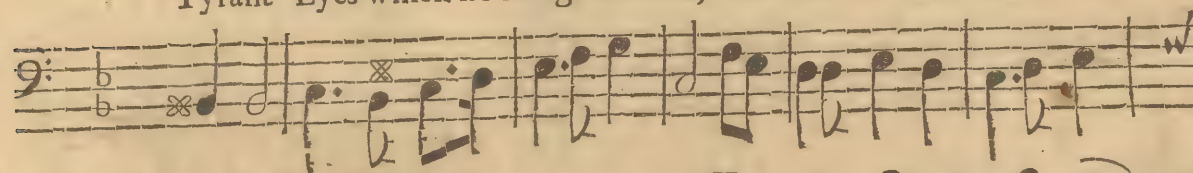
In-sult not my *Sylvia* though the Conquest you've won, o're a



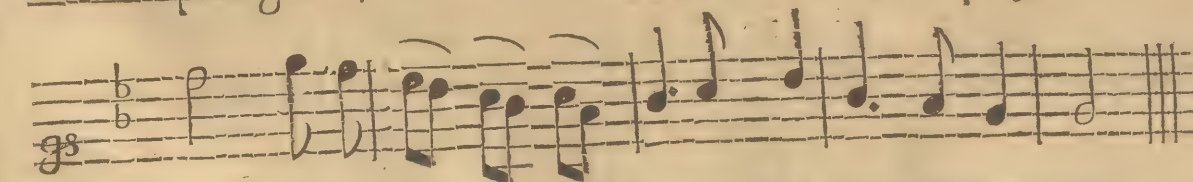
Proud stub-born heart that ne're yielded to none; though your



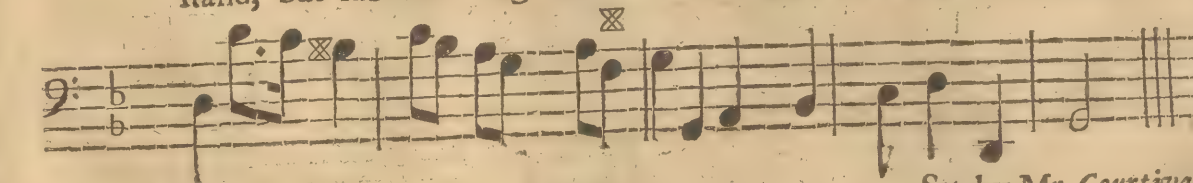
Tyrant Eyes which no refuge has left; such humour and wit Com-



bin'd to the Theft: with an Air so engaging none sure can with-

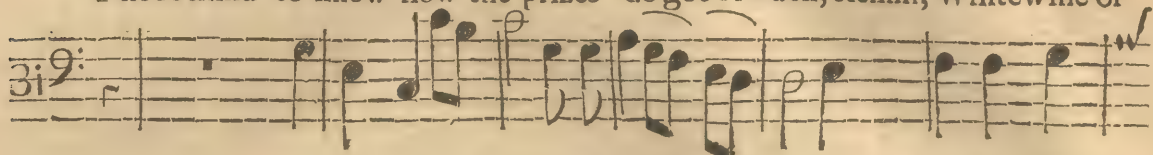


stand, but sub-mit-ting must bow to such Pow'rfull Command.

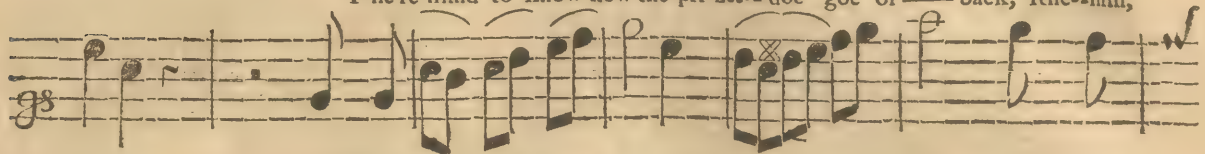




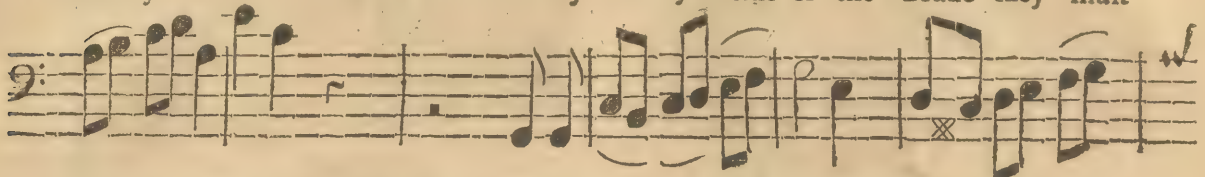
I ne're mind to know how the prizes do goe of Sack, Renish, Whitewine or



I ne're mind to know how the pri-zes-- doe goe of — Sack, Rhe--nish,



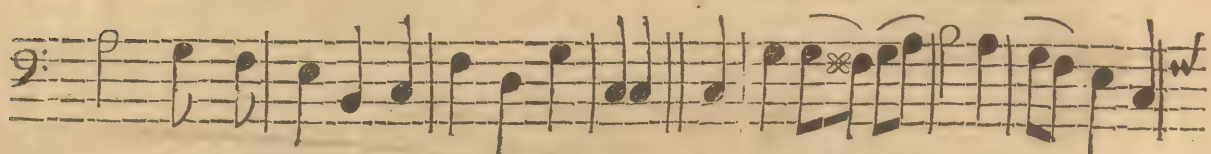
Sherry: ——— But it's cre—di—bly said by some of the Trade they must



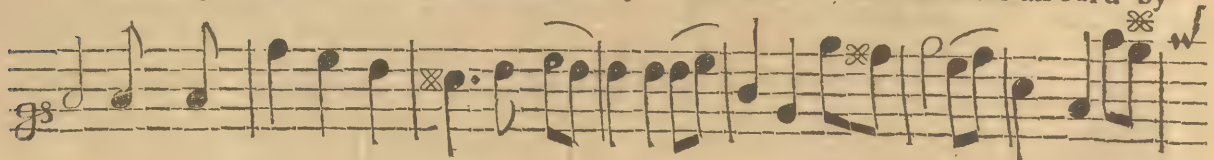
Whitewine or Sherry: ——— But it's cre—di—bly said by some of the



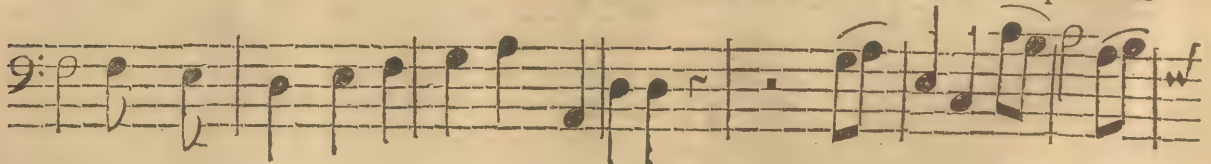
fall, fall in their price for Ca-nary: Since thus it must be were all rul'd by



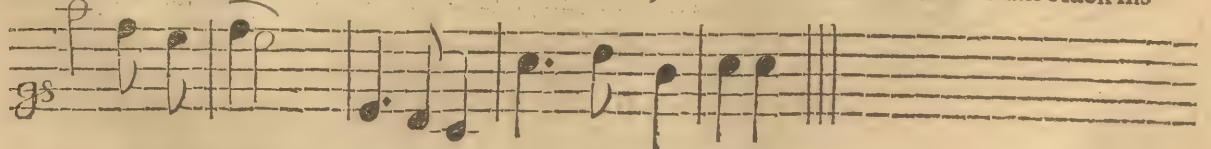
Trade they must fall in their price for Ca-nary: Since thus it must be were all rul'd by



me, and there's none sure here but will be for it, the Vintner shan't lack his six pence for



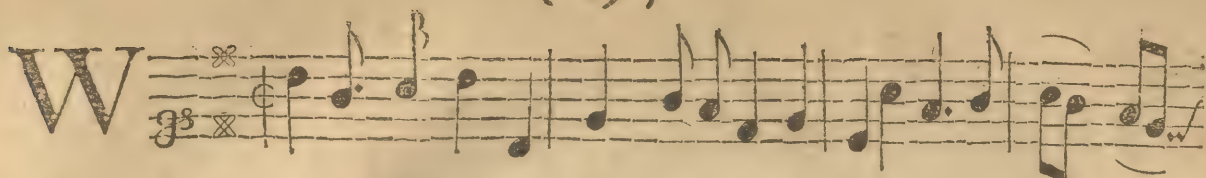
me, and there's none sure here but will be for it, ——— the Vintner shan't lack his



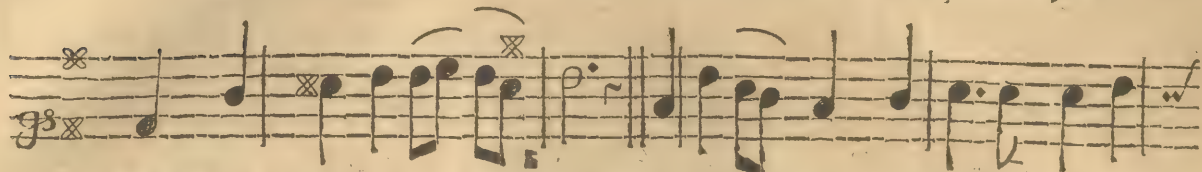
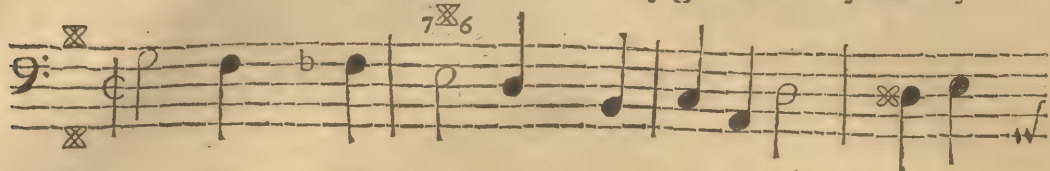
Sack if hee'l fall, ——— fall us but Three pence in Claret.



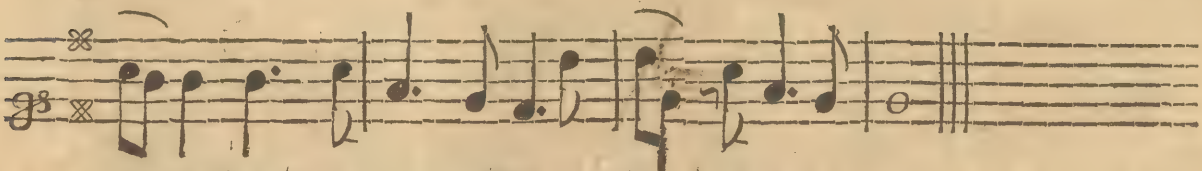
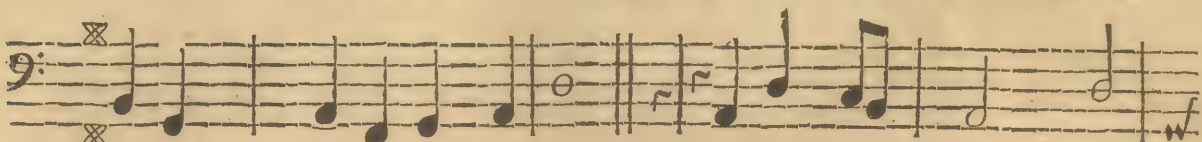
six pence for Sack if hee'l fall us but Three pence in Claret.



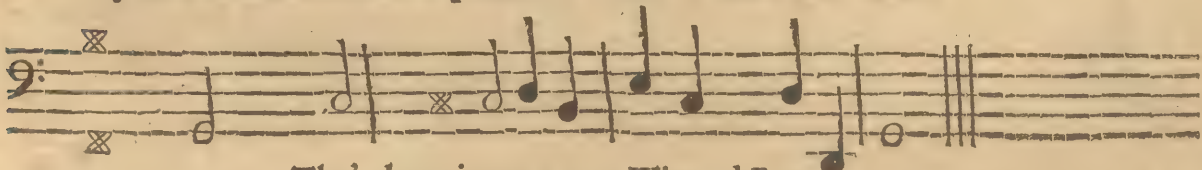
HY is your faithfull Slave disdain'd: by gentle Art my Heart you



gain'd: oh keep it by the same; For e-ver shall my passion last if



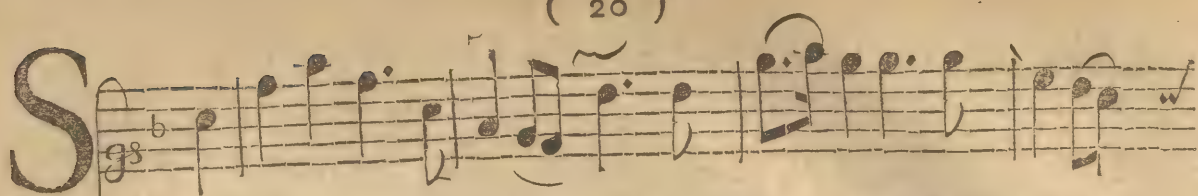
you will make me once possesst of what I dare not name.



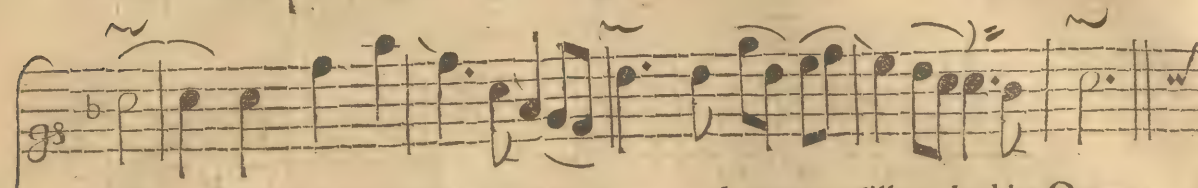
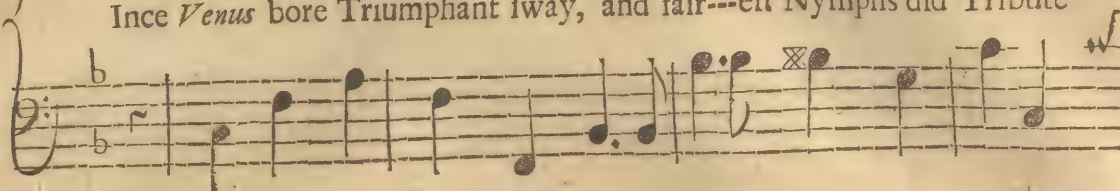
Tho' charming are your Wit and Face,
'Tis not alone to hear and gaze
That will suffice my flame:
Loves Infancy on hopes may live,
But you to my full growth must give,
Of what I dare not name.

When I behold your Lips, your Eyes,
Those snowy Breasts that fall and rise,
Fanning my raging Flame:
That Shape so made to be embrac't,
What wou'd I give I might but taste,
Of what I dare not name.

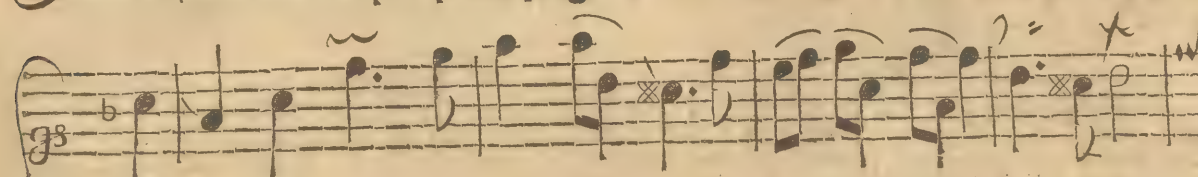
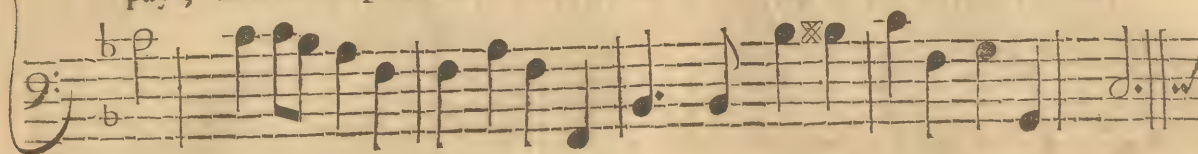
In Courts I never wish to rise,
Both Wealth and Honour I despise,
And that vain breath call'd Fame:
By Love I hope no Crowns to gain,
'Tis something more I wou'd obtain,
'Tis that I dare not name.



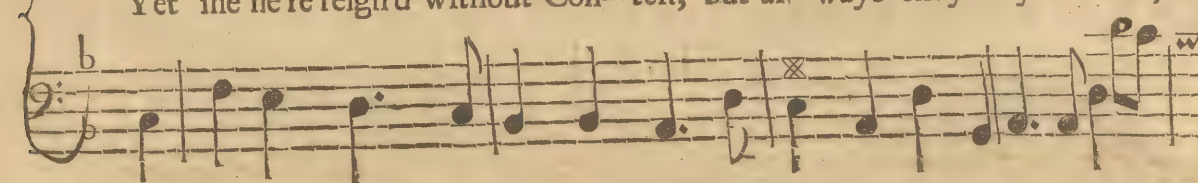
Ince *Venus* bore Triumphant sway, and fair---est Nymphs did Tribute



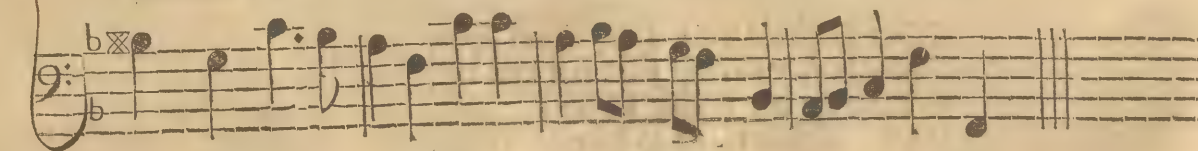
pay , Love's Empire has divided been, and every Village had its Queen :



Yet she ne're reign'd without Con---test, but al---ways envy'd by the rest,

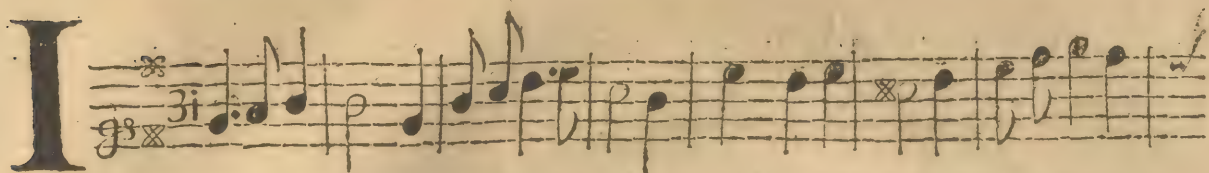


whether *Ce---lia* or *Belinda*, whe--ther *Lau---ra* or *Lu--cin--da*.

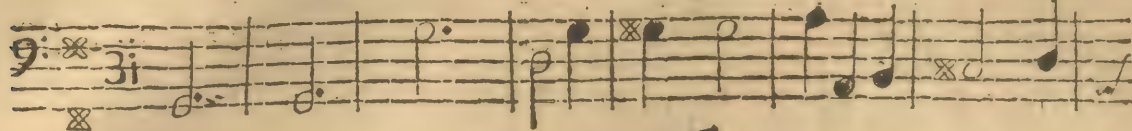


Set by Mr. Courtival.

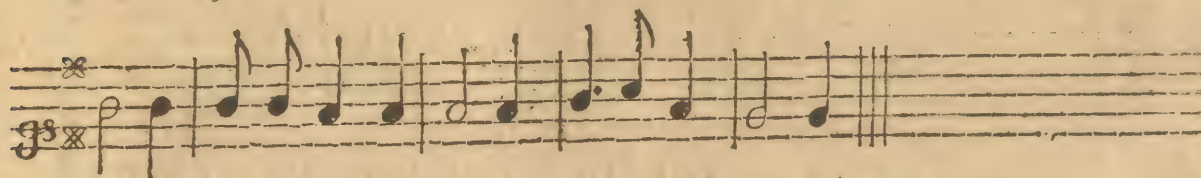
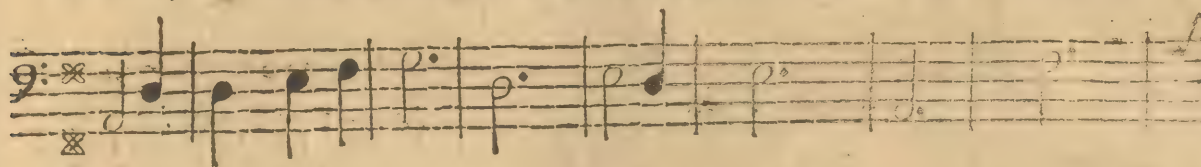
A Song in the Play of *The Squire of Alfatia*. Set by Mr. Shadwell.



N-te--ger vi-tæ scelerisque purus non e--get Mâuri ja-cu-lis, nec



Arcu, nec ve-ne-na-tis gravida fa--gittis, Fuf--ce pha---retra : nec ve-ne



na-tis gra-vi-da fa---git--tis Fuf--ce pha---re---tra.



Sive per Syrteis iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

Namque me Sylva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meum Canto Lalagen, & ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem.

Quale portentum neque militaris,
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, Leonum
Arida nutrix.

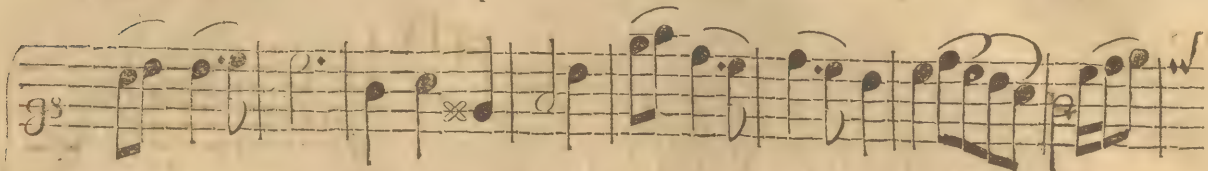
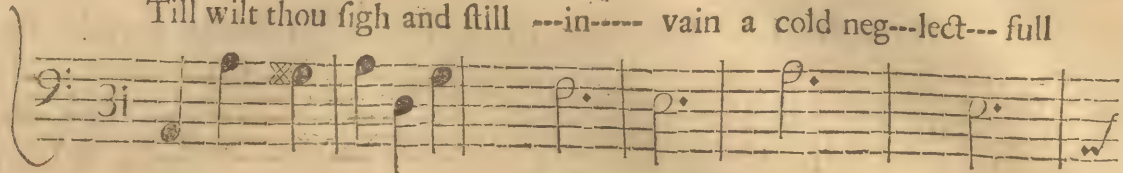
Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis,
Arbor æstiva recreatur Aura,
Quod latus Mundi nebulae malusque
Jupiter urget.

Pone sub Curru nimium propinqui,
Solis, in Terra domibus negata :
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

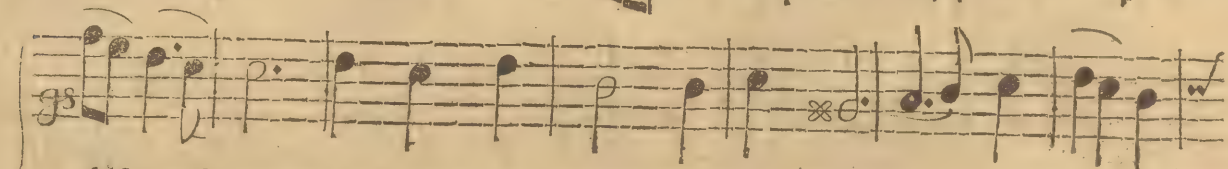
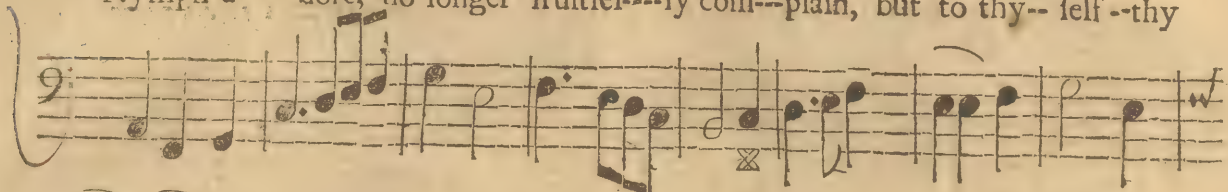
One of the Songs in the Play of *The Squire of Alsatia*. Set by Mr. Shadwell.



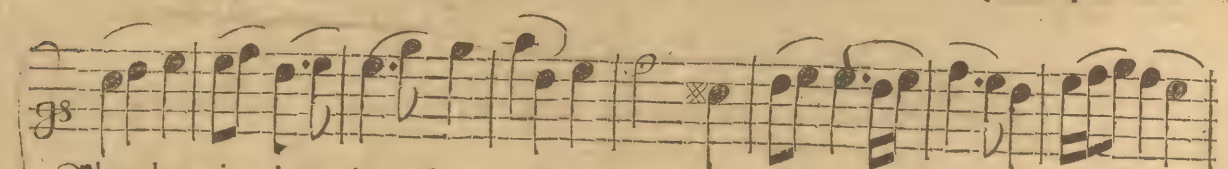
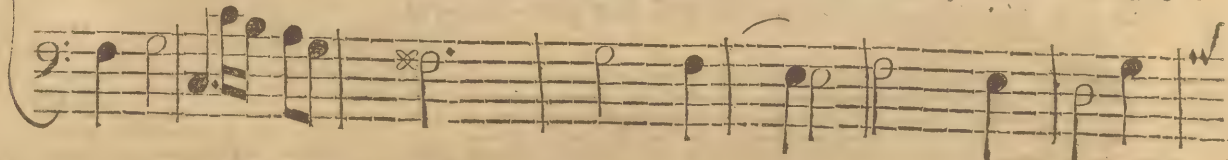
Till wilt thou sigh and still ---in--- vain a cold neg---lect--- full



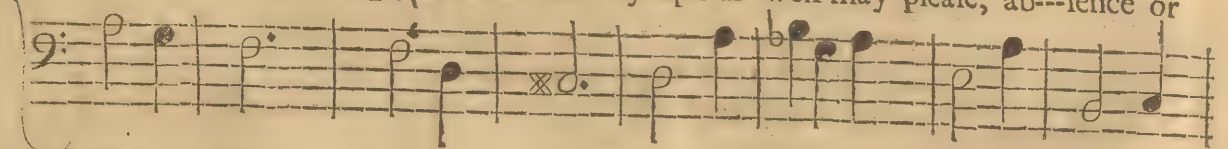
Nymph a-----dore, no longer fruitles---ly com---plain, but to thy-- self --thy



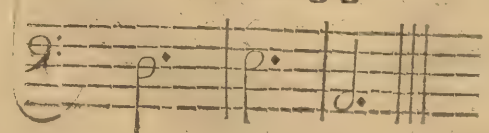
self re---sto-----re : In Youth thou caught'st this fond dis---ease , and should'st a



Abandon it in Age; some o--ther Nymph as well may please, ab---sence or



busi---ness disengage.

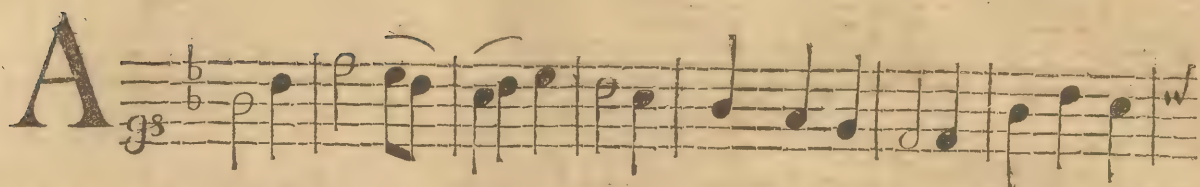


On tender hearts the wounds of Love,
Like those imprinted on young Trees,
Or kill at first, or else they prove
Larger by insensible degrees.
Business I try'd, she fill'd my mind,
On other Lips my Dear I kis't,
But never solid Joy could find
Where I my charming *Silvia* mis't.

Long

Long absence like a Green-land Night
Made me but wish for Sun the more,
And that immutable light,
She, none but she could e're restore:
She never once regards thy fire,
Nor never Vents one sigh for thee;
The glorious Sun I must admire;
Tho' he can never look on me.

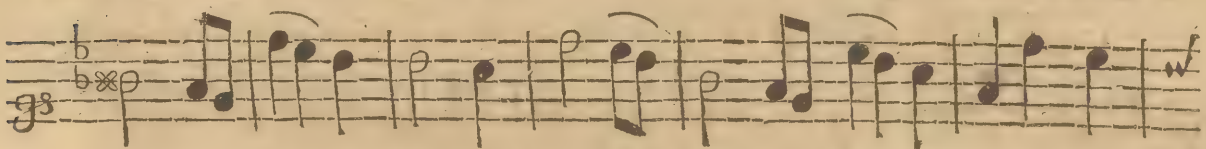
Look well, you'll find she's not so rare,
Much of her former Beauty's gone,
My love her shadow larger far
Is made by her declining Sun.
What if her faded Glories be,
My former wounds I must endure;
For though the Bow unbended be,
Yet that can never help the Cure:

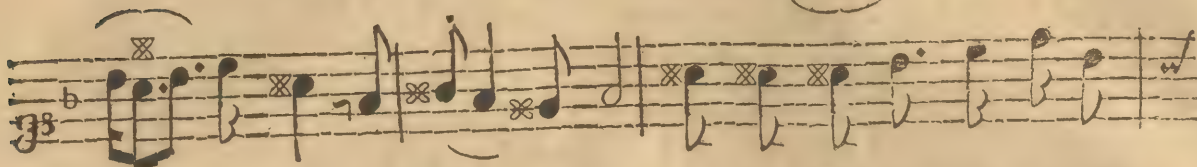
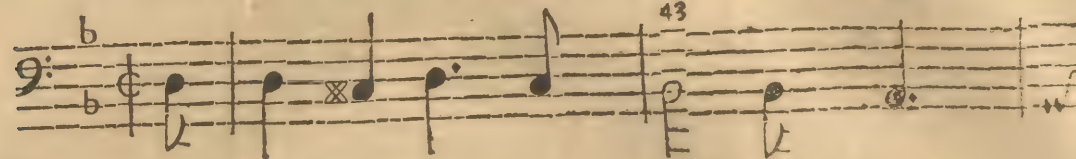
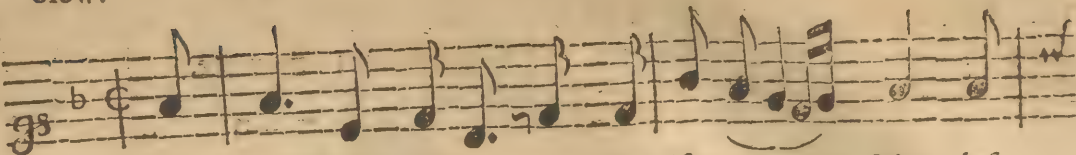


Aron thus pro---pos'd to *Moses*, come let us fuddle, fuddle our

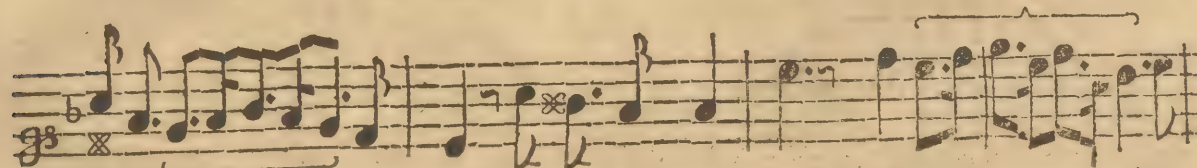
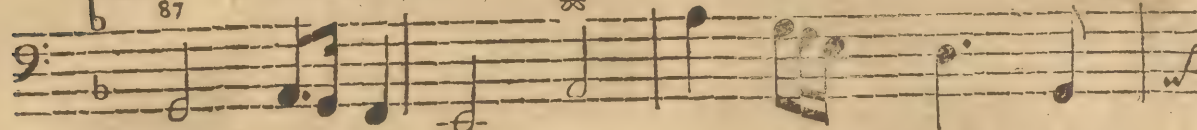


Noses : *Moses* re---ply'd a---gain to *Aaron*, 'twill doe us more harm than

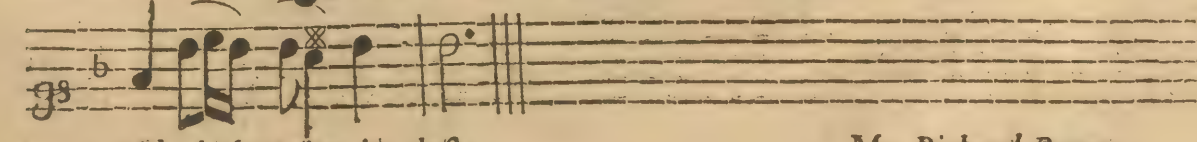
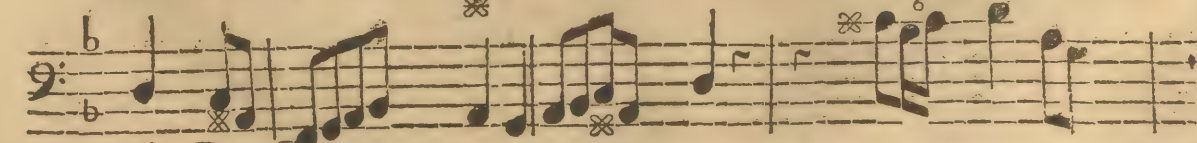
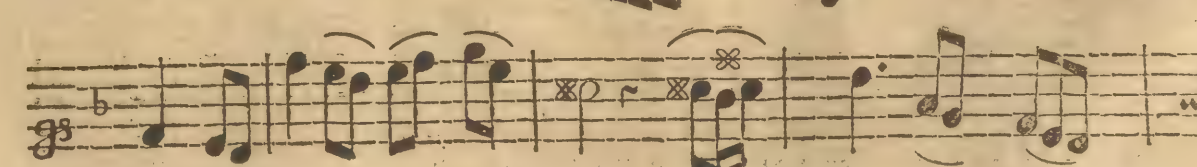
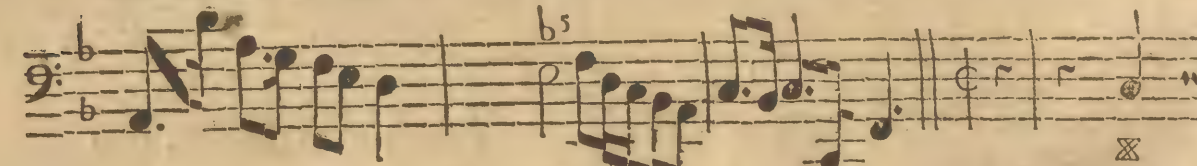
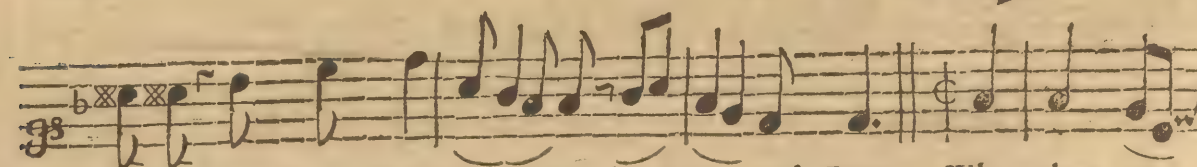
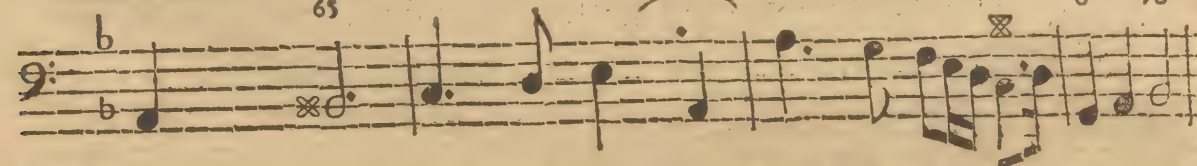




87



65



L

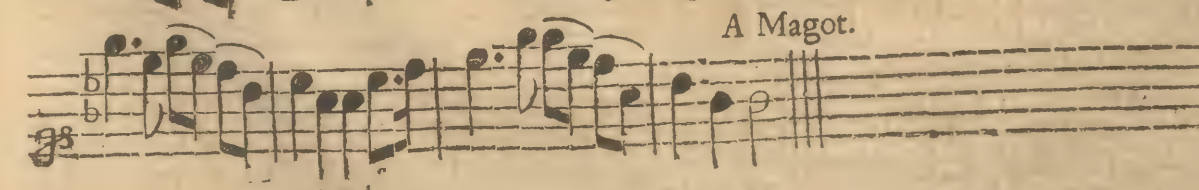
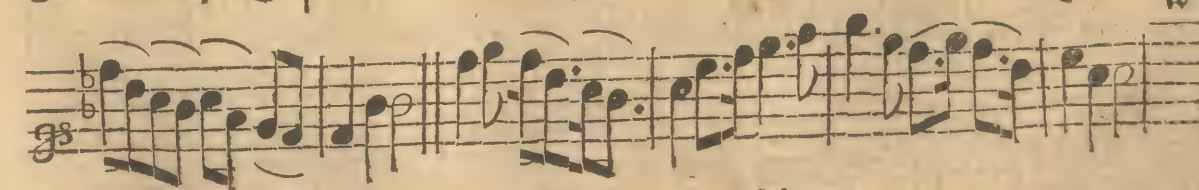
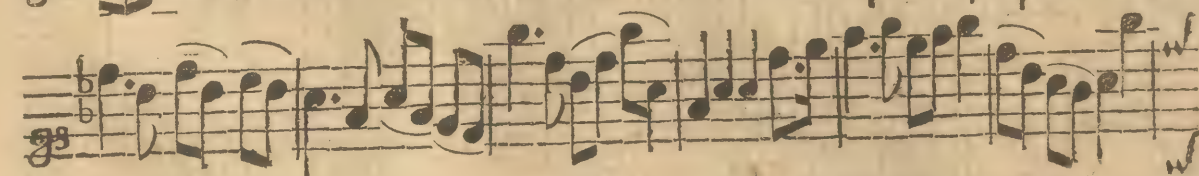
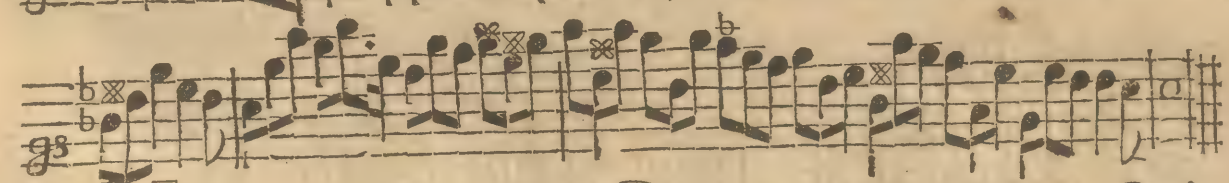
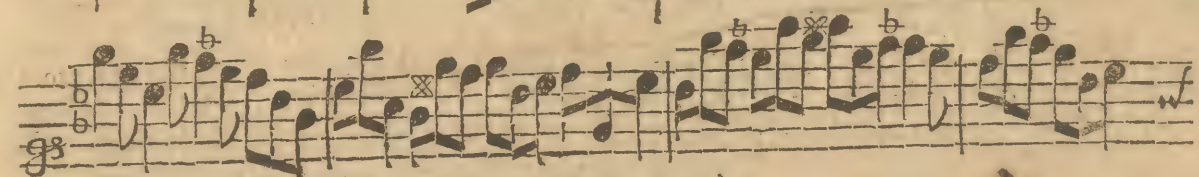
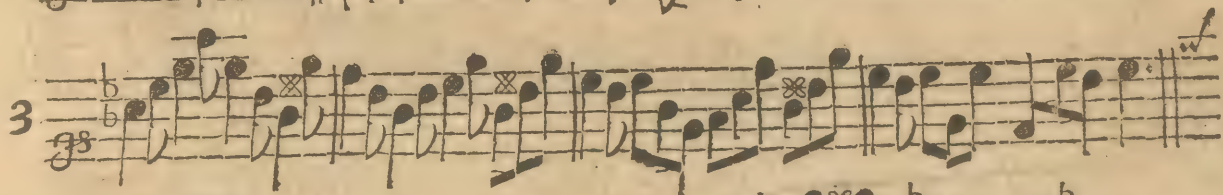
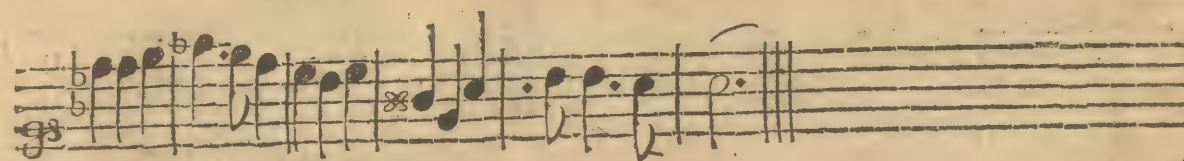
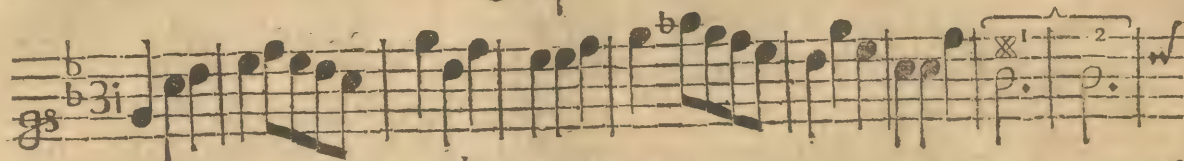
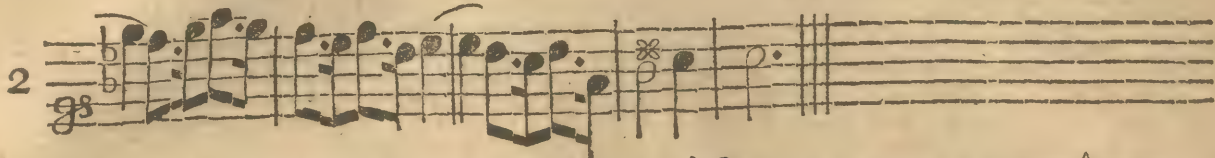


Mr. Richard Brown.



b

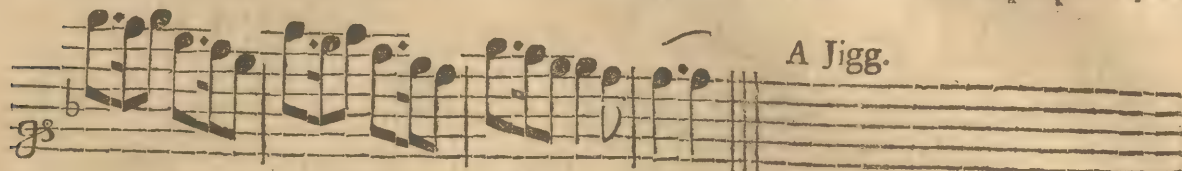
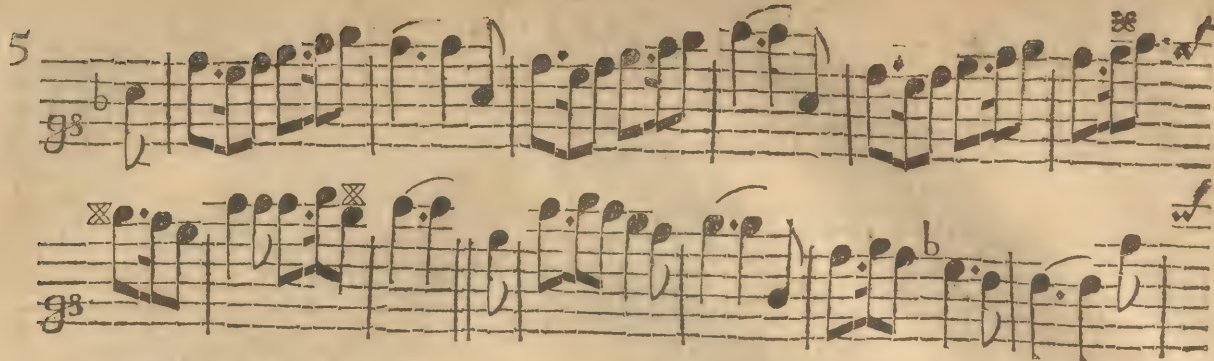
Slow Ayre.



A Magot.

H

5

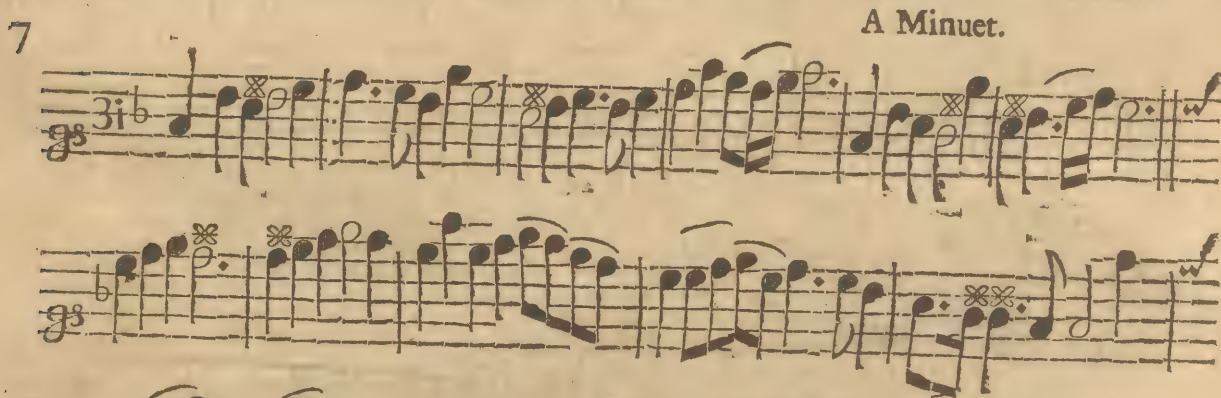


A Jigg.

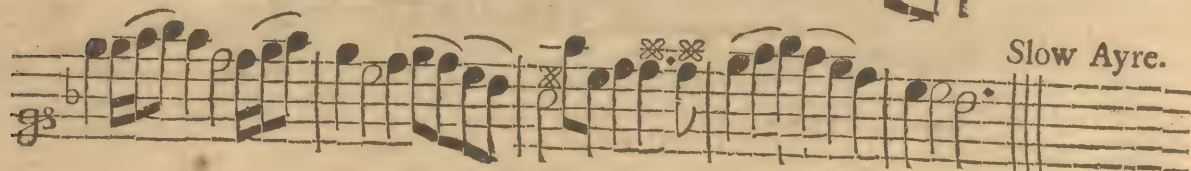
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7

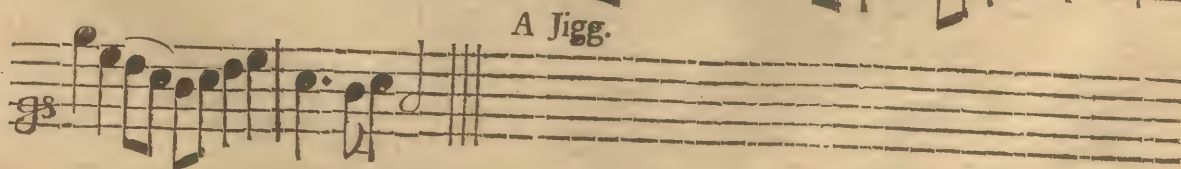
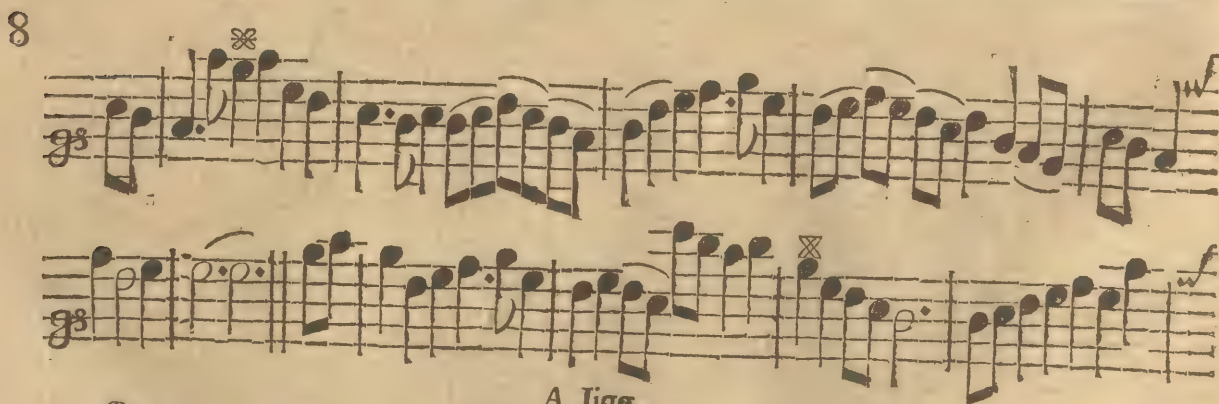


A Minuet.



Slow Ayre.

8



A Jigg.

9



The first system of music contains measures 1 through 9. It is written on two staves, with the upper staff featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation includes various rhythmic values such as eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, and rests. Measure 9 concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Almand.

10

The second system of music contains measures 10 through 12. It continues the melodic and rhythmic patterns of the first system. Measure 12 ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

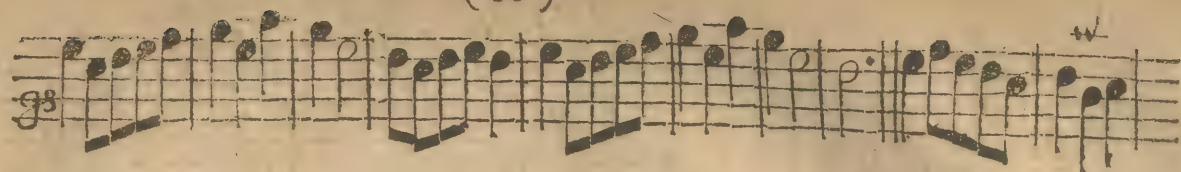
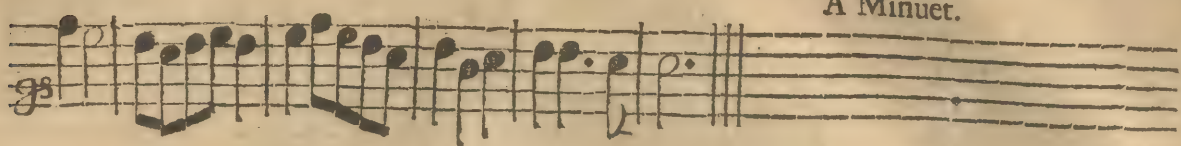
Ayre.

11

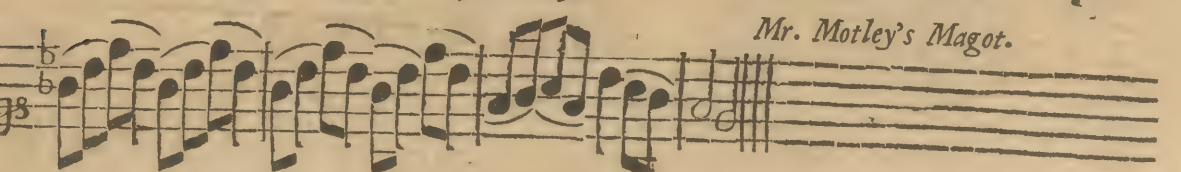
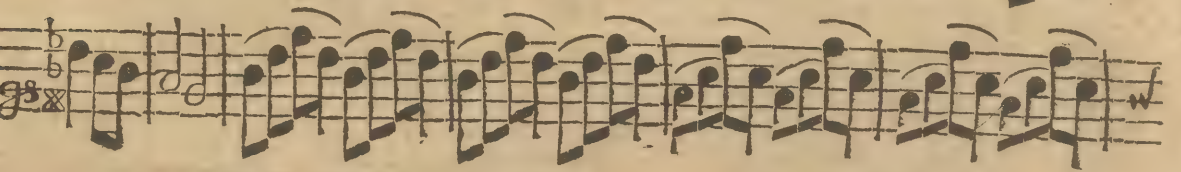
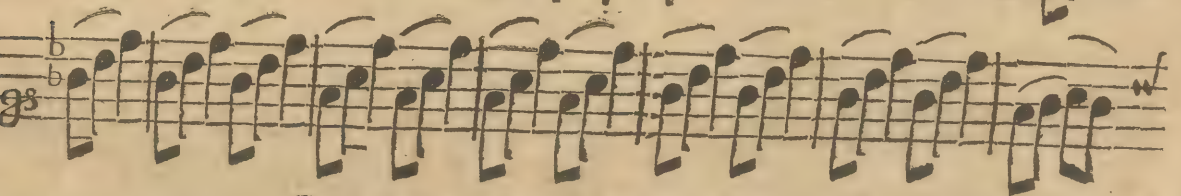
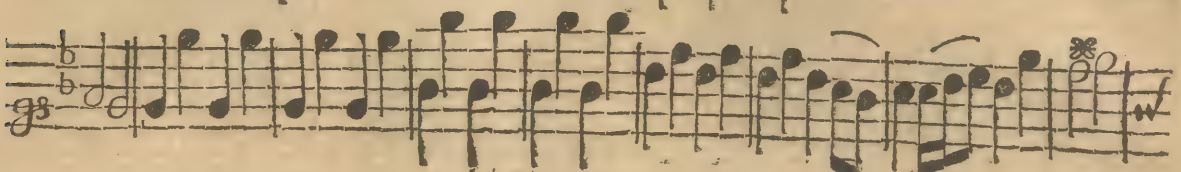
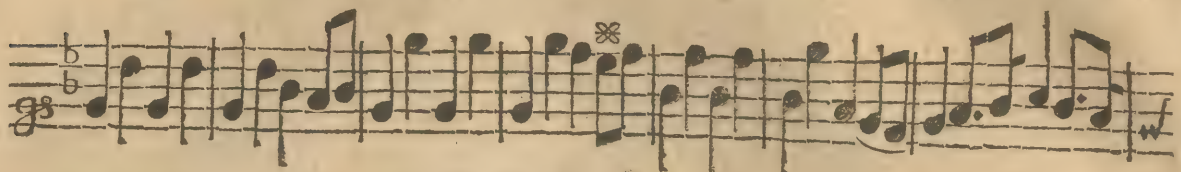
The third system of music contains measures 13 through 16. This system is characterized by a more complex, rapid rhythmic pattern, primarily consisting of sixteenth notes. Measure 16 concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

A Dance in the Emperor of the Moon.

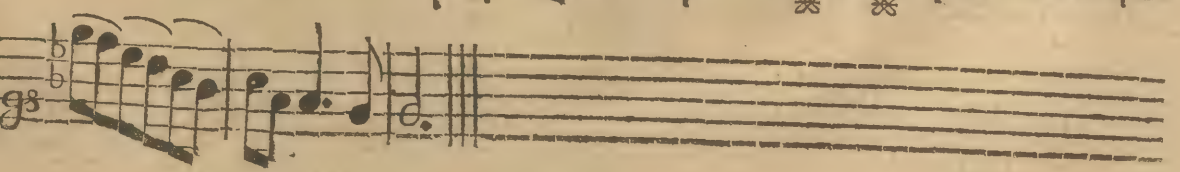
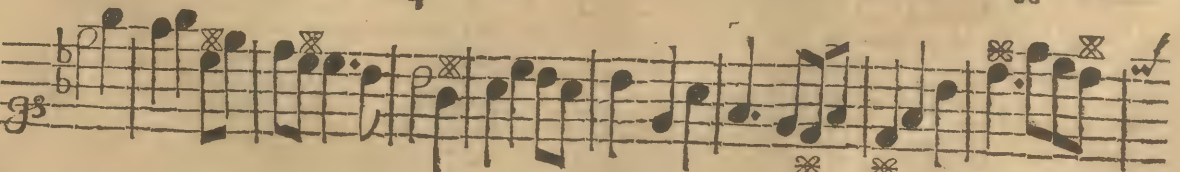
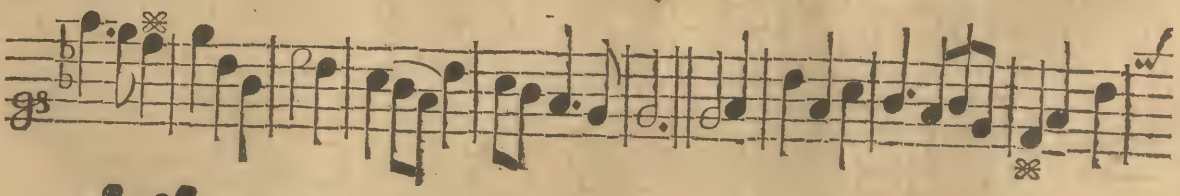
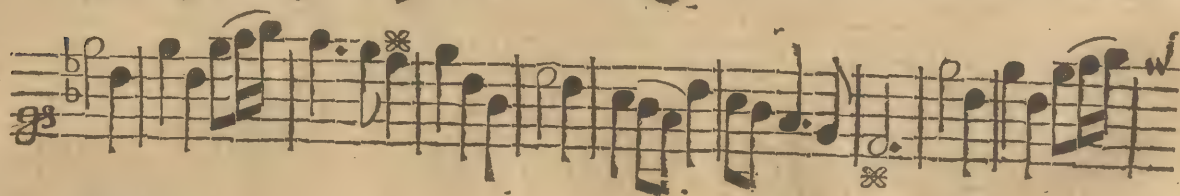
12

*A Minuet.*

13

*Mr. Motley's Magot.*

14



4
A THIRD
COLLECTION
OF

NEW SONGS,

Never Printed before.

The WORDS by Mr. D'URFEY.

Set to MUSIC by the best Masters in that Science,

VIZ.

Dr. John Blow.
Mr. Henry Purcell.
Senior Baptist.
Mr. Courtiville.

Mr. William Turner.
Mr. Thomas Farmer.
Mr. John Lenton.
Mr. Samuel Akeroyd.

WITH

THOROW-BASSES for the Theorbo, and Bass-Viol.



L O N D O N,

Printed by J. P. for JOSEPH HINDMARSH, at the Golden-Ball
over against the Royal-Exchange in Cornhill, 1685.

W. H. C. 448

D63/6

NEWSON

London

Printed by W. H. C. 448

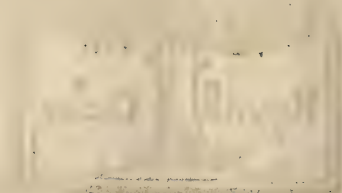
Printed by W. H. C. 448

1854

Printed by W. H. C. 448

1854

Printed by W. H. C. 448



1854

Printed by W. H. C. 448

The STORM: Set to Music by Mr. Henry Purcell.

B Low, blow *Boreas*, blow, and let thy fur-ly Winds make the Billows

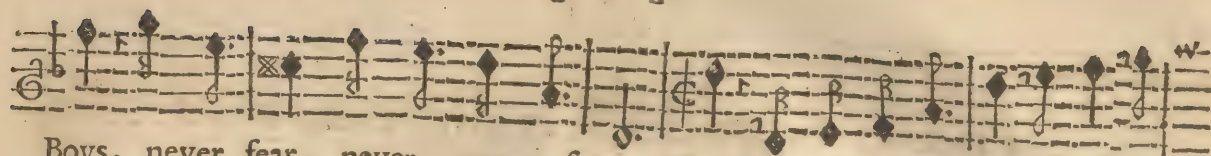
foam and roar; thou can'st no Terror breed in valiant Minds, but spight of thee we'l

live, but spight of thee we'l live and find a Shoar. Then cheer my

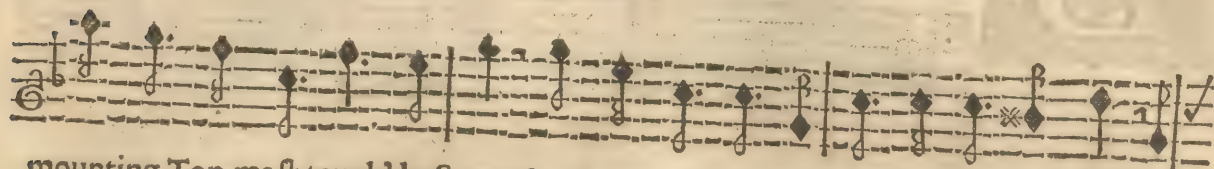
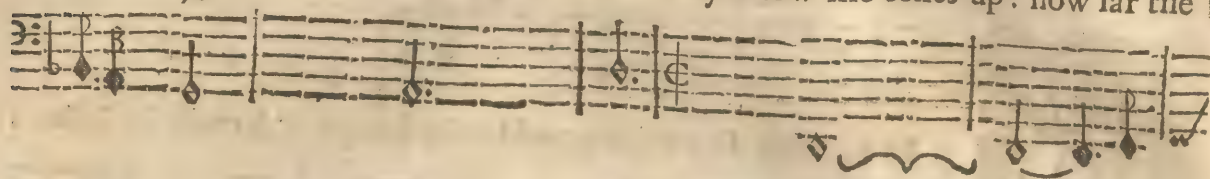
Hearts, and be not aw'd, but keep the Gun-Room cleer; tho' Hell's broke

loose, and the De--vils roar abroad, whilst we have Sea-room here:

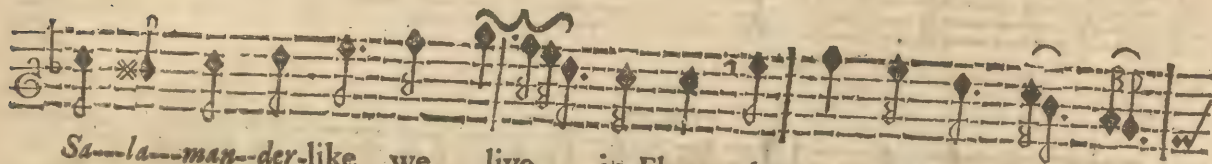
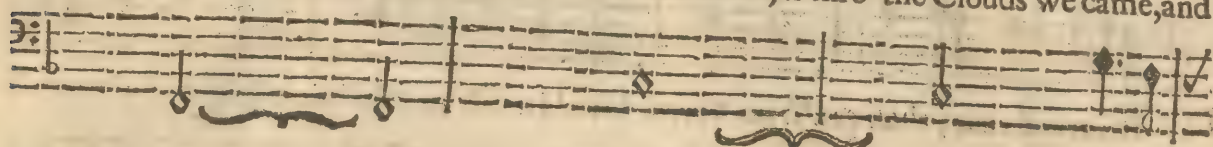
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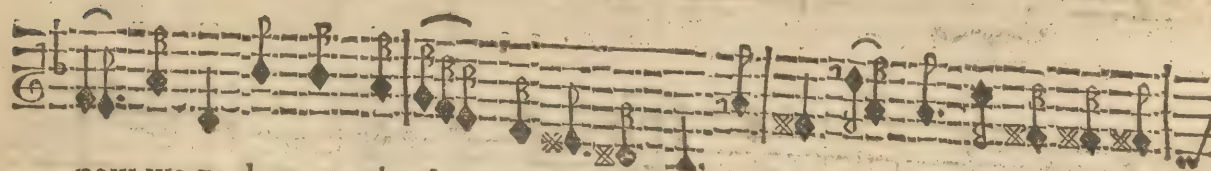
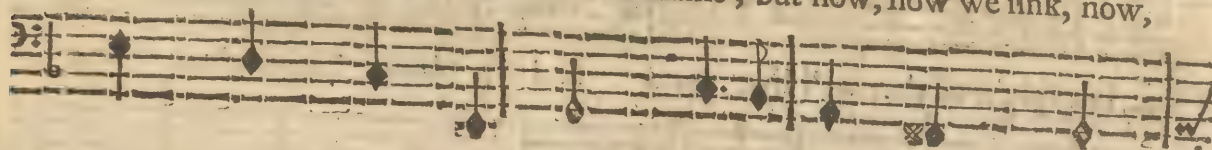
Boys, never fear, never, never fear. Hey! how she tosses up! how far the



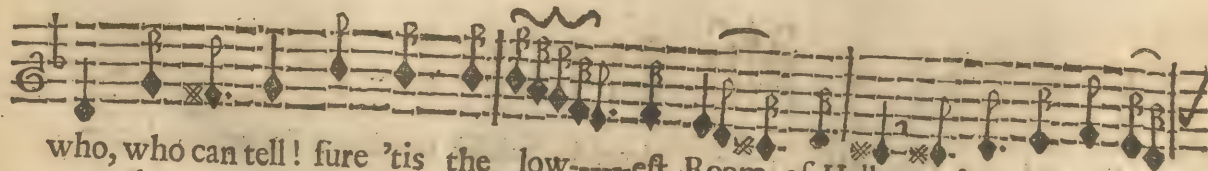
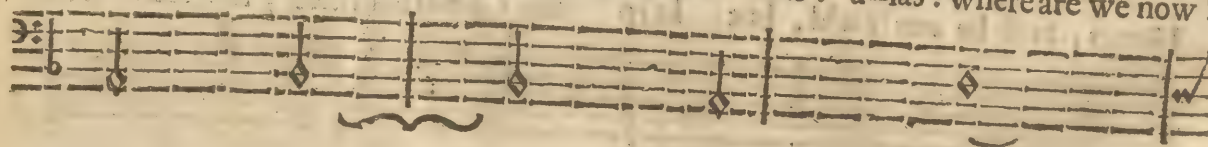
mounting Top-mast touch'd a Star; the Meteors blaz'd, as thro' the Clouds we came, and



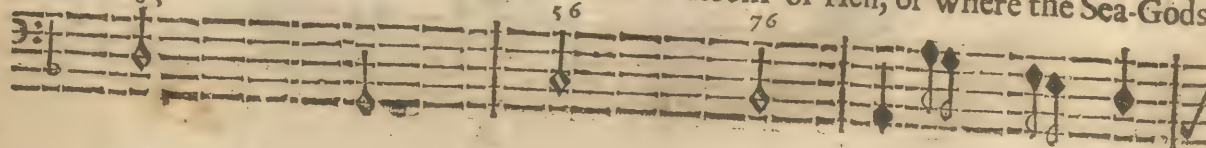
Sa--la--man--der-like, we live in Flame; but now, now we sink, now,



now we go down to the deepest Shades below. Alas! a--las! where are we now!

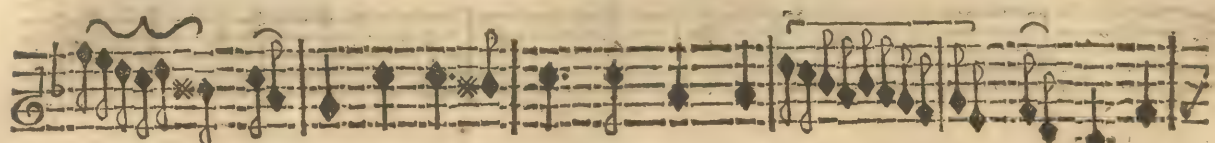
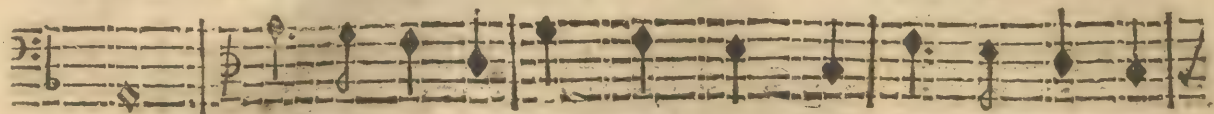


who, who can tell! fure 'tis the low--est Room of Hell, or where the Sea-Gods

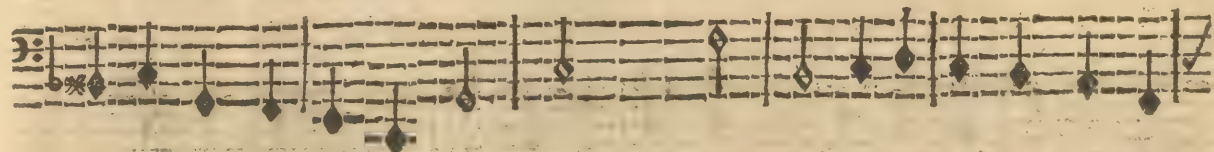




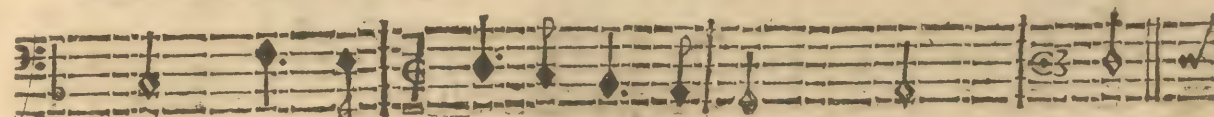
dwell : With them we'l live, with them we'l live and raigh, with them we'l



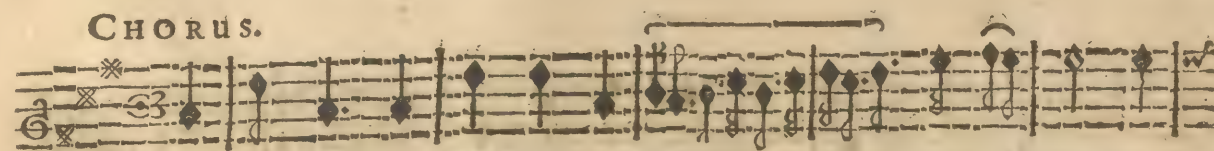
lau—gh, and sing, and drink amain, with them we'l lau—gh, and sing, and



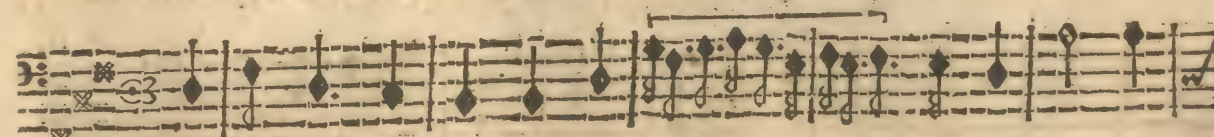
drink a—main, but fee we mount, fee, fee we rise a—gain.



CHORUS.

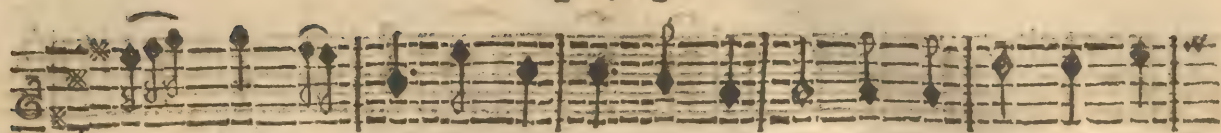


T Ho' fla—shes of Lightning, and Tem—pests of Rain, do

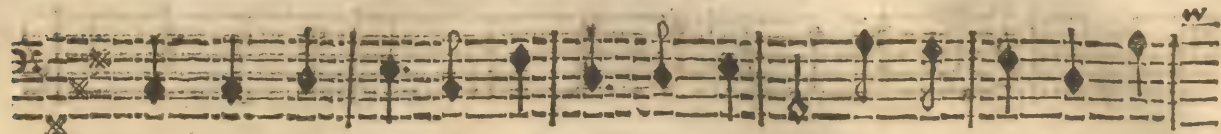


T Ho' fla—shes of Lightning, and Tem—pests of Rain, do





fierce—ly con—tend which shall conquer the Main; tho' the Captain does



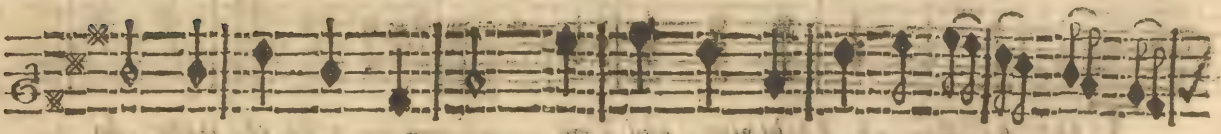
fierce—ly con—tend which shall conquer the Main; tho' the Captain does



swear, in—stead of a Pray'r, and the Sea is all Fire by the Damons o'th'



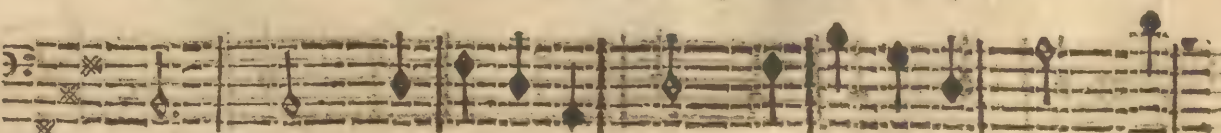
swear, in—stead of a Pray'r, and the Sea is all Fire by the Damons o'th'



Air; we'l drink and de—fie, we'l drink and de—fie the mad Spi—rits that

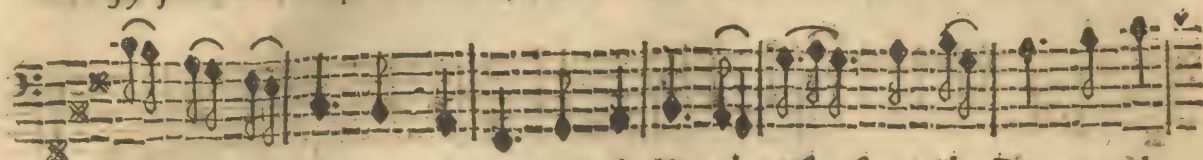


Air; we'l drink and de—fie, we'l drink and de—fie the mad

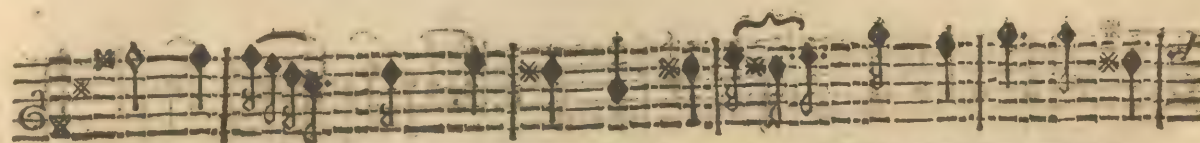
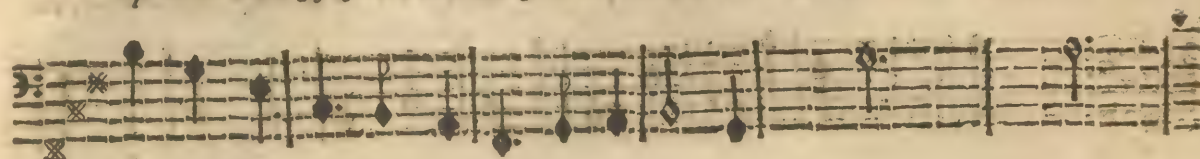




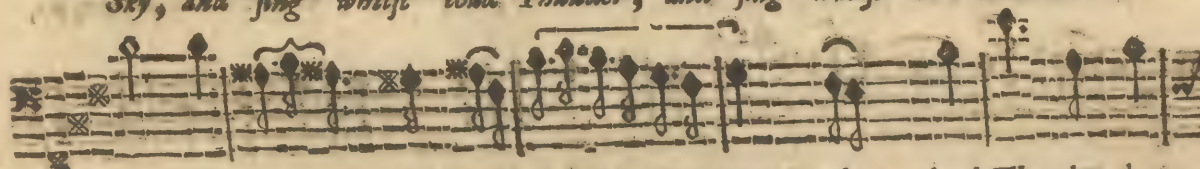
fly from the Deep to the Sky, that fly, fly—e, from the Deep to the



Spi-rits that fly from the Deep to the Sky, that fly from the Deep to the



Sky, and sing whilst loud Thunder, and sing whilst loud Thunder does



Sky, and sing whilst loud Than—der, loud Thunder does

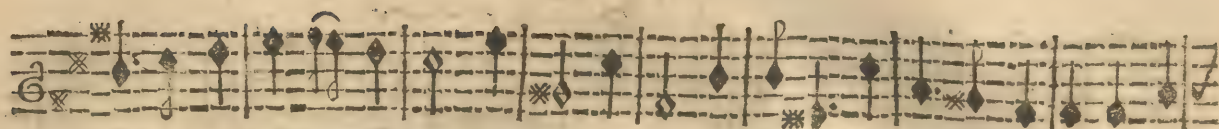


bellow; for Fate will still have a kind Fate for the Brave, and ne're make his

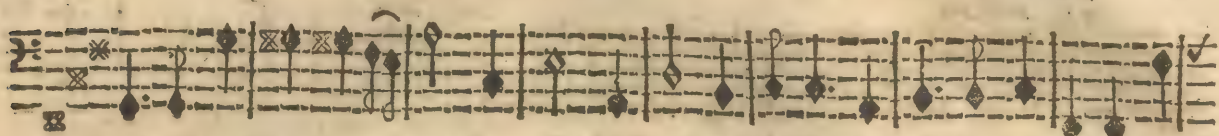


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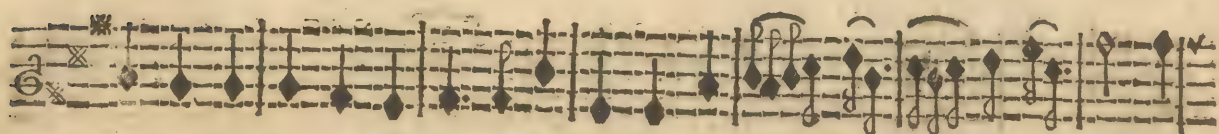
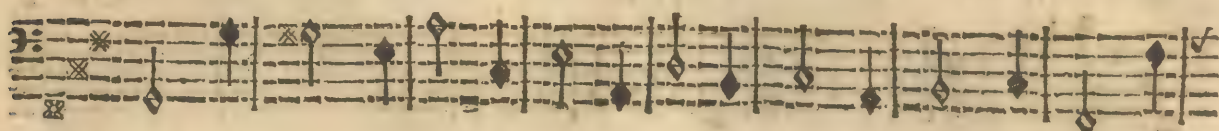




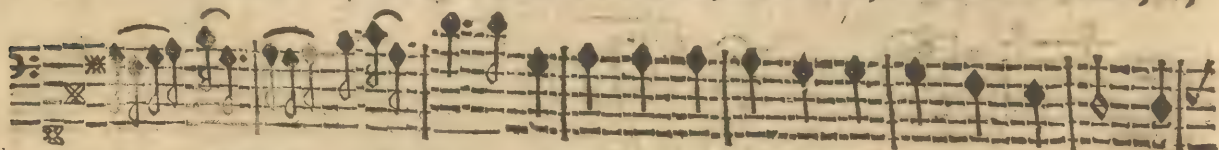
Grave of a Salt-water Wave, to drown, to drown, no, never to drown a good Fellow ; no,



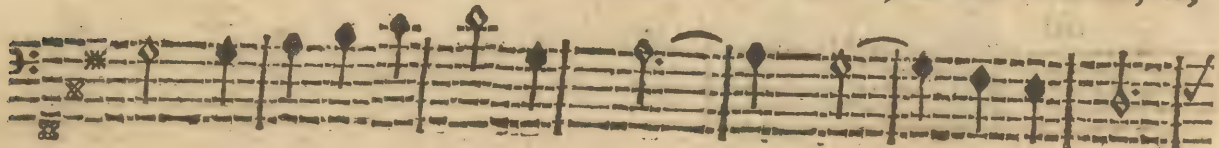
Grave of a Salt-water Wave, to drown, to drown, no, never to drown a good Fellow ; no,



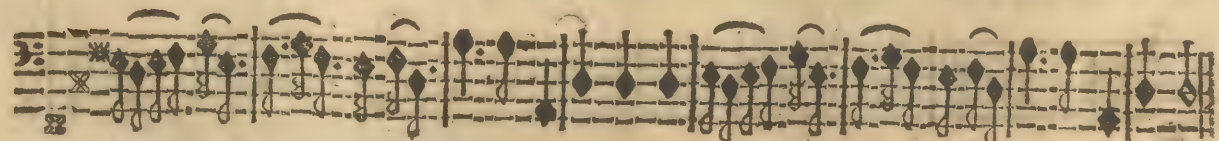
never, no, never to drown a good Fellow ; no, ne—ver, ne—ver to drown, no,



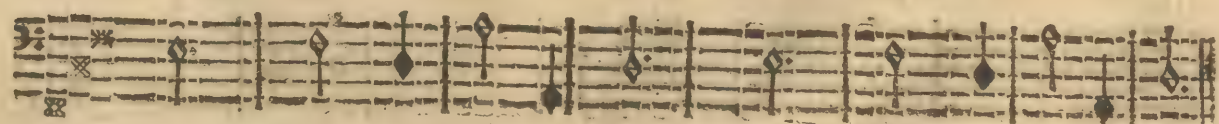
ne—ver, ne—ver to drown a good Fellow ; no, never, no, ne—ver to drown, no,



never, no, ne—ver to drown a good Fellow ; no, never, no, never to drown a good Fellow.



ne—ver, ne—ver to drown a good Fellow ; no, ne—ver, ne—ver to drown a good Fellow



The WINCHESTER CHRISTENING, *the Sequel of the Winchester Wedding: A new Song, set to the Tune of a pretty Country Dance, called, The Hemp-dresser.*



He Sun had loos'd his weary Team, and turn'd his Steeds a

grazing; ten Fathoms deep in Neptune's Stream, his The--tis was embracing:

The Stars tripp'd in--to the Fir--ma-ment, like Milkmaids on a May-day; or

Coun--try Laf--ses a Mumming sent, or School-boys on a Play-day.

II.

Apace came on the gray-ey'd Morn',
 The Herds in the Fields were lowing;
 And 'mongst the Poultry in the Barn,
 The Ploughman's Clock fate crowing:
 When *Roger* dreaming of golden Joys,
 Was wak'd by a bawling Rout Sir;
 For *Cissy* told him, he needs must rise,
 His *Juggy* was crying out Sir.

III.

Not half so quickly the Cups go round,
 At the toping a good Ale Firkin;
 As *Roger* Hosen and Shoon had found,
 And button'd his Leather Jerkin:
 Gray Mare was saddl'd with wondrous speed,
 With Pillion on Buttock right Sir,
 And thus he to an old Midwife rid,
 To bring the poor Kid to light Sir.

IV.

Up, up, dear Mother, then *Roger* cries,
 The Fruit of my Labour's new come;
 In *Juggy's* Belly it sprawling lies,
 And cannot get out 'till you come.
 Ple help it, cries the old Hag, ne're doubt,
 Thy *Jug* shall be well again Boy;
 I'll get the Urchin as safely out,
 As ever it did get in Boy.

V.

The Mare now Bustles with all her feet,
 No whipping or Spurs were wanting;
 At last into the good House they get,
 And Mew soon cry'd the Bantling:
 A female Chit so small was born,
 They put it into a Flagon;
 And must be christen'd that very Morn',
 For fear it should dye a *Pagan*.

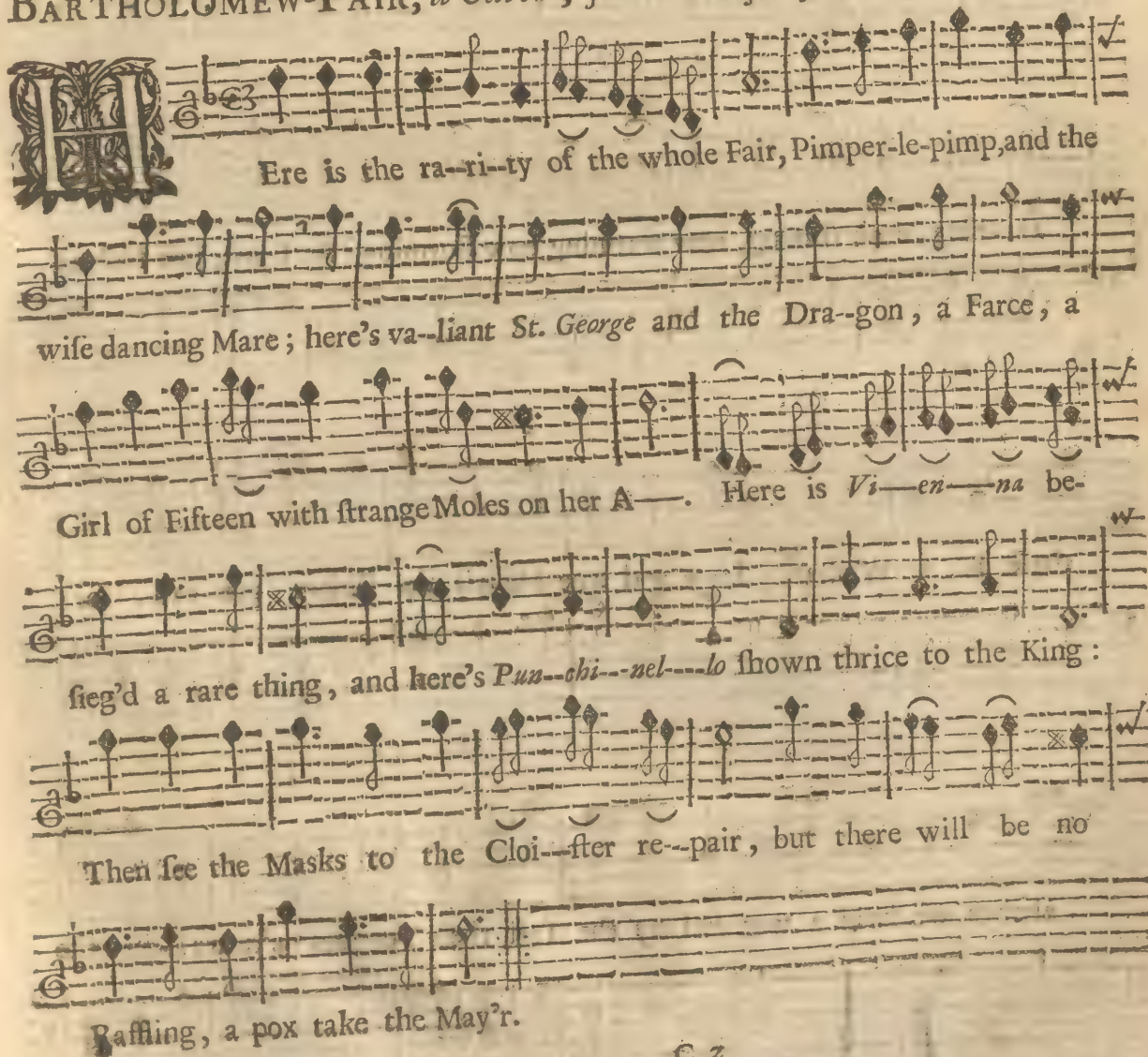
VI.

Now *Roger* struts about the Hall,
 As great as the Prince of *Condy*;
 The Midwife cries, her Parts are small,
 But they will grow larger one day:
 What tho' her Thighs and Legs lye close,
 And little as any Spider;
 They will, when up to her Teens she grows,
 By grace of the Lord lye wider.

And now the merry Spic'd-bowls went round,
The Gossips were void of shame too;
In butter'd Ale the Priest half drown'd,
Demands the Infant's Name too,
Some call'd it *Phill*, some *Florida*,
But *Kate* was allow'd the best hint;
For she would have it *Annula*,
'Cause there was a pretty Jest in't.

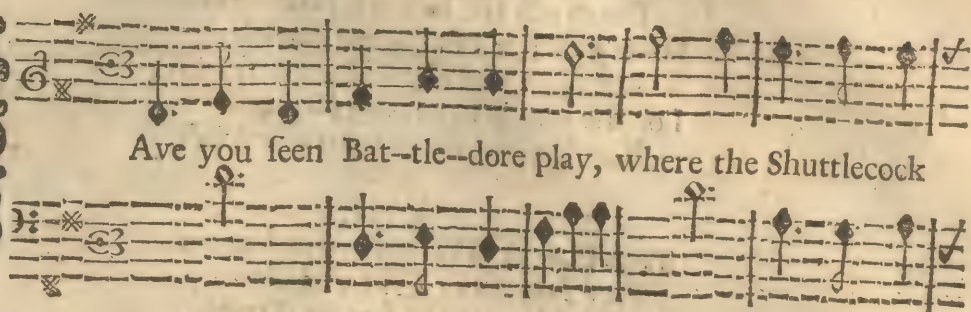
Thus *Lady* of *Winchester* was known,
And famous in *Kent* and *Dover*;
And highly rated in *London Town*,
And courted the Kingdom over:
The Charms of *Love* by Sea and Land,
Subdues each human Creature;
And will our stubborn Hearts command,
Whilst there is a Man, or Nature.

BARTHOLOMEW-FAIR, a Catch; set to Music by Dr. John Blow.

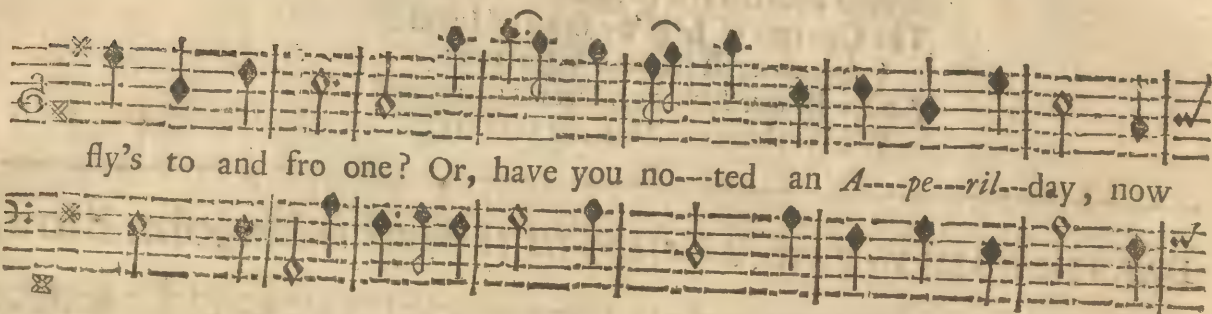


Ere is the ra-ri-ty of the whole Fair, Pimper-le-pimp, and the
wife dancing Mare; here's va-liant *St. George* and the Dra-gon, a Farce, a
Girl of Fifteen with strange Moles on her A—. Here is *Vi-en-na* be-
sieg'd a rare thing, and here's *Pun-chi-nel-lo* shown thrice to the King:
Then see the Masks to the Cloi-ster re-pair, but there will be no
Raffling, a pox take the May'r.

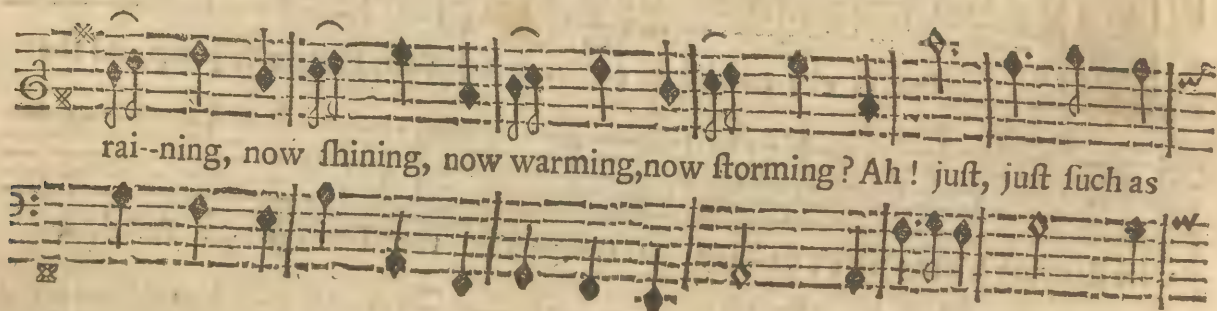
*The SHUTTLECOCK; a new Song, set to a pretty
Scotch Tune by Mr. Courtiville.*



Ave you seen Bat-tle-dore play, where the Shuttlecock



fly's to and fro one? Or, have you no--ted an A---pe---ril---day, now



rai-ning, now shining, now warming, now storming? Ah! just, just such as

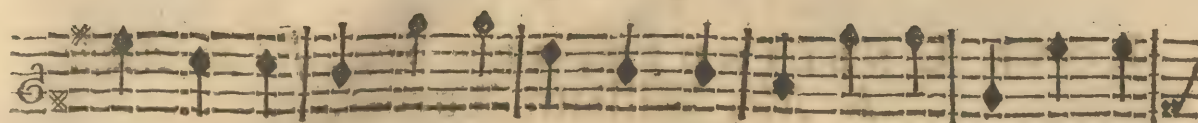


these is a Woman. Love and true Me-rit do seldom pre-vail, for

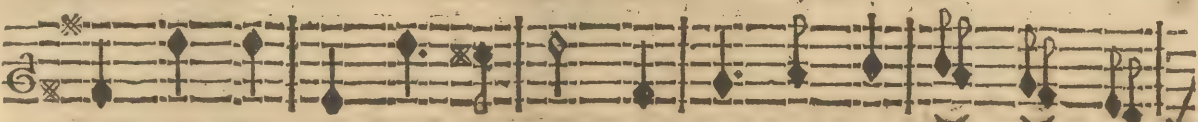


always we hold a wet Eel by the Tail, their Tongues ne're are i-dle, the

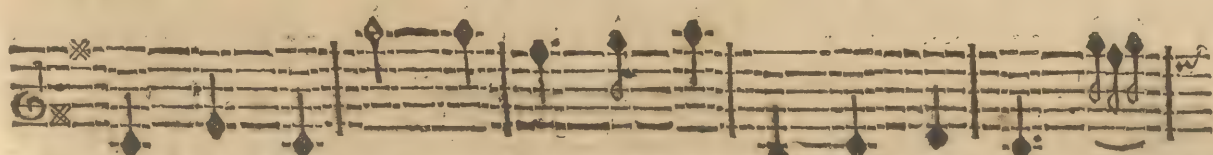
[11]



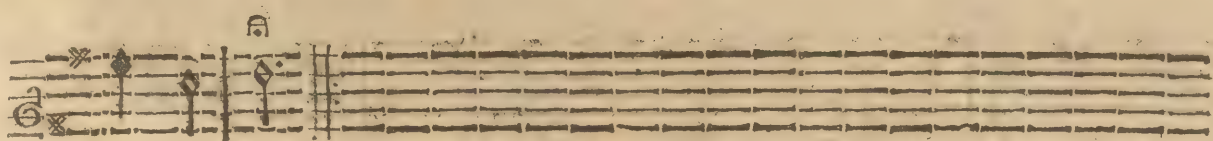
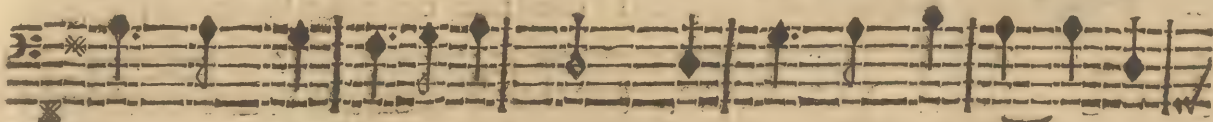
Humour's a Rid--dle, they prick with their Needle, and o--gle and



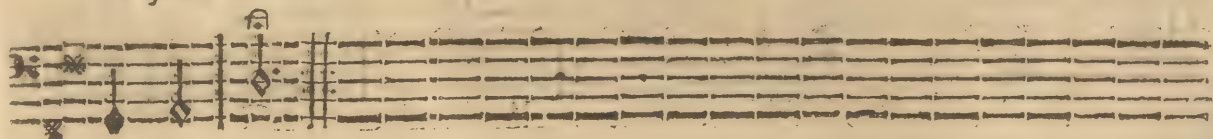
wheedle; and if they have Charms, 'tis rare---ly that Beau---ty is



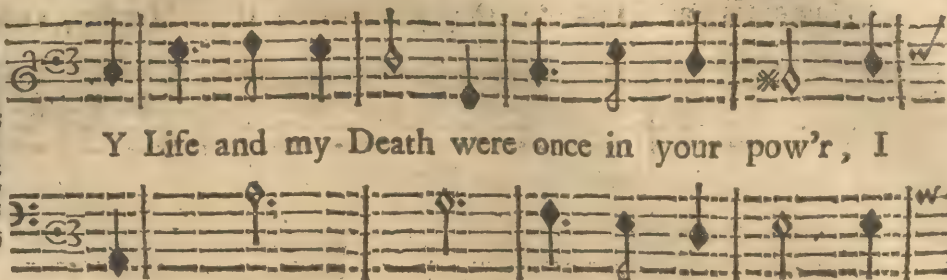
true t'ye, for few or none you are sure are your own, but



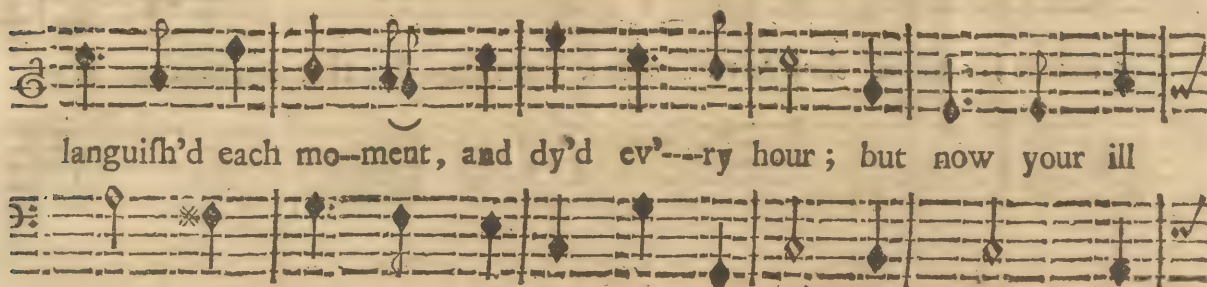
in your Arms.



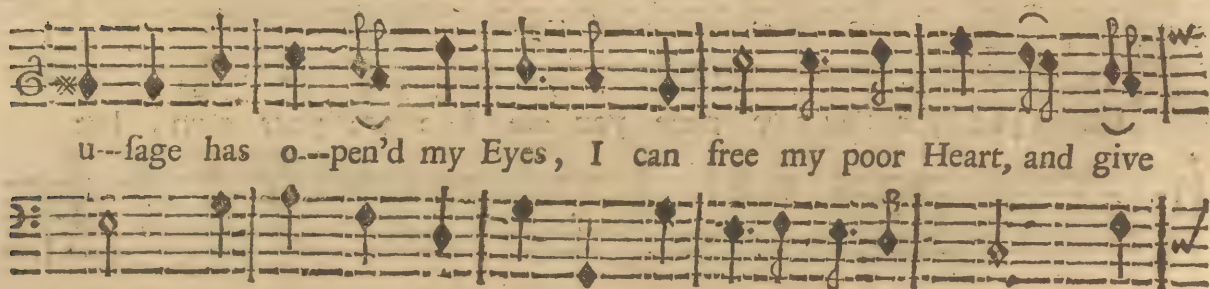
LOVE UNBLINDED; *a new Song, set to Music*
by Mr. William Turner.



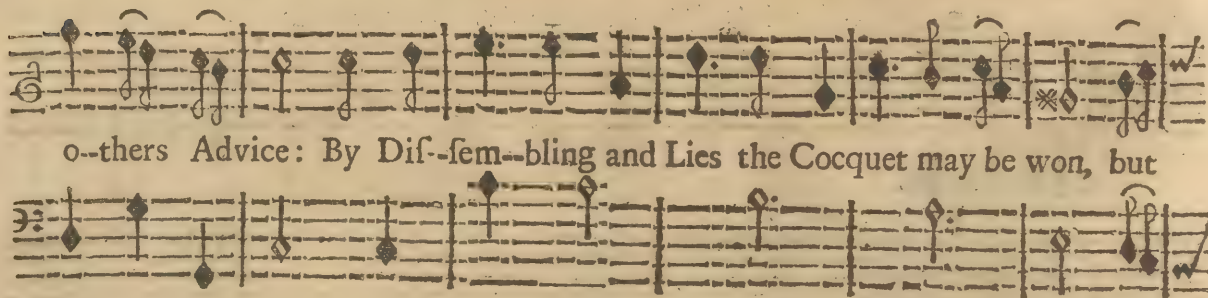
Y Life and my Death were once in your pow'r, I



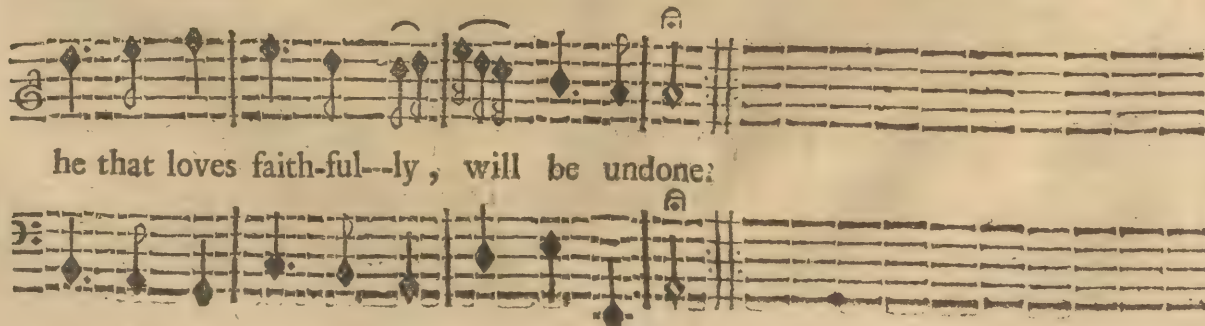
languish'd each mo-ment, and dy'd ev'---ry hour; but now your ill



u--sage has o--pen'd my Eyes, I can free my poor Heart, and give



o--thers Advice: By Dif-sem-bling and Lies the Cocquet may be won, but



he that loves faith-ful--ly, will be undone:

II.

Time was, false *Aurelia*, I thought you as bright
As Angels adorn'd in the Glories of Light ;
But your Pride and Ingratitude now, I thank Fate,
Have taught my dull Sense to distinguish the Cheat :
And now I can see in your Face no such Prize ,
No Charms in your Person, no Darts in your Eyes.

III.

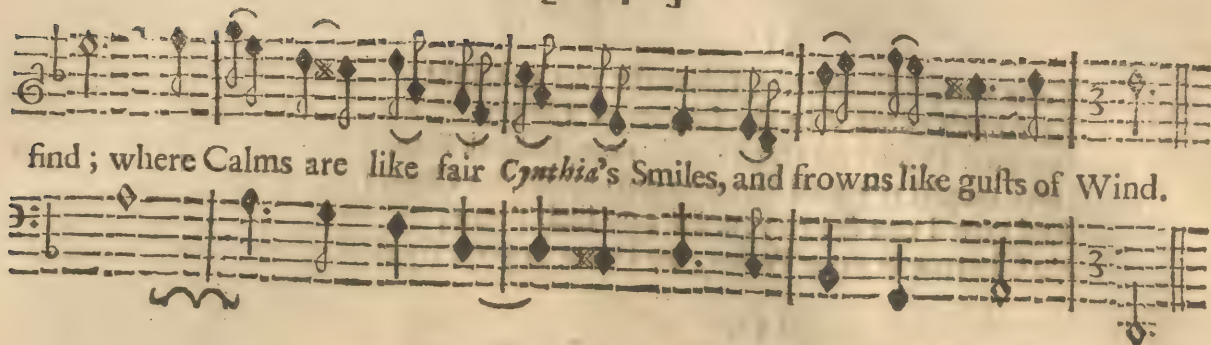
Fain, fain for your sake my Amours I would end,
And the rest of my days give my Books, and my Friend ;
But another kind Fair calls me fool, to destroy,
For the sake of one Jilt, my whole Life's greatest Joy :
For tho' Friends, Wine, and Books, make Life's Diadem shine ,
Love, Love is the Jewel that makes it so fine.

The STORM; set to Music by Mr. Henry Purcell.

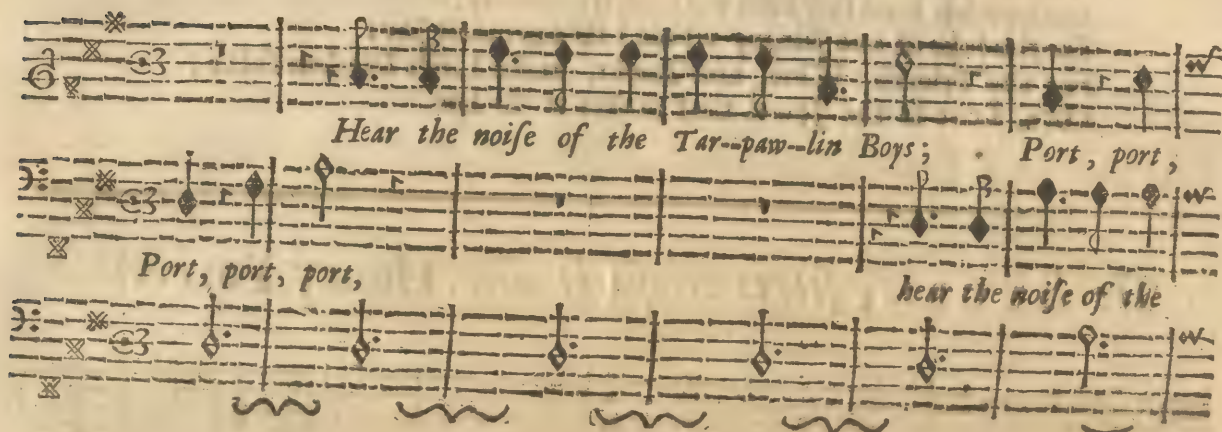
Arewel ye Rocks, ye Seas, and Sands, green Neptune I de-

spise; I'le ra-ther court the plea-sant Strands, than all his wa-try

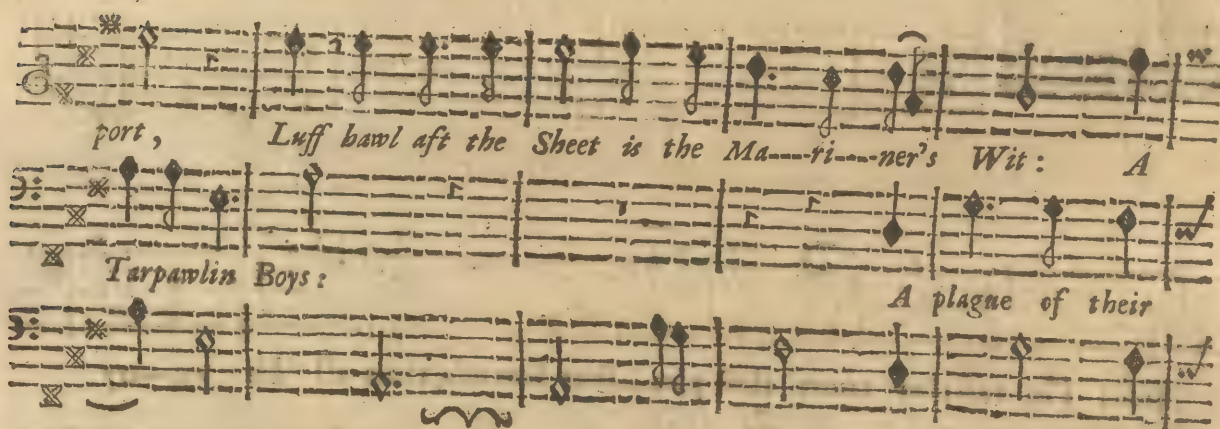
Joys: In-con-stant Bliss our Fate be-guiles, the Sea like Love we



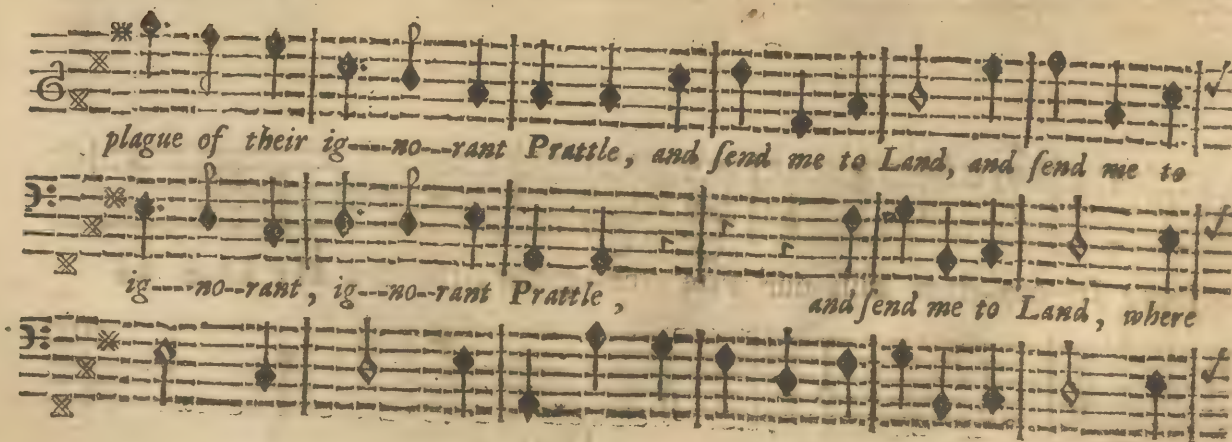
find ; where Calms are like fair *Cynthia's* Smiles, and frowns like gusts of Wind.



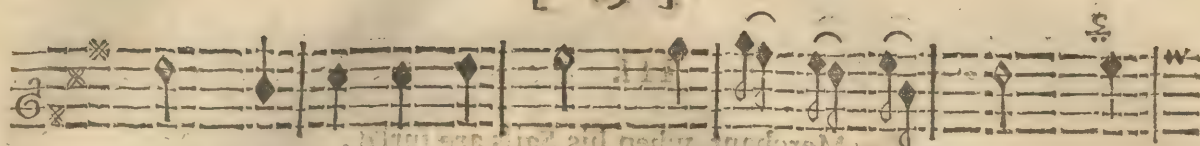
Hear the noise of the Tar-paw-lin Boys ; Port, port, Port, port, port, hear the noise of the



port, Luff hawl aft the Sheet is the Ma-ri-ner's Wit : A Tar-pawlin Boys : A plague of their



plague of their ig-no-rant Prattle, and send me to Land, and send me to ig-no-rant, ig-no-rant Prattle, and send me to Land, where



Land, where I may com-mand a pret--ty kind Wench, a



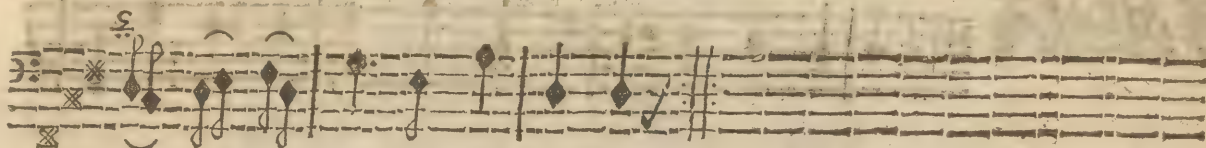
I may com--mand a pret--ty kind Wench, a pret--ty kind



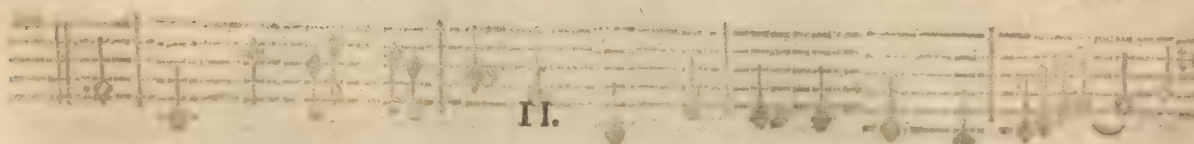
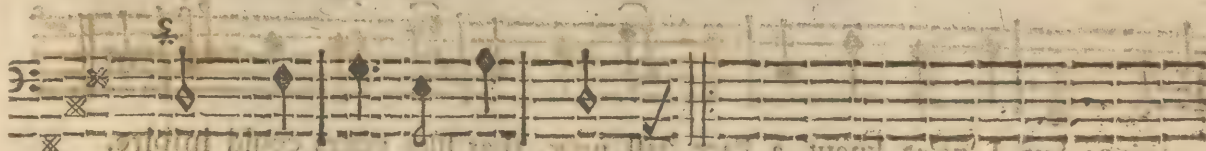
The PERFECTION; a new Song to the Dutchess: Set to
Music by Dr. John Blow.



pret--ty kind Wench, and a Bot--tle.



pret--ty kind Wench, and a Bot--tle.



II.

With all God's Miracles at Land,
Let me acquainted be;
Let Fools that more would understand,
Go find them out at Sea.
His mighty Works I'll praise on Shore,
And there his Blessings reap;
But from this moment seek no more
His Wonders in the Deep.

Chor. Port, port, &c.

E

III. The

III.

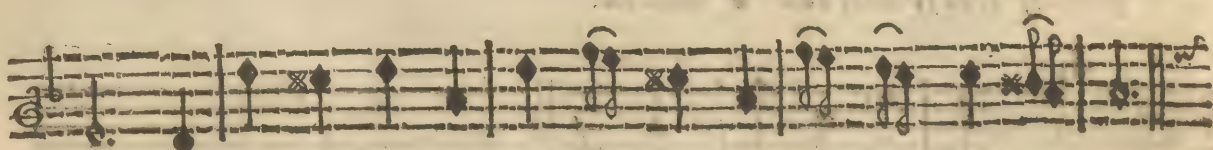
The Merchant, when his Sails are furl'd,
 Glides o're the foamy Main;
 And ploughs with ease the watry World,
 So great a Charm is Gain:
 When Avarice has any Bounds,
 If his contented were;
 I'd wage a hundred thousand Pounds,
 He never would come there.

Chor. *Port, port, &c.*

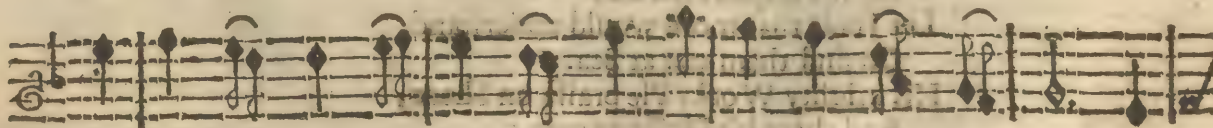
*The PERFECTION; a new Song to the Dutcheſs: Set to
 Muſic by Dr. John Blow.*



E all to conqu'ring Beauty bow, its plea-sing Pow'r ad-

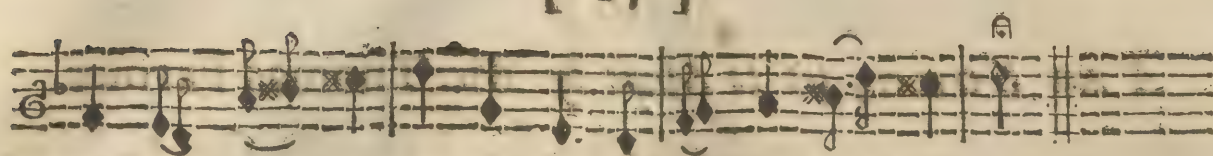


mire; but I ne're knew a Face 'till now, that like yours could inspire.

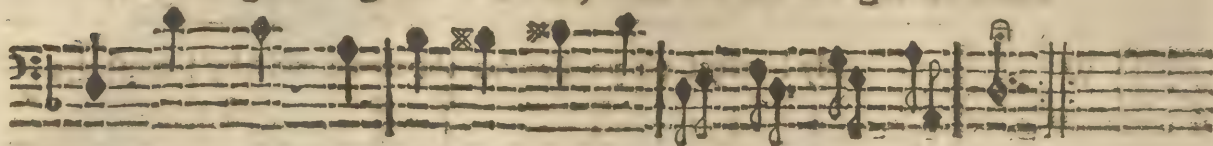


Now I may ſay, I met with one a-ma-zes all Mankind; and





like Men ga---zing on the Sun, with too much Light am blind.



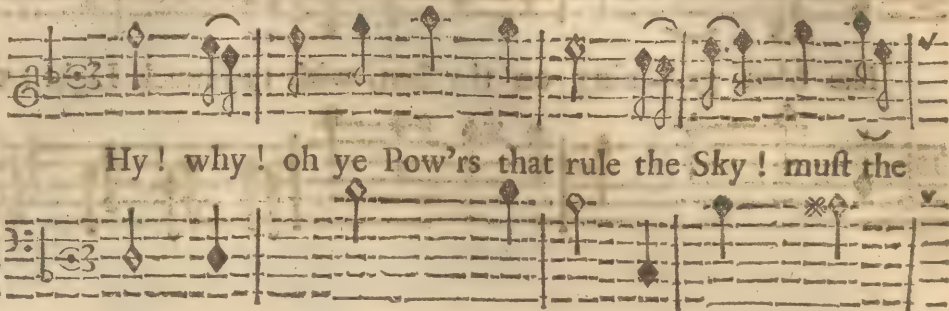
II.

Soft as the tender moving Sighs,
When longing Lovers meet ;
Like the divining Prophets wife,
And like blown Roses sweet :
Modest, yet gay ; reserv'd, yet free ;
Each happy Night a Bride ;
A Mein like awful Majesty,
And yet no spark of Pride.

III.

The Patriarch, to gain a Wife,
Chast, beautiful, and young,
Serv'd fourteen Years a painful Life,
And never thought 'em long.
Ah ! were you to reward such Care,
And Life so long could stay ;
Not fourteen, but four hundred Years,
Would seem but as one Day.

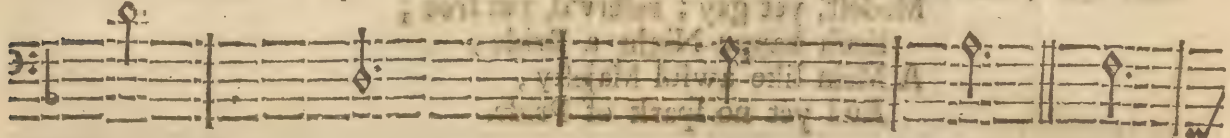
A new SONG; set to Music by Mr. Thomas Farmer.



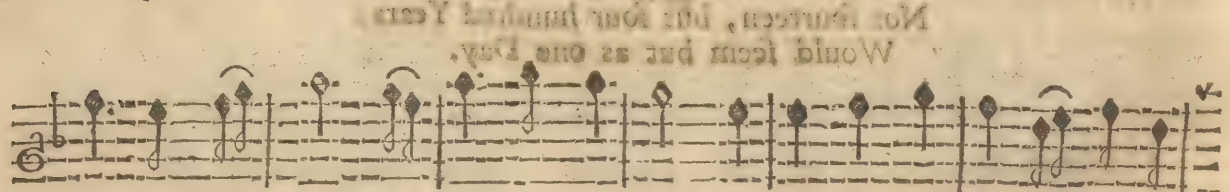
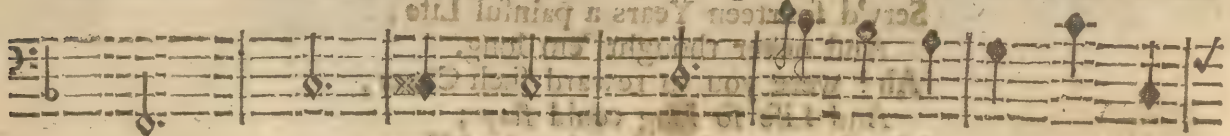
Hy! why! oh ye Pow'rs that rule the Sky! must the



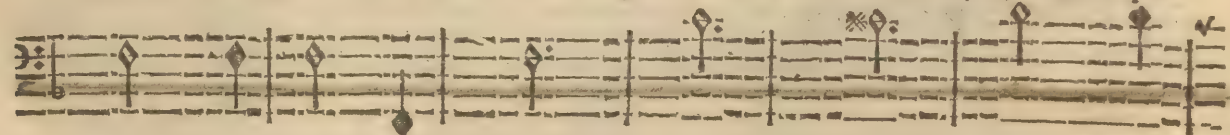
Love-sick *Damon* dye? When the Nymph is at ease, he admires; she that



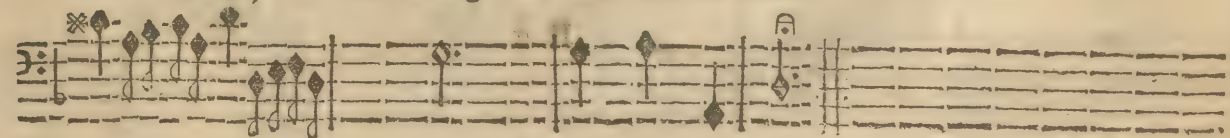
cau-ses my groaning, and kills with frowning, for Love her hard Heart could



ne-ver in-spire: Ah! leave me to pain, still since 'tis in vain, still to per-



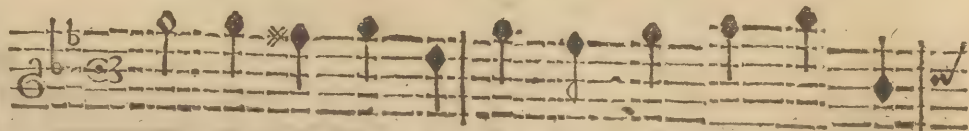
swade, or change the fair cru-el Maid.



II.

Down, down,
By a Brook I'll lay me down;
Where the Stream does sadly run,
Whose Waves my Tears shall still encrease;
Oh ye merciless Powers!
That talk of showers
Of Joys in Heaven poor Mortals possess!
Ah! if you would have me
Ever believe Joys after Death;
Give me her to strengthen my Faith.

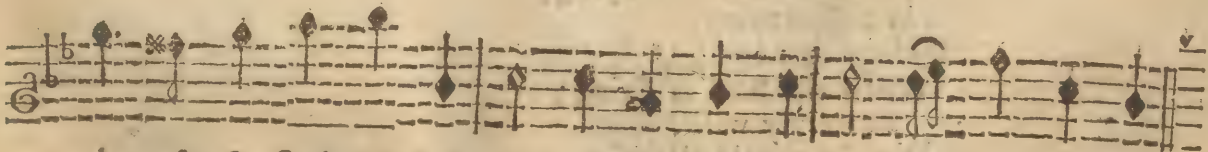
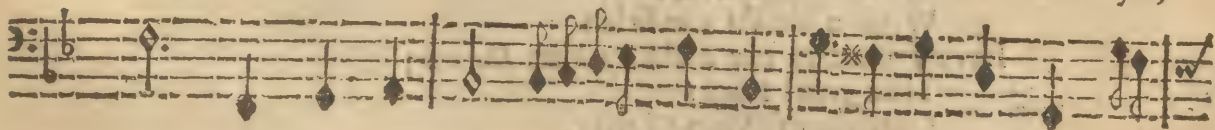
*The D I S T R U S T; a new Song set to Music by
Mr. John Lenton.*



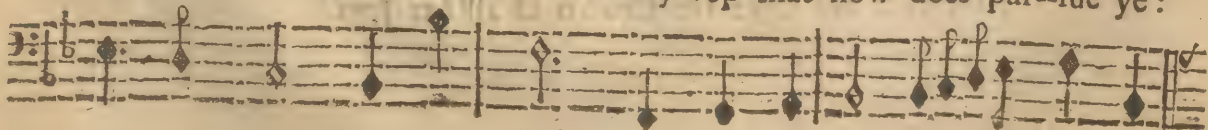
O, fil---ly Clo--ris! tell me no such Stories,

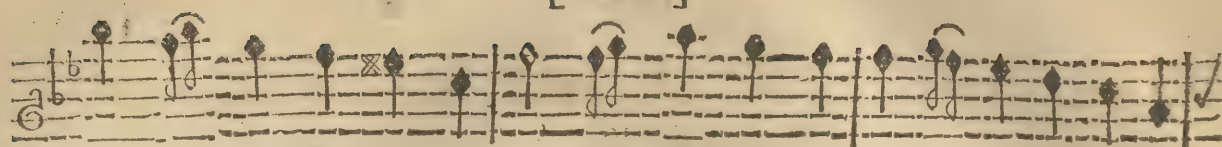


true gen'rous Love can ne---ver un---do ye; when I de---fert ye;

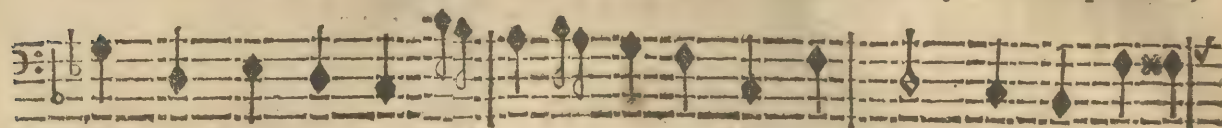


let af---fe--cted Vir--tue charm ev'--ry Fop that now does pur--sue ye:

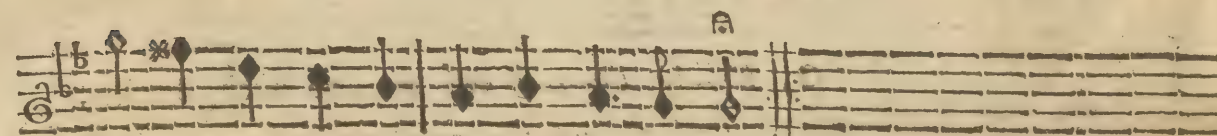
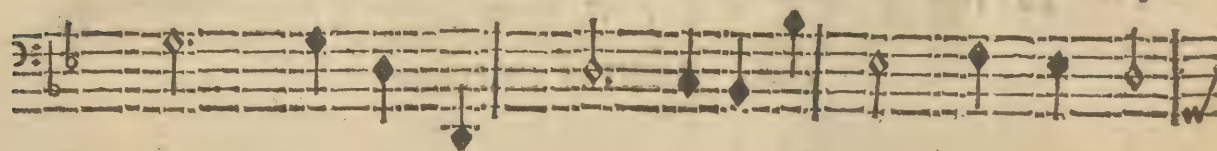




Search all hu-man Nature, try ev'---ry Creature, stu-dy all Complexions,



ev'-ry Face and Feature; and when e're I dye, you'l too late de---scry



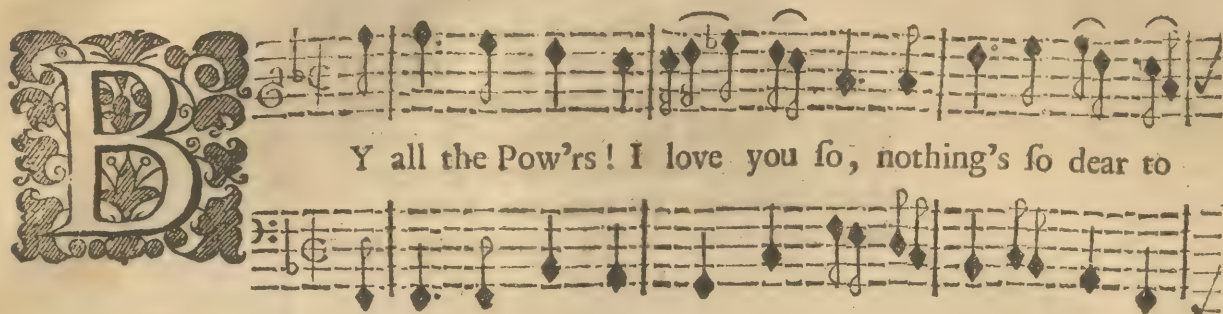
none e-ver yet did love so well as I.



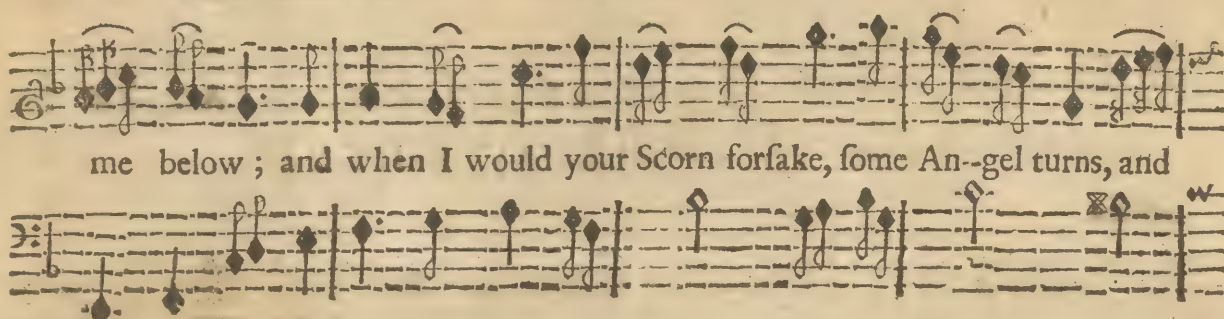
II.

Curse on *Ambition*,
 What a bless'd condition
 Lovers were in not aw'd by that *Demon*;
 Then cruel *Cloris*!
 Careless of Vain-Glories,
 Would reap more Bliss than Pride e're could dream on:
 We should have no dying,
 No Self-denying,
 Sighings or Repulses,
 When the Soul is flying;
 But truly wise,
 Dirt she would despise,
 And own her Love the Crown of all her Joys.

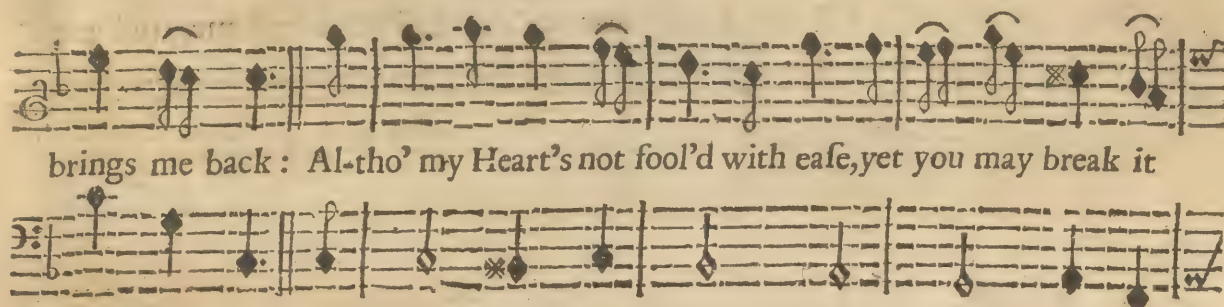
The PASSION; set to Music by Mr. Samuel Akeroyd.



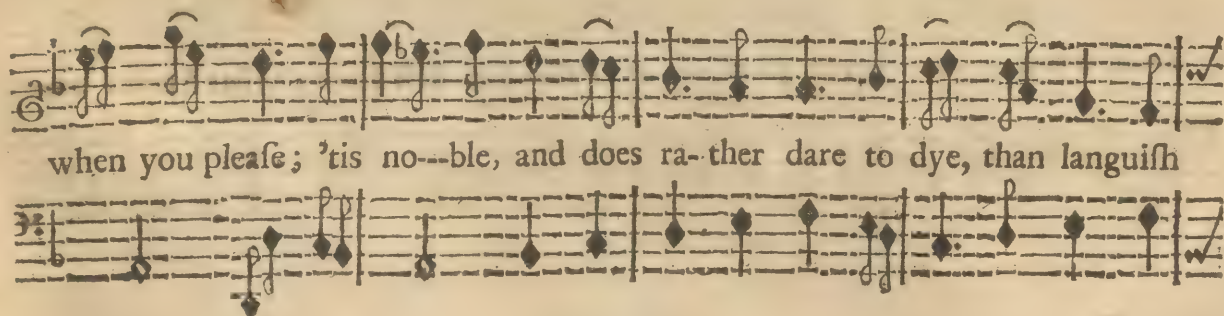
B Y all the Pow'rs! I love you so, nothing's so dear to



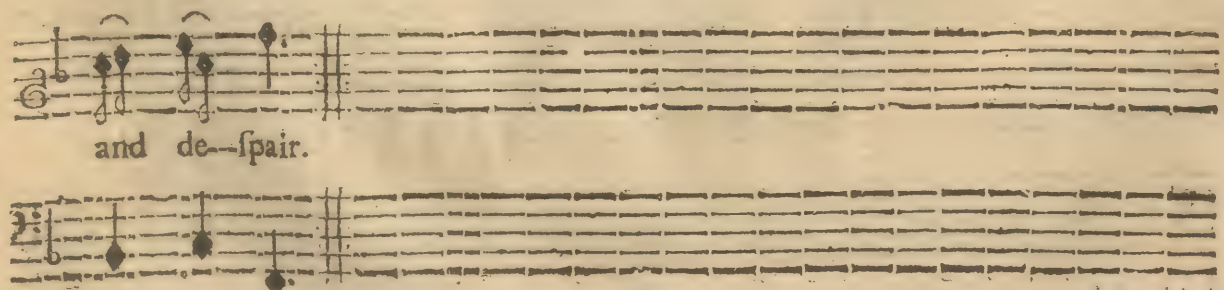
me below; and when I would your Scorn forsake, some An-gel turns, and



brings me back: Al-tho' my Heart's not fool'd with ease, yet you may break it



when you please; 'tis no--ble, and does ra-ther dare to dye, than languish



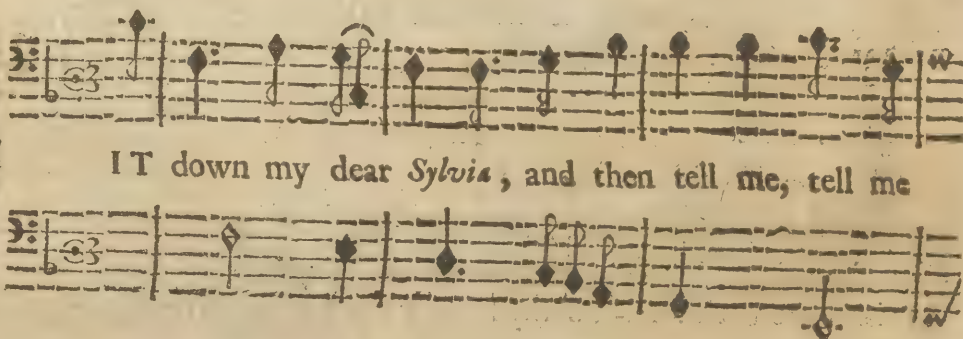
and de--spair.

II.

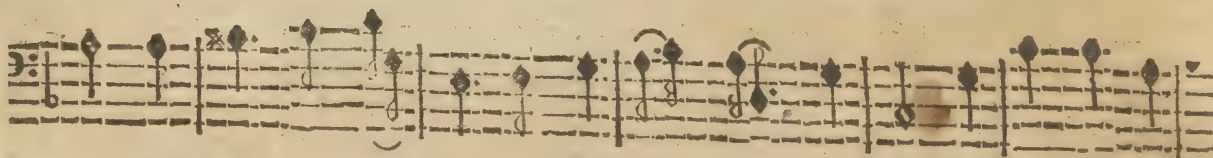
Ah! tell me not that Men deceive;
 But if you'd be believ'd, believe;
 My Heart, like Tapers, shut in Urns,
 Whilst Love gives Matter ever burns:
 Since kindness has resistless Charms,
 And Beauty, wanting Youth, decays;
 Make hast, and fly into my Arms,
 And crown my blest'd remaining Days.

*A Dialogue betwixt ALEXIS and SYLVIA: Set to
 Music by Mr. Henry Purcell.*

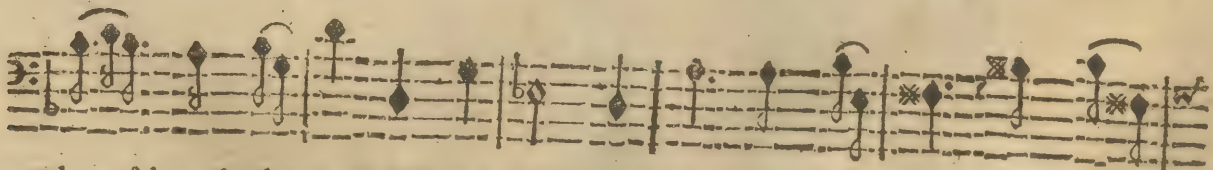
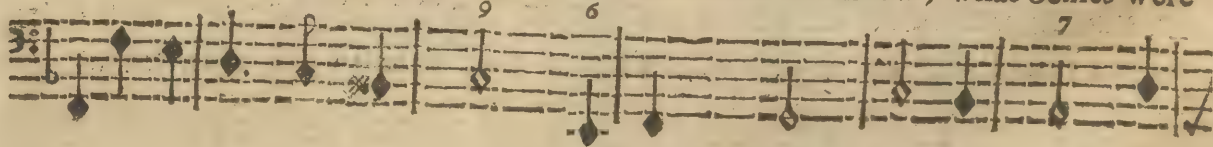
Alexis.



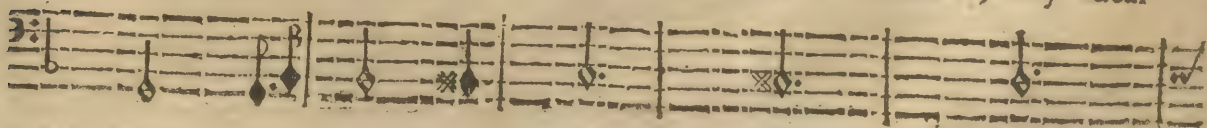
IT down my dear *Sylvia*, and then tell me, tell me

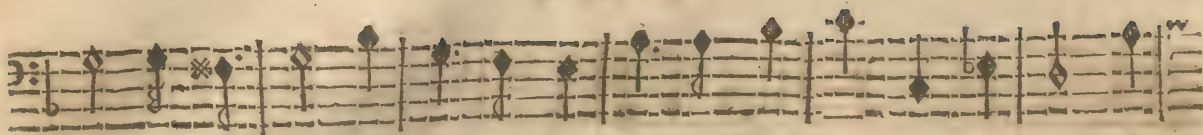


true, when we the fierce pleasure of Pas--sion first knew; what Senses were

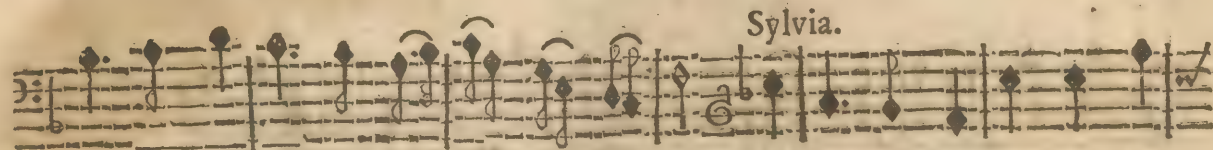


charm'd, and what Raptures did dwell with--in thy fond Heart, my dear



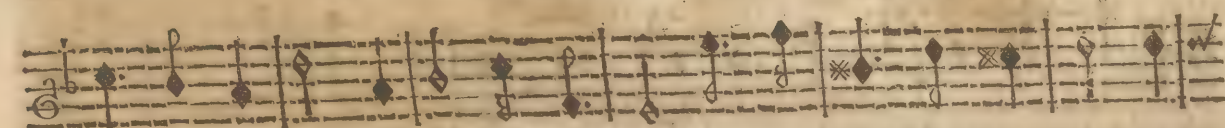
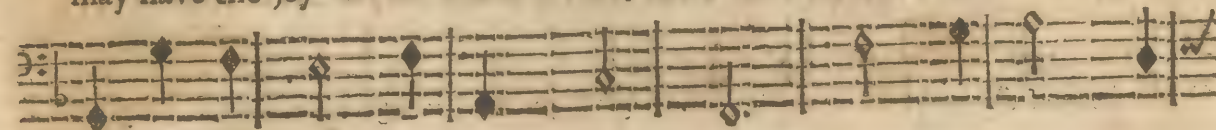


Nymph ! prethee tell ! That when thy Delights in their ful--ness are known, I

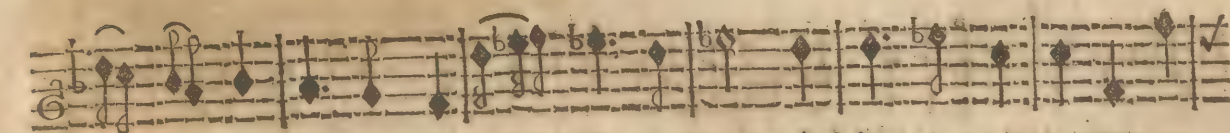
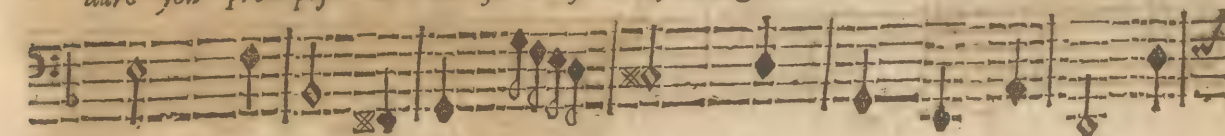


Sylvia.

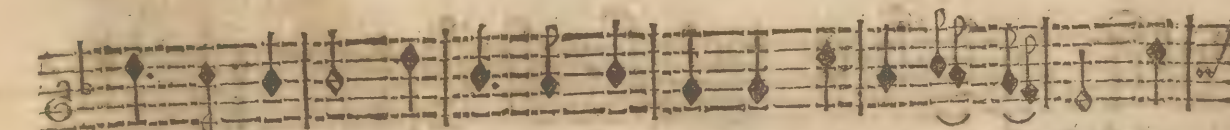
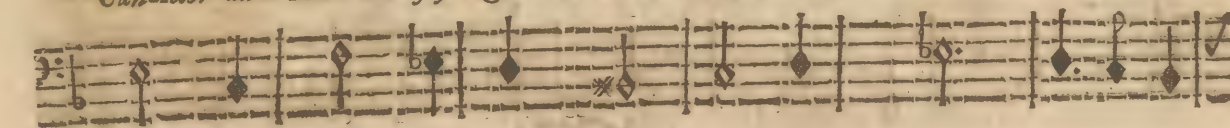
may have the joy to re--late all my own. *Oh fye, my A--lex--is ! how*



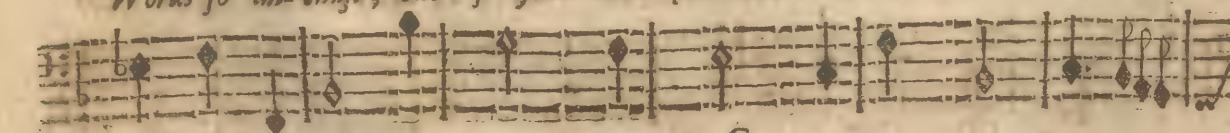
dare you pro--pose to me fil--ly Girl, things im--mo--dest as those ! Nice

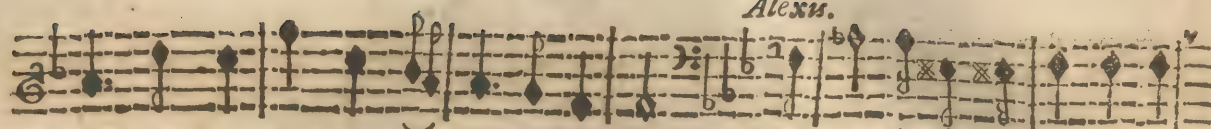
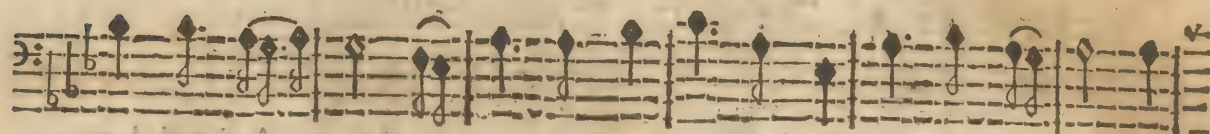
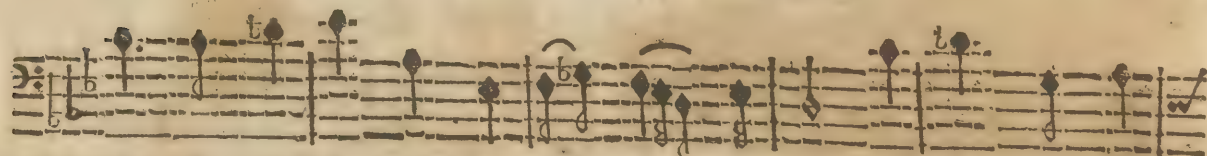
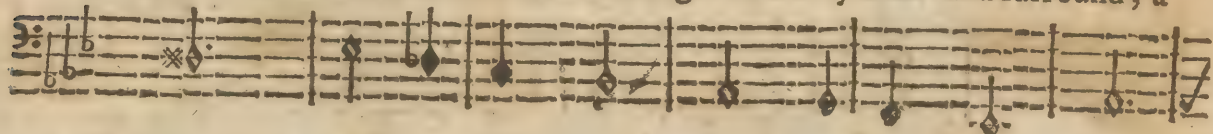
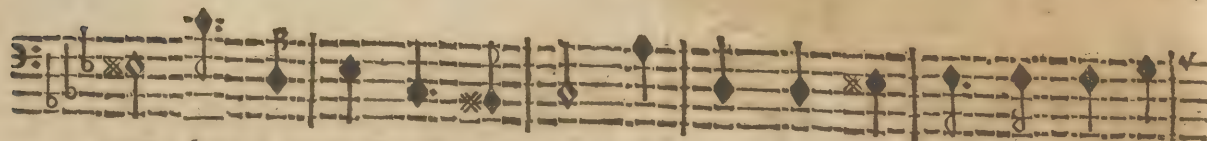
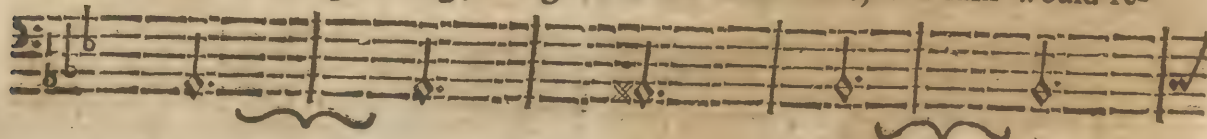
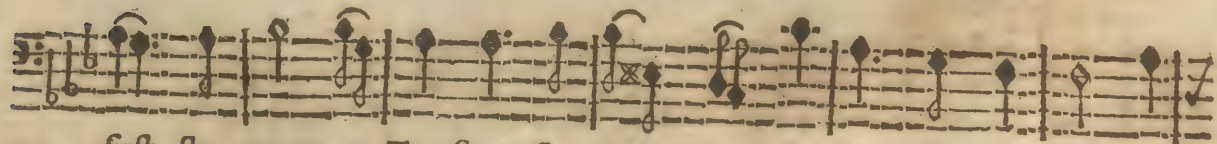
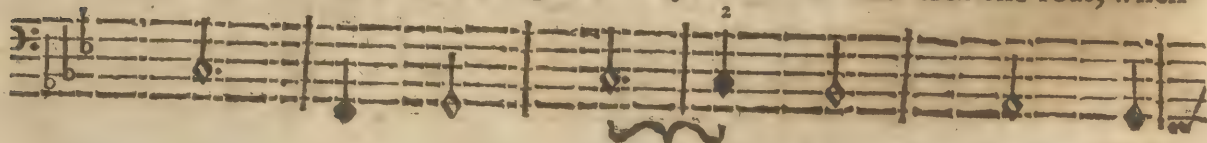
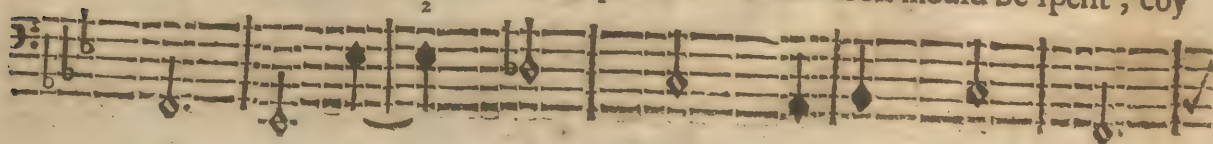


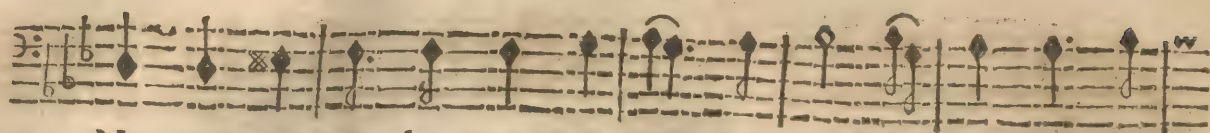
Can--dor and Mo--de--sty glow in my Breast, whose Ver--tue can ut--ter no



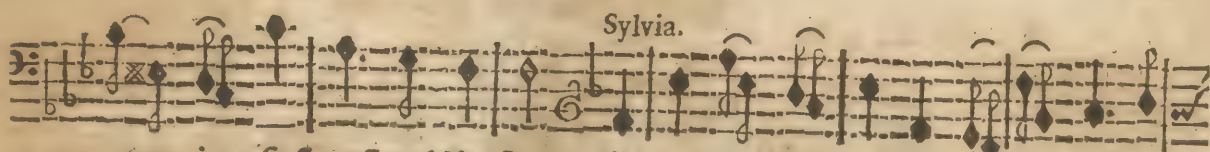
Words so un--chast ; but if your im--pe--tience ad--mits no de--lay, de--



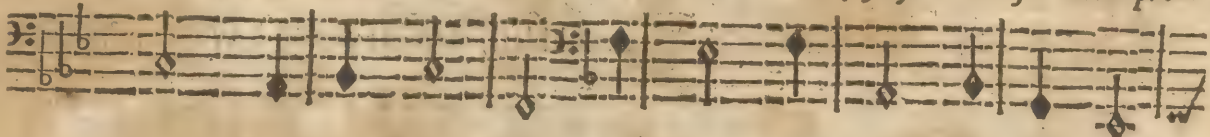
Alexis.*scribe your own Raptures, and teach me the way.**A Pain mix'd with Pleasure my**Sen--ses first found, when crowds of Delight strait my Heart did surround ; a**Joy so transf--por--ting, I figh'd when 'twas done, and fain would re--**new, but a--las ! all was gone : Coy Na--ture was trea--che--rous, when**first she meant a Treasure so pre--cious so soon should be spent ; coy*



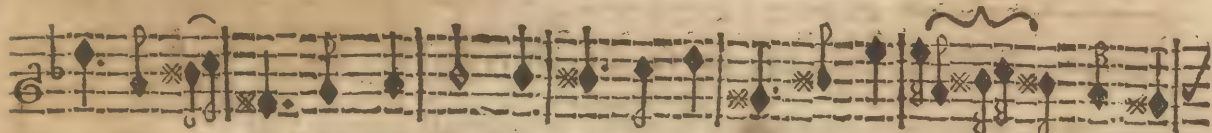
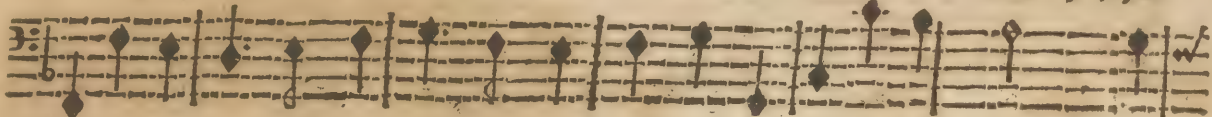
Na--ture was trea-che-rous, when first she meant a Trea--sure so



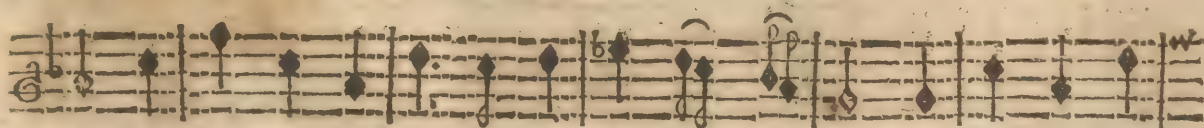
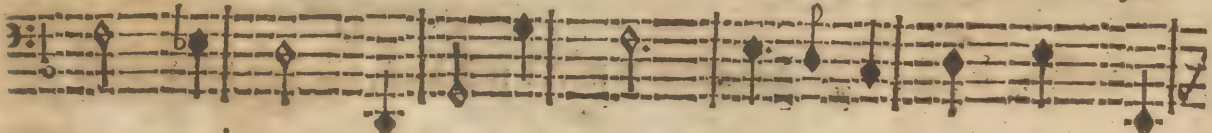
pre-cious so soon should be spent. *This free kind Con-fes-sion does so much pre-*



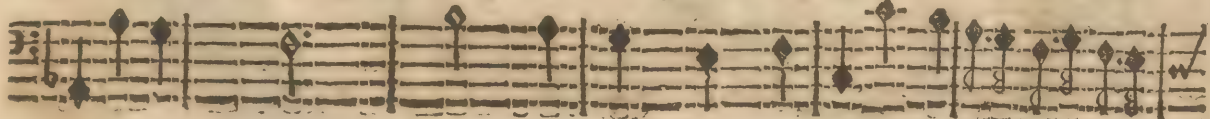
vail, that I in your Bo-som would blush out my Tale; but Dea-rest, you



know 'tis too much to de-clare the Joys that our Souls, when u-ni--ted, do

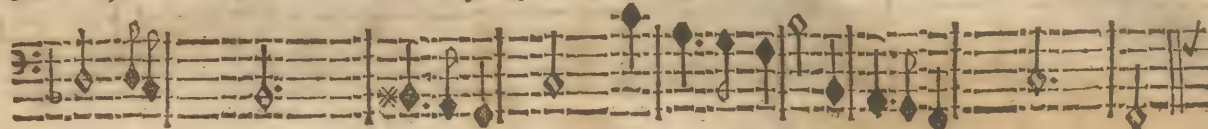


share. Let this then suf-fice, if the Plea-sure could last, a Saint would leave





Heav'n, a Saint would leave Heav'n still so to be blest, still so, so, so to be blest.



CHORUS:



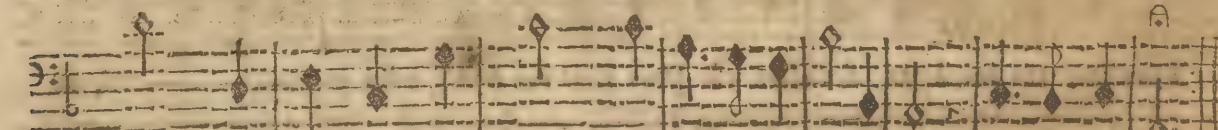
LET this then suffice, if the Pleasure could last, a Saint would leave Heav'n, a



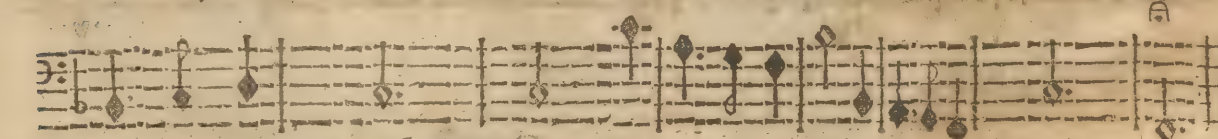
LET this then suffice, if the Pleasure could last, a Saint would leave



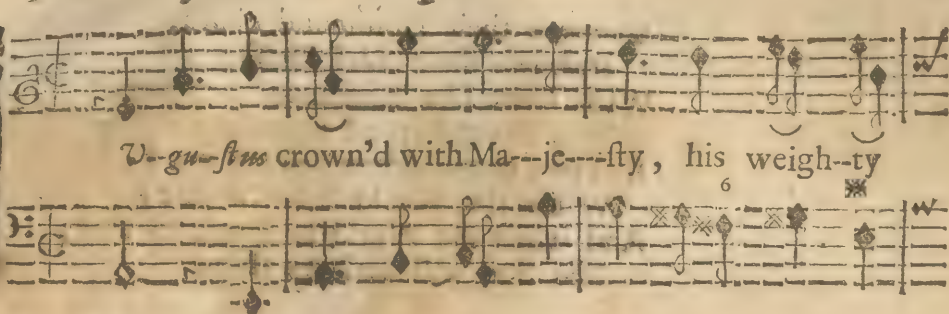
Saint would leave Heav'n still so to be blest, still so, so, so to be blest.



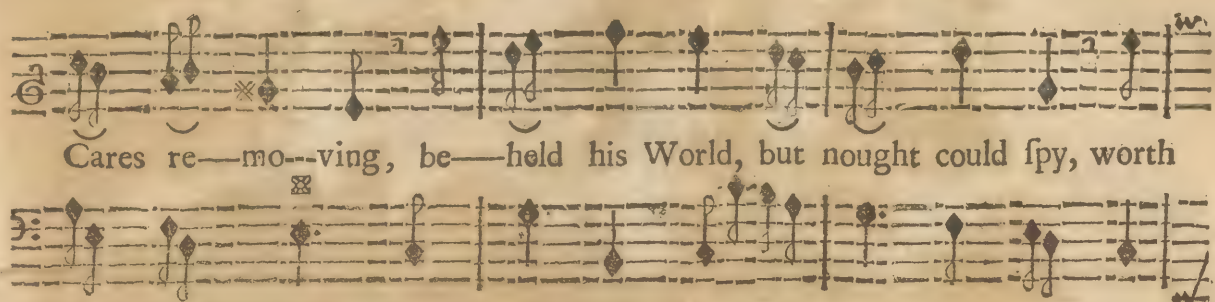
Heav'n, a Saint would leave Heav'n still so to be blest, still so, so to be blest.



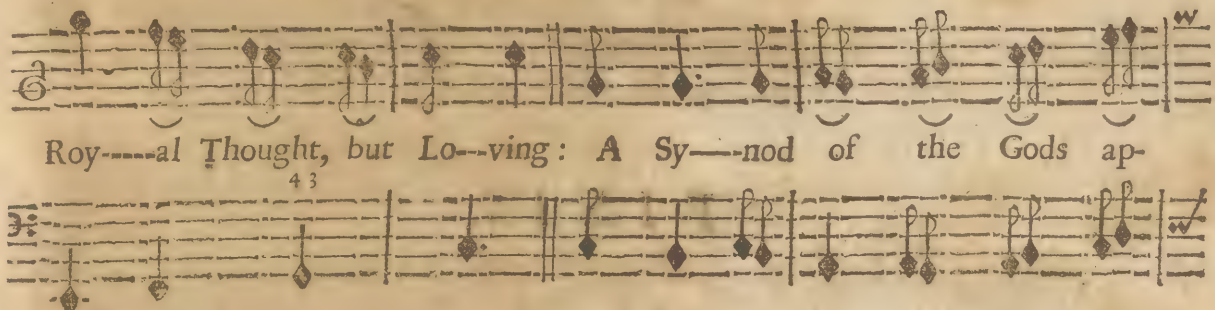
On AUGUSTUS and SOPHRONIA; set to Music
by Senior Baptist.



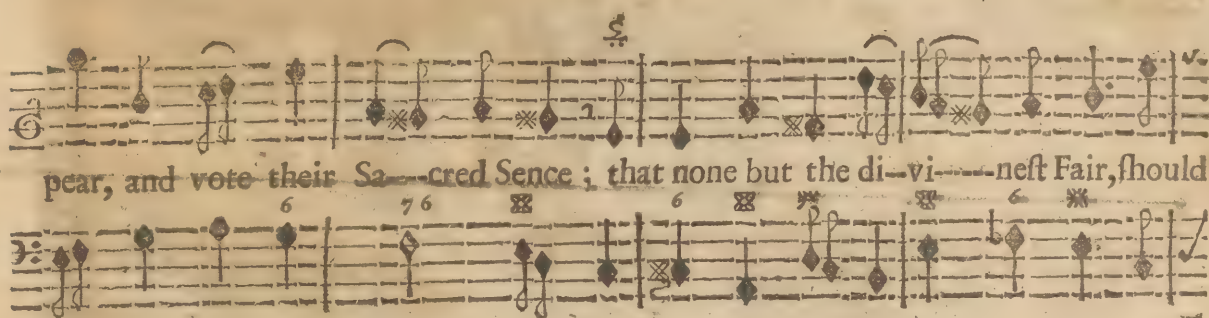
V-gu-stus crown'd with Ma--je--sty, his weigh-ty



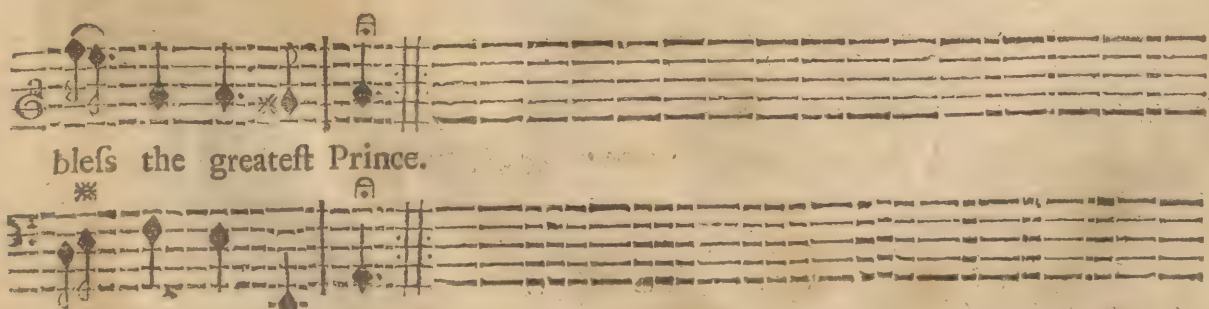
Cares re--mo--ving, be--held his World, but nought could spy, worth



Roy--al Thought, but Lo--ving: A Sy--nod of the Gods ap-



pear, and vote their Sa--cred Sence; that none but the di--vi--nest Fair, should



bles the greatest Prince.

II.

Sophronia their Command obeys,
Sophronia their chief Blessing;
With Dove-like Innocence, her Face
Was sweet beyond expressing:
A Time commanding Beauty must,
While the World lasts, be fine;
And when the World is shook to dust,
The Sun will cease to shine.

FINIS.

REMEDIIUM MELANCHOLIAE,
OR, THE
Remedy of Melancholy.
BEING A
CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
NEW SONGS:

WITH A

Thorow-Bass for the Harpsichord, Theorbo, or Bass-Viol.

Composed by *John Wolfgang Franck.*

THE FIRST BOOK.



L O N D O N,

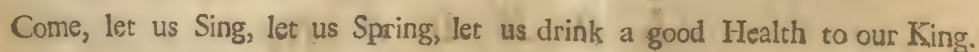
Printed by *J. Heptinstall*, and are to be sold by the Author, living
at *Mr. Bond's* a Barber in *Lothbury*. 1690.

тсма 446

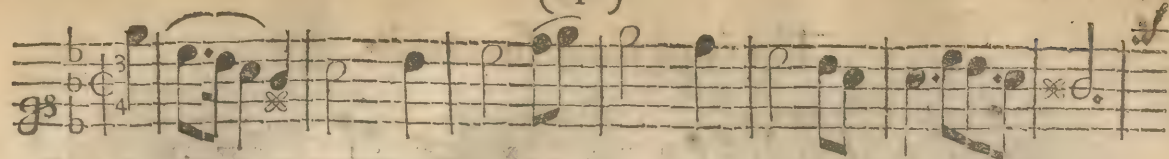
1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

In Page 9. read the third *Stanza* thus :

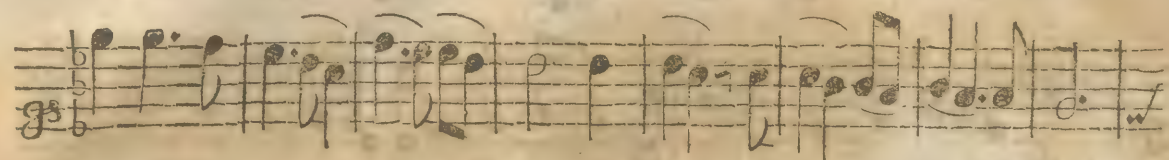
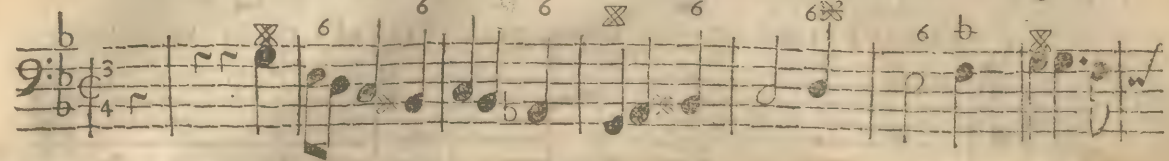
A C. for 12 Voices.



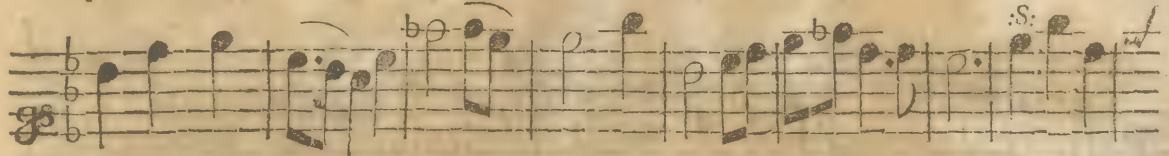
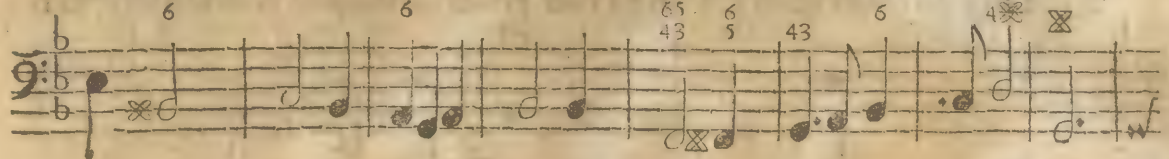
(1)



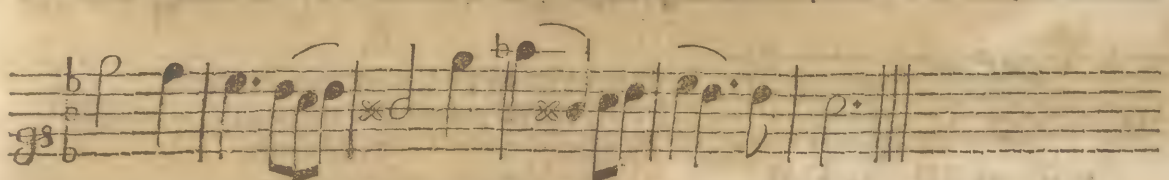
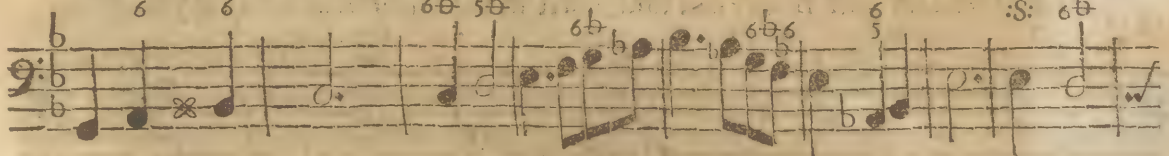
E - vad - ne, I must tell you so, you are too Cru - el grown,



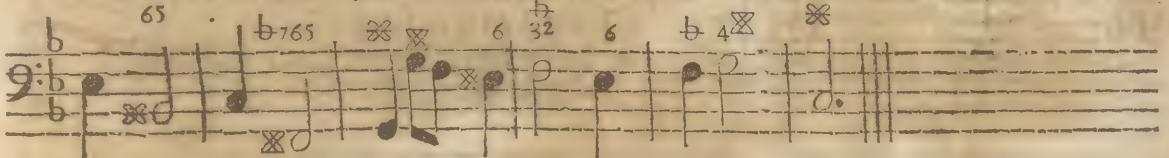
no smiles, nor pi - ty you be - stow; but Death but Death in e - v'ry frown,



my love, though Chast and Constant to, yet no re - - lief can find, curst be the



Slave that's false to you, though you are still un - - kind.



2.

Were you as merciful as fair,
My wishes wou'd obtain;
But love I must tho' I despair,
And perish in the pain,
If in an Age I can prevail,
I happy then shall be,
And cou'd I live, I wou'd not fail,
To wait Eternally.

B

The same Song Inverted.

E - Vadne I must let you know, your Cru - el - ty is vain, for

if you will no smiles bestow, I scorn your proud disdain, and since my love, tho'

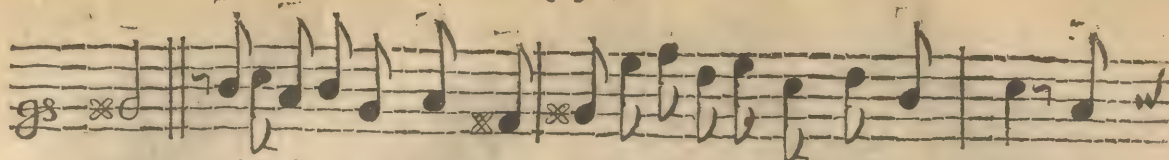
pure and true, no just re - lief can find, curst be that fool shall dote on you, when

you are still un - kind.

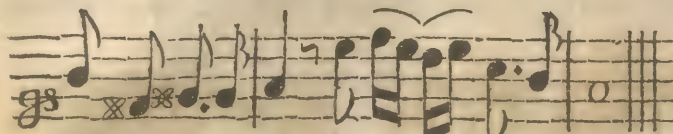
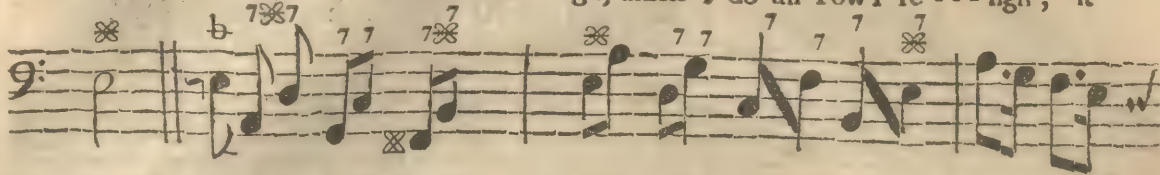
II.
 Were you as gentle as you are Fair,
 I'd strive your Love to gain,
 But I can never Court Despair,
 Nor cherish needless pain.
 If in a Week I cou'd prevail,
 Then I might happy be,
 But Love and Patience both will fail,
 To wait Eternally.

Soft

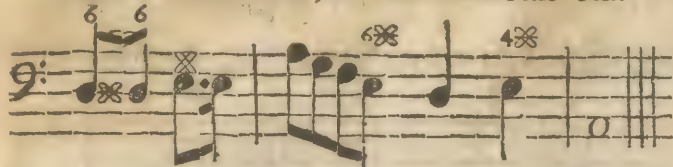
THE Heart you left when you took mine, proves such a bu - fie Guest, a bu - fie



Guest , unless I do all Pow'r re - - sign, unless I do all Pow'r re - - sign , it

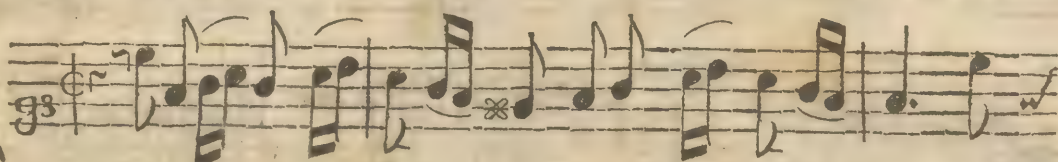


will not let me rest , it will not let me rest.



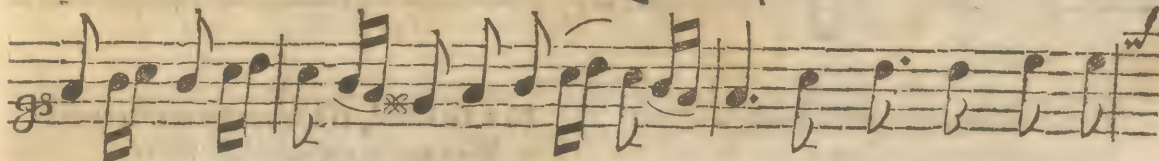
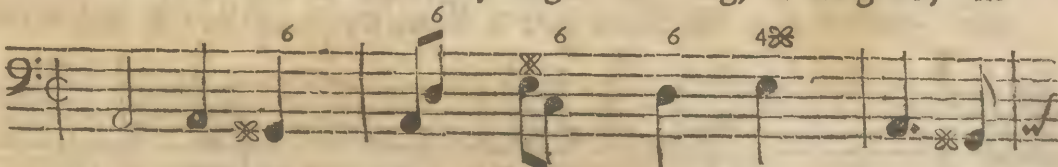
II.

Is my whole Family disturbs,
Turns all my Thoughts away,
My stoutest Resolution curbs,
Makes Judgment to obey:
If Reason interpose her pow'r,
Alas ! so weak she is,
She's check'd with one small soft Amour,
And conquer'd with a Kiss.

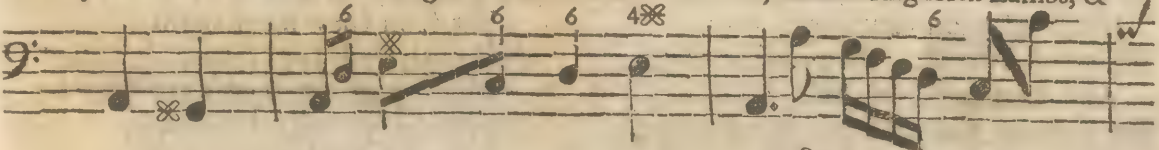


T

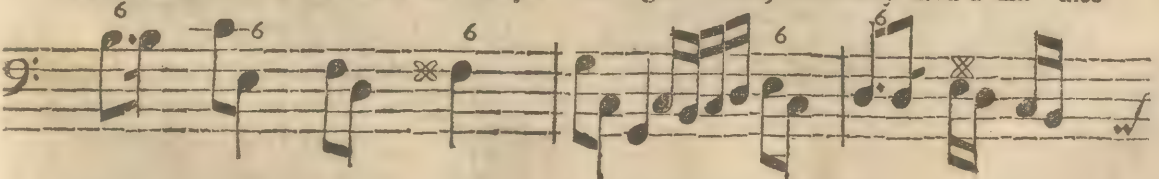
Ush never tell me I'm too young for lo - ving, or too green, She



stays at least Ten Year too long that's Wedded at Four-teen, Lambs bring forth Lambs, &

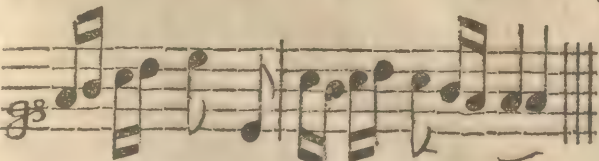


Doves bring Doves as soon as they'r be - got - - ten , then why shou'd La - dies



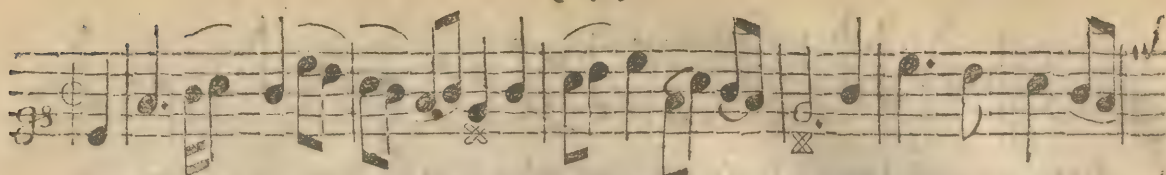
II.

Gray Hairs are fitter for the Grave,
Then for the Bridal Bed ;
What pleasure can a Lover have
In a wither'd Maidenhead ?
Nature's exalted in our time,
And what our Grandams then
At four and twenty scarce cou'd climb
We can arrive at Ten.

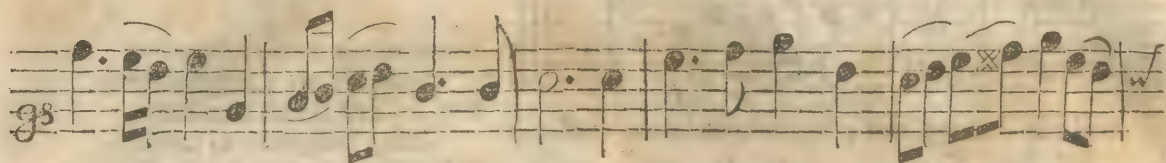
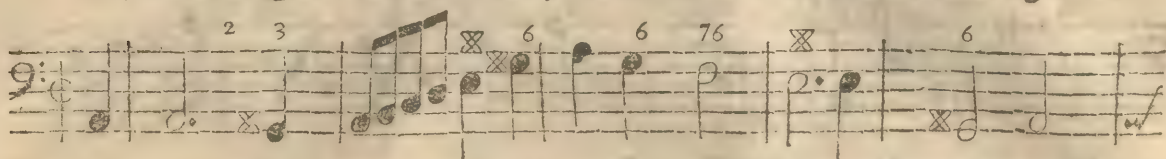


lin - ger Loves, as if not ripe till rotten.

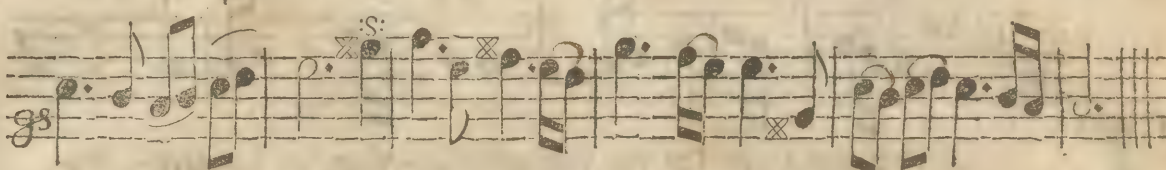
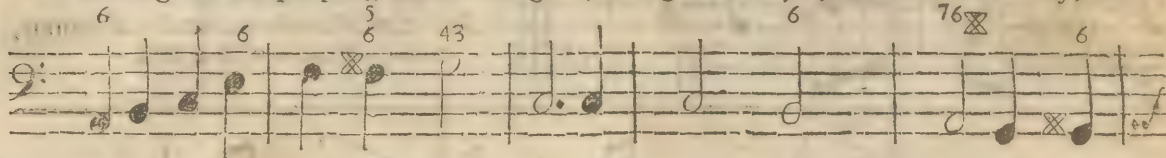




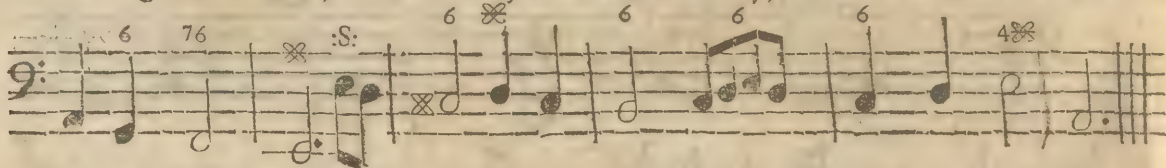
A - stel - la bright I saw her sit, be - yond the Ri - ver side, her Beauties light ad



dorning it with purpling streams did glide, she sigh and cry'd, make hast a - way, then

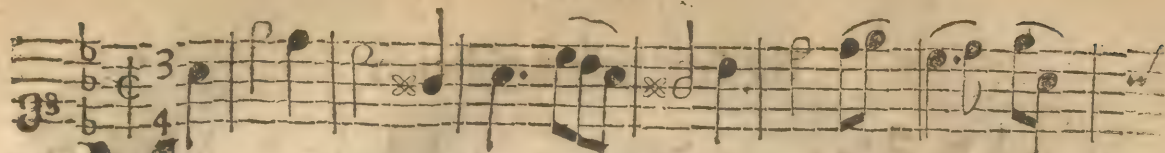


morning blushes Rose, I'de sooner try'd if known she lay, and then a smile did close.

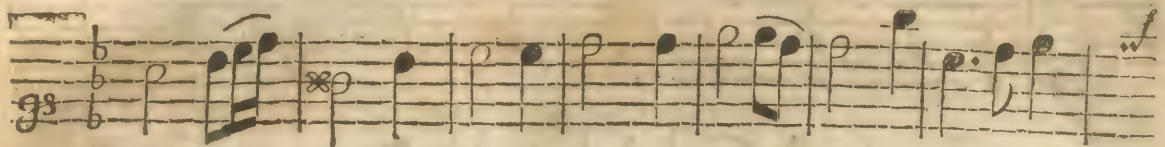


2.
A Shepherd straight his Crook laid by,
And kindly did resort ;
No long debate he need to try,
But soon began the Sport,
Till tyr'd with bliss, they gave it o're,
And then to Kissing fall;
She sigh'd at this, and crav'd for more,
Still, still for more did call.

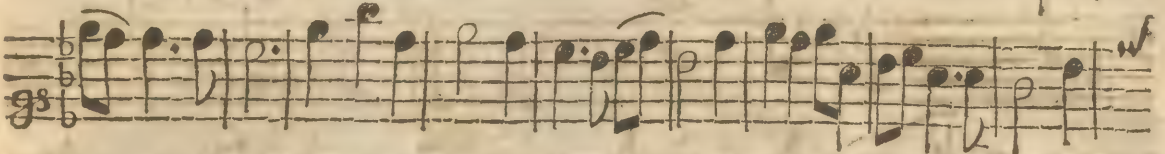
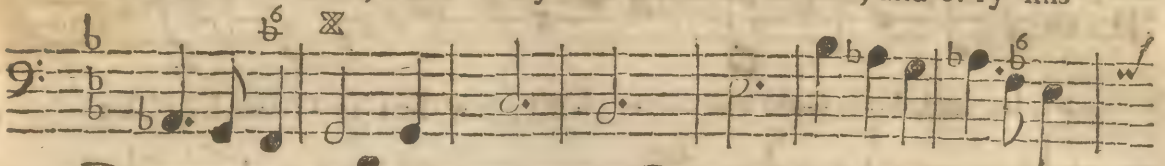
3.
Not satisfied, till loves sweet stream
Was quite exhausted, then
Forc'd to divide from loves sweet dream
But soon they meet again ;
And with fresh Joys renew the bliss,
Whilst pleasing shades are spread ;
So love decoys with happiness,
To win a Maidenhead.



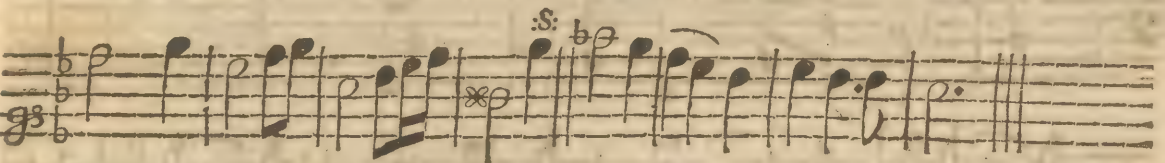
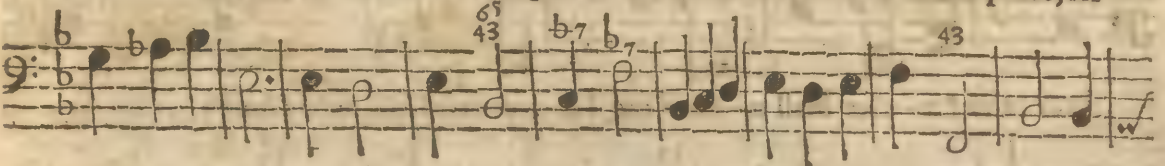
MY dearest sweet lye down by----- me with thine en--- a ---- mel'd



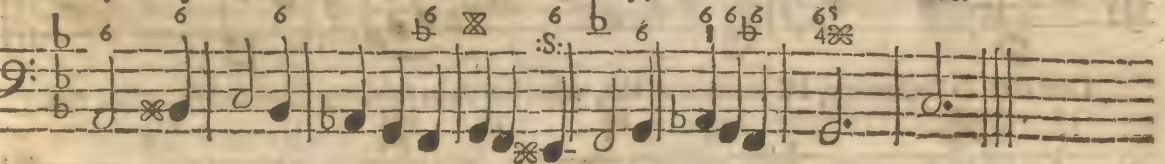
Cheek to---- mine, while I my Soul breath in--to thee, and ev'ry kiss



re- turns me thine, our Bodies we'll in plea-sures lull and active dal - li - ances prove, for



why ? thy Face is not more full of Beauty, than I am — of Love.



II.

My willing Arms and Thighs shall clip,
And Ivy-like thy Limbs entwine,
When from thy Balsam Mouth I'll sip
A sure restoring Medicine.
And in the respits of our sport,
Thou shalt be Pearl, they Diamond Eye,
'Cause Nature made her sweet so short,
And shame me to a fresh supply.

III.

My busie Hand and Lips shall rove
O're all the sweets thy Beauties were,
And in thy Honey-suckle Grove
I'll distil what I gather'd there.

They bold and thy provoking touch,
Shall Loves Alembick so apply,
And shew, thy Chymick skill is such,
That I must melt in Love and dye.

IV.

And being thus bereft of breath,
Lovers still at my Tomb appear,
Wishing themselves no worse a Death,
Nor better Life than I had here:
Ladies shall sighing drop a tear,
As with pure love and pity mov'd,
That such a constant Servant here
Should dye because he over-lov'd.

The Prodigal's Resolution.

I am a lu- sty lively Lad, ar - riv'd at one and twenty, my Father left me
all he had, both Gold and Silver plenty, now he's in Grave, I will be
brave the La - dies shall a - dore me, I'll court and kifs, what hurt's in this, my
Dad did so before me, I'll court and kifs, what hurt's in this, my Dad did so before me.

II.

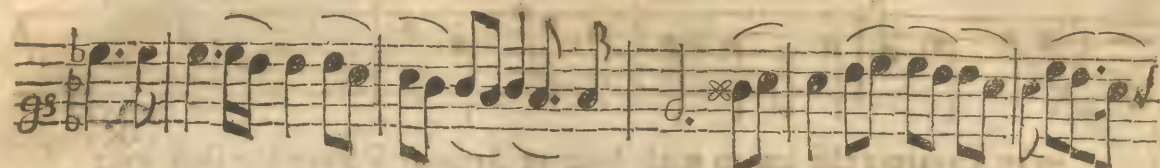
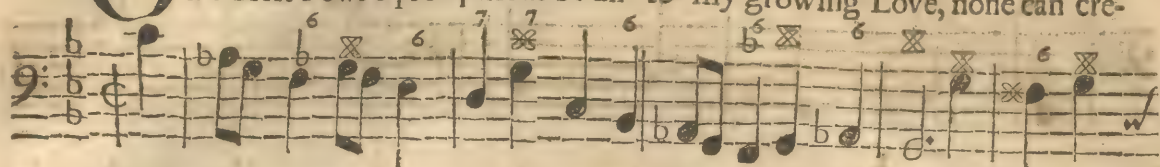
My Father to get my Estate,
Though selfish, yet was slavish;
I'll spend it another rate,
And be as lewdly lavish.
From Madmen, Fools and Knaves he did
Litigiously receive it;
If so he did, Justice forbid
But I to such should leave it.

III.

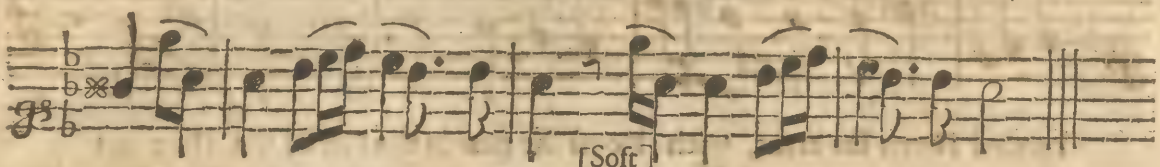
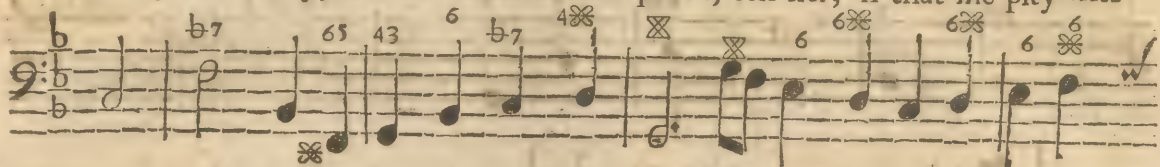
Then I'll to Court, where Venus Sport
Doth revel it in plenty;
And deal with all, both great and small,
From twelve to five and twenty.
In Playhouses I'll spend my Days,
For there are store of Misses;
Ladies make room, behold I come,
To purchase many Kisses.



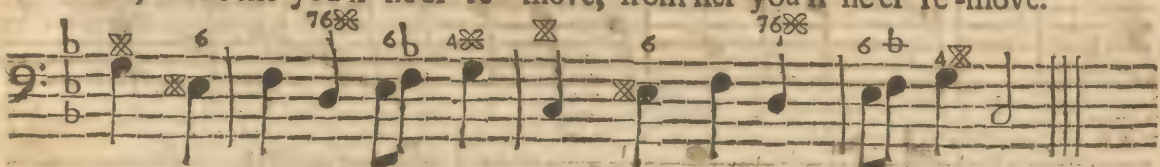
O Ye blest Pow'r's pro--pitious be un--to my growing Love, none can cre-



ate my Mi--se--ry, if Cloe but con--stant prove, tell her, if that she pity-----



me, from her you'll ne'er re--move, from her you'll ne'er re-move.



II.

Each breeze of Air my Groans shall bear
Unto her gentle Breast;
Silently whisp'ring in her Ear,
I never can be blest,
If she refuse to be my Dear,
I never can have rest.

III.

Ye Groves, that hear each day my grief,
Bear witness of my pain;
Tell her, I dye, if no relief
I from her pow'r can gain.

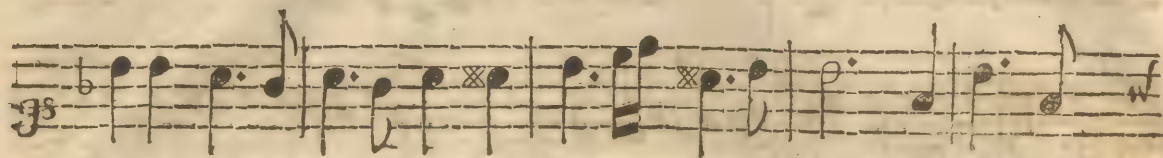
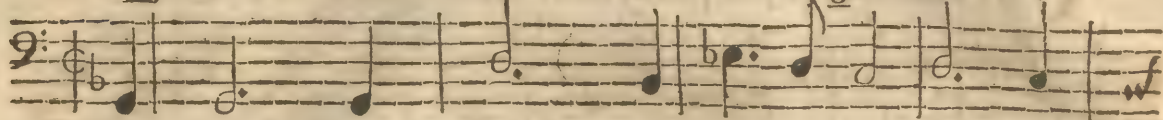
Tell her, ah tell that pretty Thief,
I dye through her disdain.

IV.

Likely she may with piteous Eyes,
When dead, my Hearse survey;
And when my Soul 'mongst Deities
Doth melt in sweets away;
Then may she curse those Victories,
That did my Heart betray.



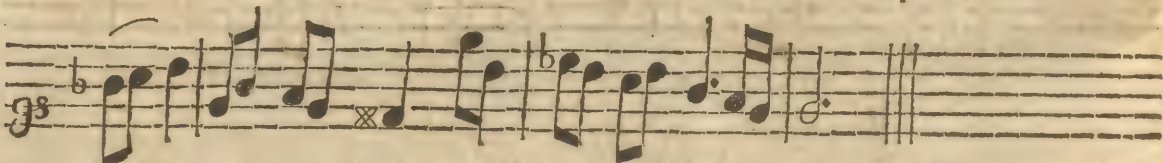
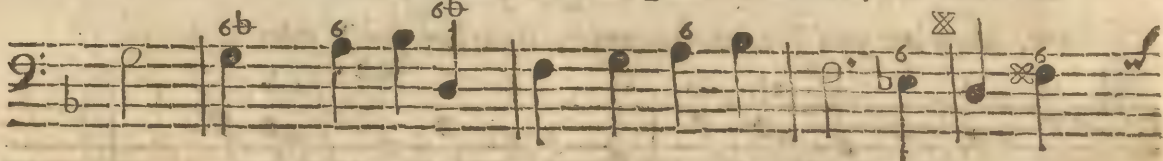
I wonder why Dame Nature thus her various Gifts dispences; she



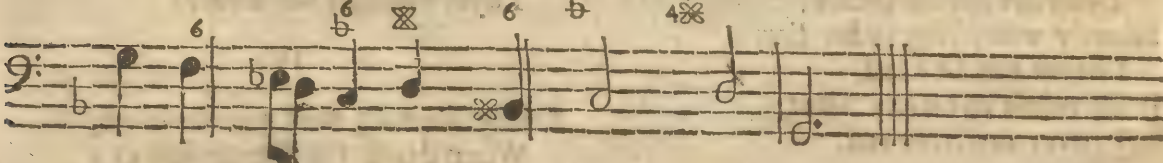
ev'ry Creature else but us with Arms or Armour fences: the Bull with



bended Horns she arms, with Hoofs she guards the Horse, the Hare can



nimbly run from harms, all know the Lyons force.



II. How in storm she doth

III.

The Bird can danger fly on's Wing,
The Fish with Fins adorns;
The Cuckold too that harmless thing,
His patience guards and's Horns:
And Men she valiant makes and wise,
To thun or baffle harms;
But to poor Women she denies
Armour to give, or Arms.

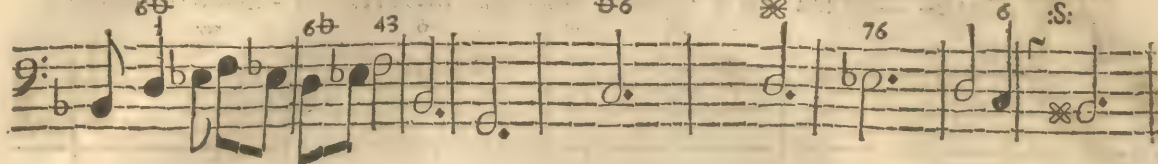
Instead of all, she this does doe,
Our Beauty she bestows,
Which serves for Arms and Armour too,
'Gainst all our pow'full Foes.
And 'tis no matter, so she doth,
Still beauteous Faces yield,
We'll conquer Sword and Fire, for both
To Beauty leave the Field.



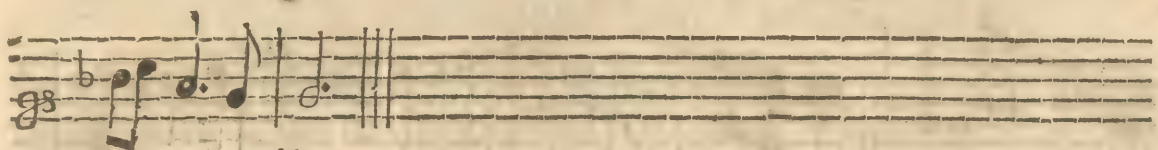
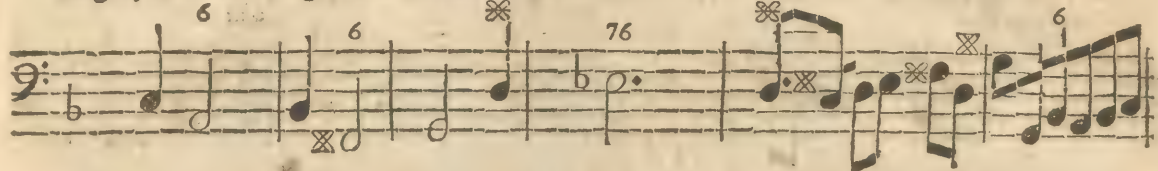
HE that marries—a Girl, —a Girl that's fair, if he be a Cuckold a
Cuc, Cuc, Cuc, Cuc, Cuc, —Cuckold, a Cuck, Cuck, Cuck, Cuck, Cuckold, he
needs not despair — he needs not despair, — He may go to Heaven
without a Prayer, for the Sins of his Wife shall fave — him, shall
fave — him, shall fave — him. — But he that
marres an ug — ly Whore, runs ev'ry ev'ry day in the Devils Score, run ev'ry ev'ry



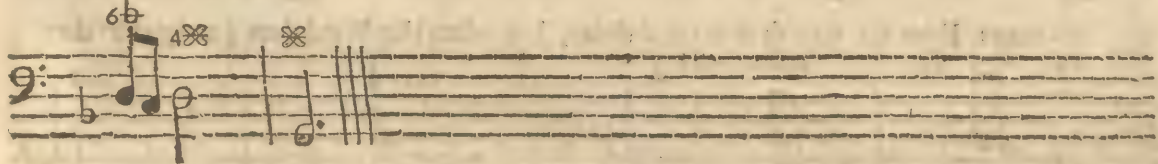
Day in the Devils in the Devils score, --has a--- Hell up---on Earth, and a--no-ther in Store, ---and at



length, and at length the Devil will have



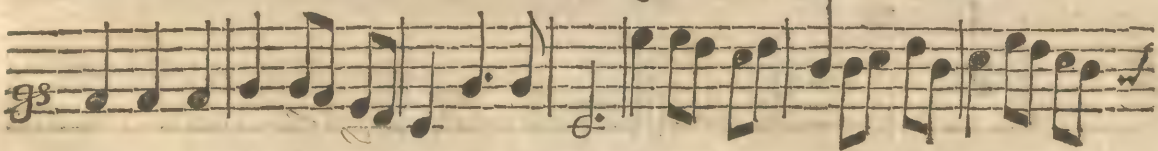
him.



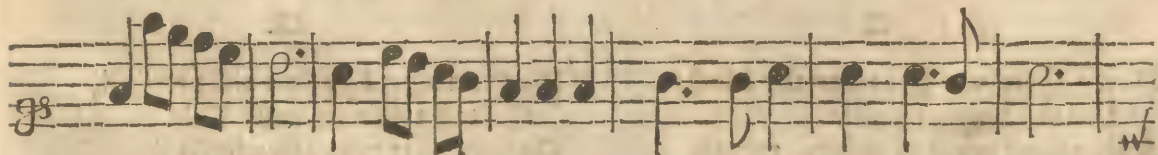
C A T C H.



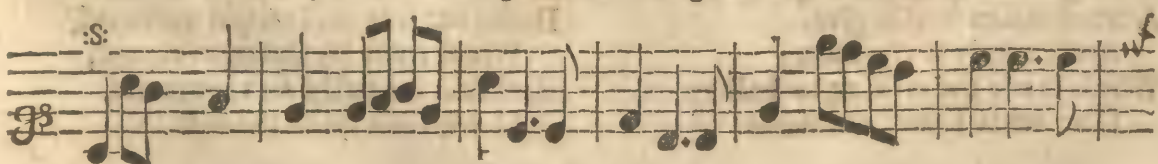
C Ome let us drink, let us love, while we have a -- ny breath, there's nei--ther



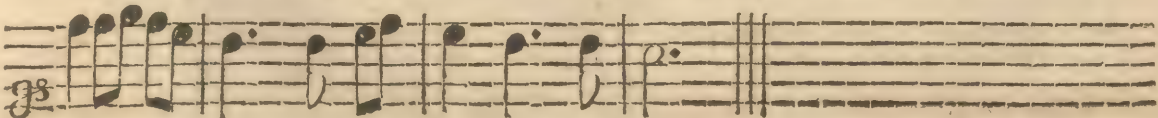
drinking, nor pleasure, nor love af-ter death: Ev'--ry one take a full Glas of good



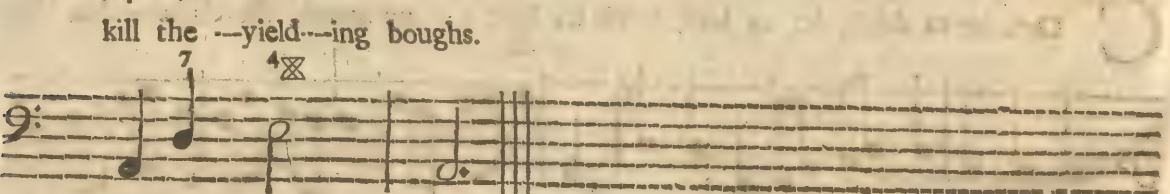
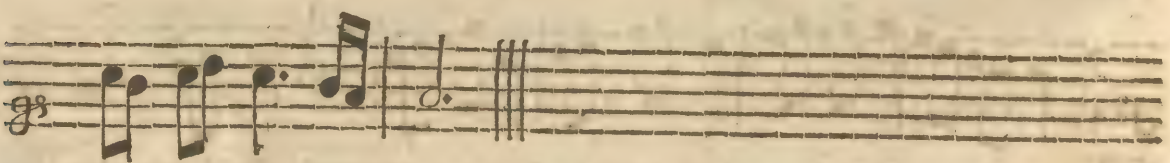
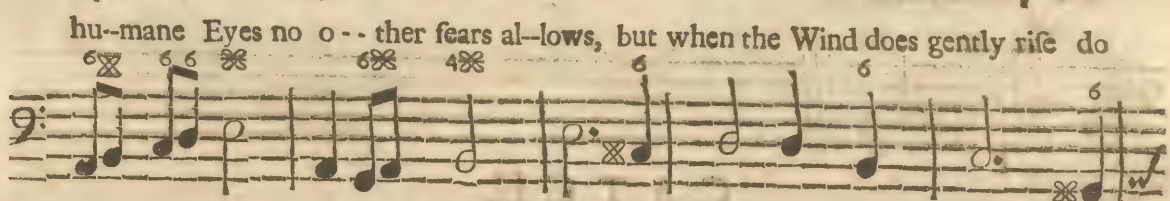
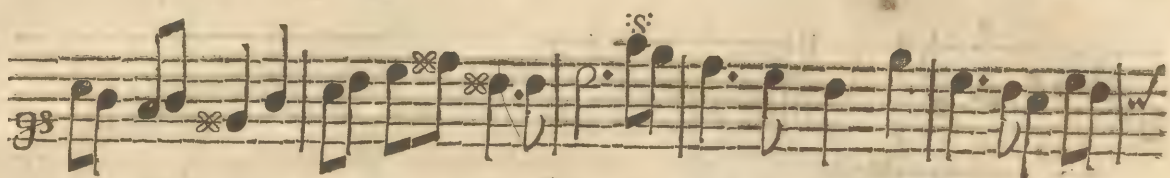
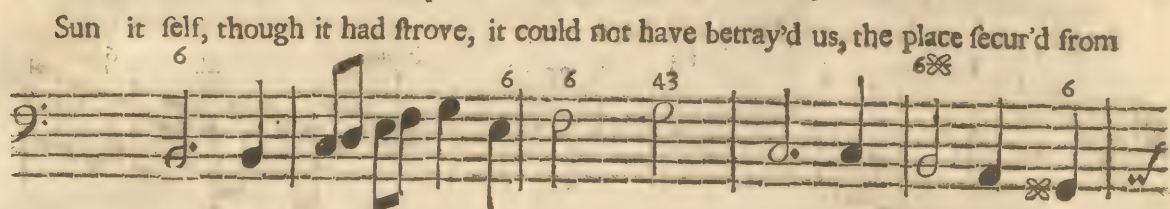
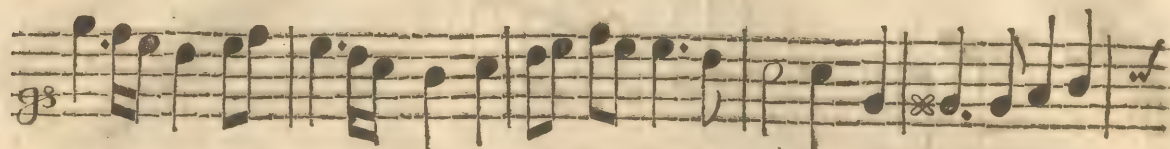
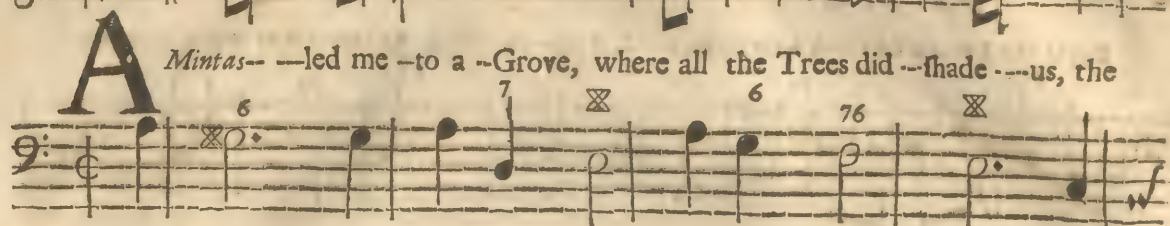
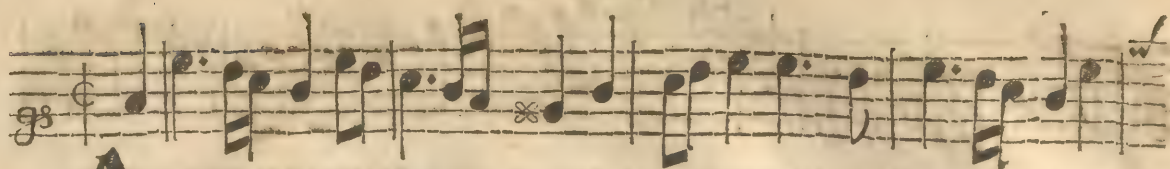
Wine in his hand, and all to--gether dif- charge at the word of Command.



Beau--ty and Wine does the stoutest and greatest in--spire, here, -- here is their



Majesties health, now brave Boys come give Fire.



II.

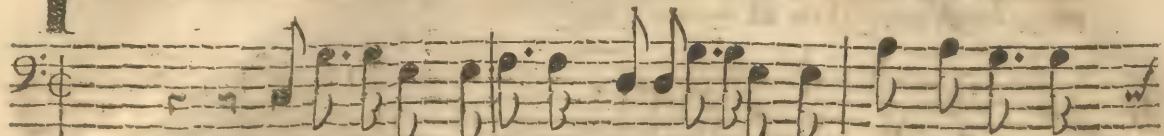
Down there we fate upon the Moss,
And did begin to play
A thousand wanton tricks, to pass
the great heat of the Day.
A many Kisses he did give,
And I receiv'd the same;
Which made me willing to believe
That what I dare not name.

III.

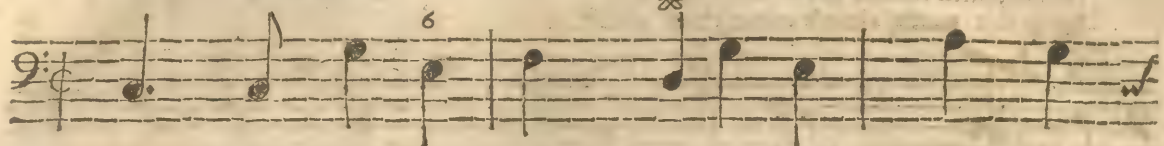
His charming Eyes no aid requir'd,
To tell their am'rous Tale
On her, that was already fir'd,
'Twas easie to prevail :
He did but kiss and clasp'd me round,
Whilst those his thoughts exprest,
And laid me softly on the ground,
O who can guess the rest.



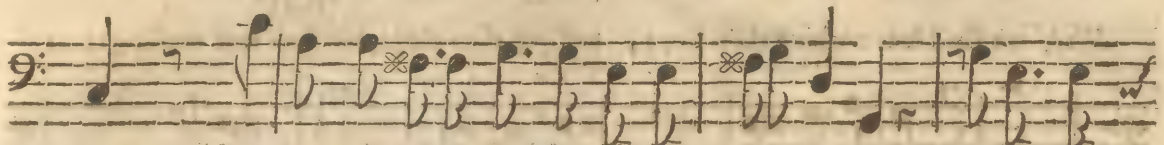
T Roy had a breed of brave stout Men, of brave stout Men, a breed of brave stout
Though Hector was a Trojan true, a Trojan true, Hector was a Tro - - jan



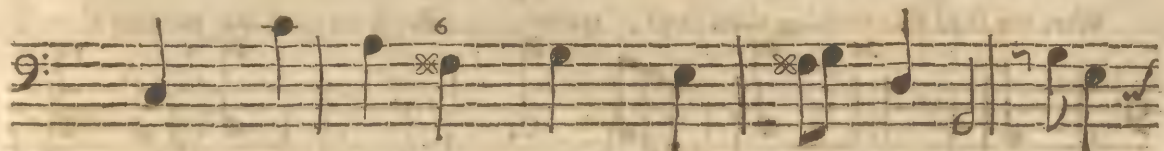
Troy had a breed of brave stout Men, of brave stout Men, a breed of brave
Though Hector was a Trojan true, a Trojan true, Hector was a Tro - - jan



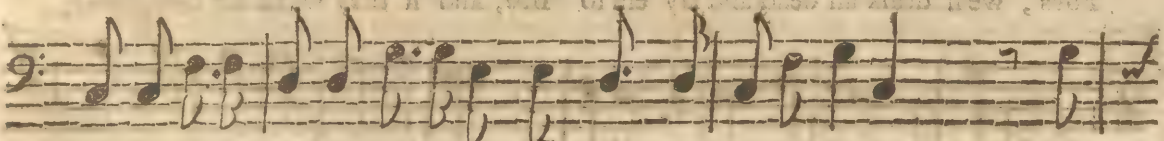
Men, yet Greece made shift, yet Greece made shift, yet Greece made shift to rout her, 'cause each Man drank as
true, as e - - - ver piſ'd 'gen Wall, as ever piſ'd -- 'gen Wall, 'gen wall Sir, A - chil - les bang'd him



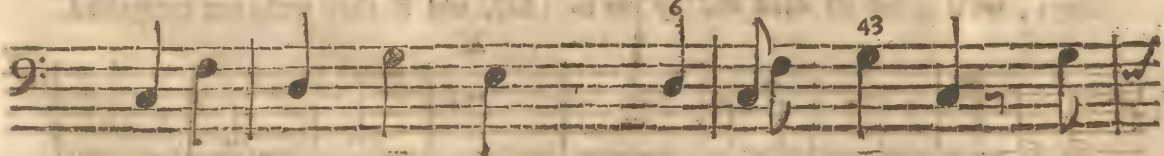
stout Men, -- yet Greece made shift, yet Greece made shift, made shift to rout her, -- 'cause each man
true, as e - ver piſ'd 'gen Wall, as e - - ver piſ'd 'gen Wall Sir, A - - chil - les

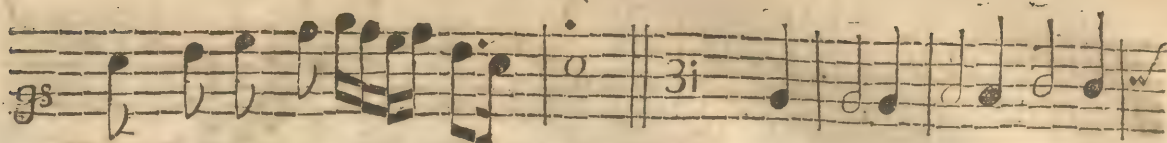


much as ten, as much as ten, and thence, and thence grew ten times stouter, and thence, and
black and blue, black and blue, for he drank more, drank more than all Sir, for he drank



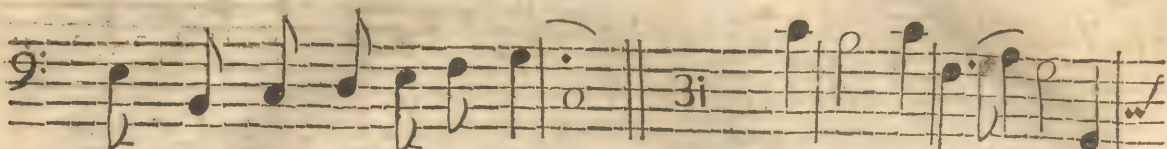
drank as much as ten, as much as ten, and thence grew ten times stouter, and
bang'd him black & blue, black and blue, for he drank more than all Sir, and for





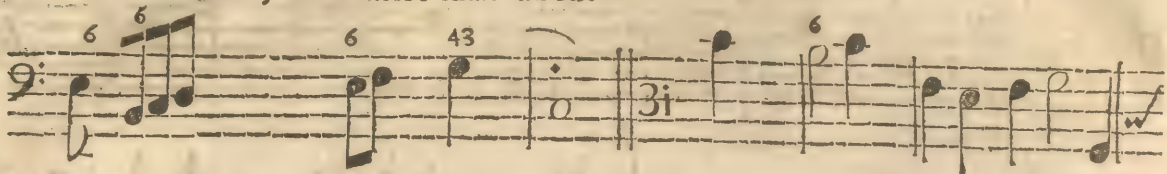
thence grew ten times stou — ter.
more, drank more than all — Sir.

Let *Bacchus* be our God of



thence, and thence grew ten times stouter.
he drank more, drank more than all Sir.

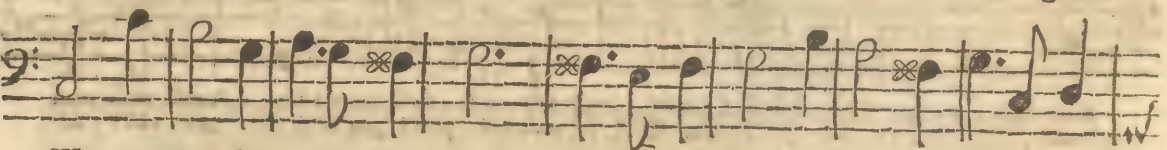
Let *Bacchus* be our God of



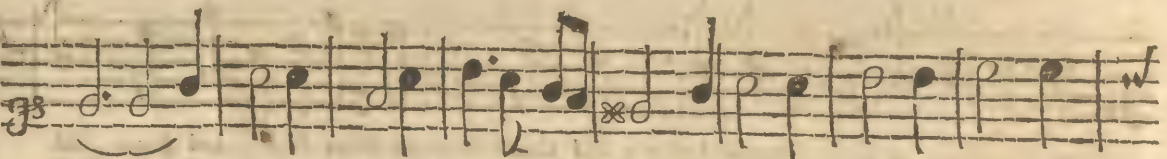
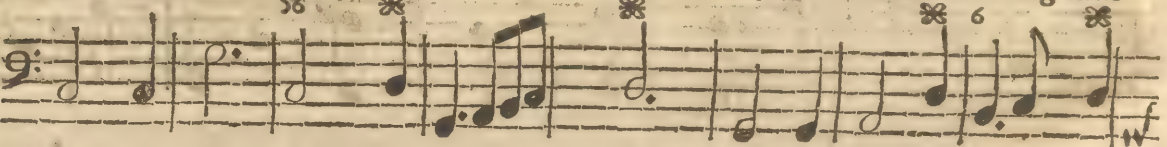
[Soft]

[Brisk]

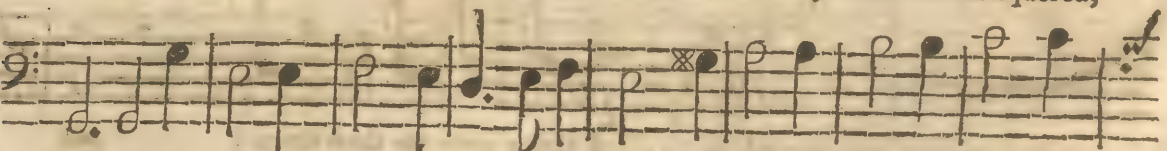
War, we shall fear nothing then Boys, nothing then Boys, we shall fear nothing then



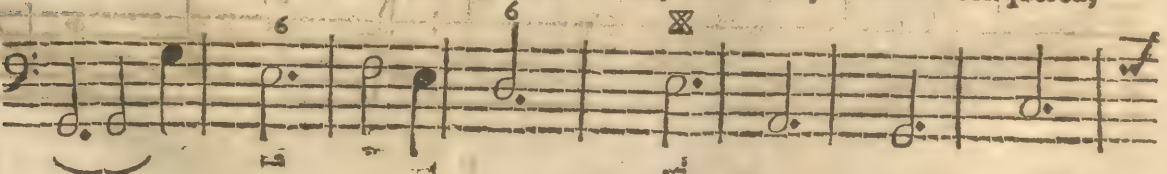
War, we shall fear nothing then Boys, nothing then Boys, we shall fear nothing then

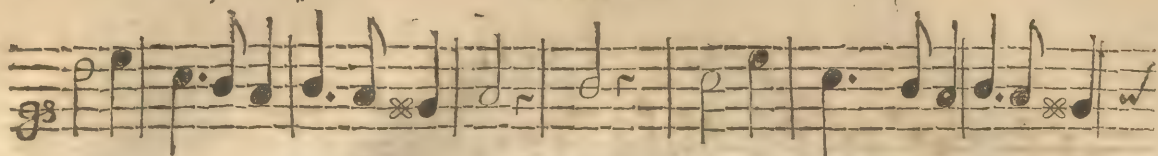


Boys, we'll drink all dead and lay 'em to Bed, and if they wake not conquered,

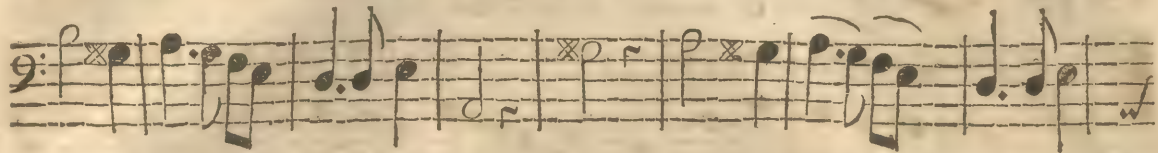


Boys, we'll drink all dead and lay 'em to Bed, and if they wake not conquered,

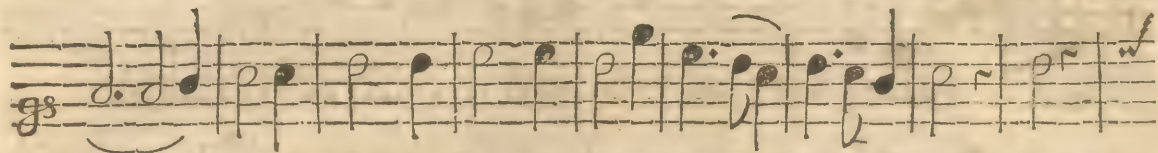
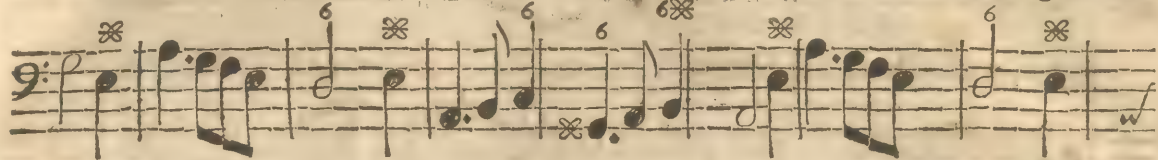




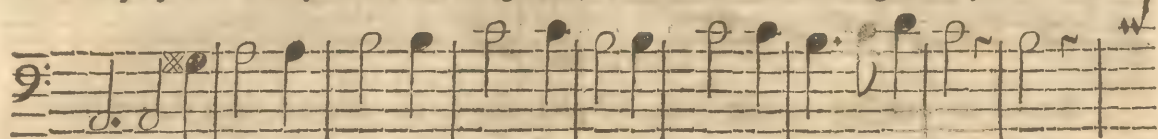
we'll drink 'em dead again Boys, Boys, Boys we'll drink 'em — dead again



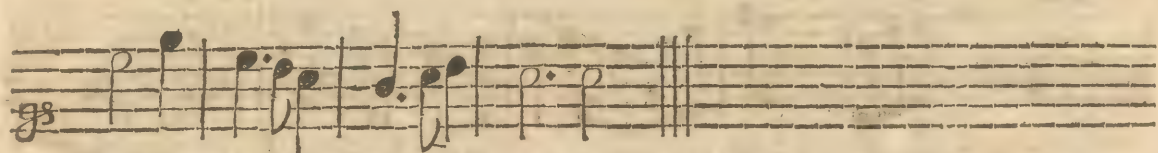
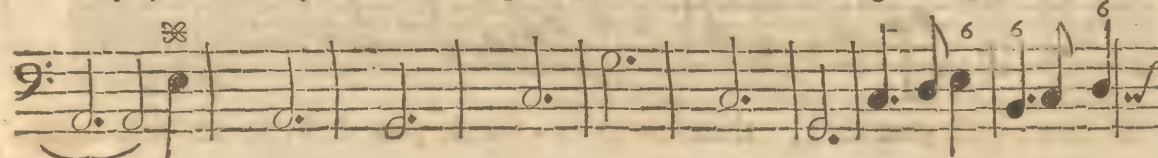
we'll drink 'em dead again Boys, Boys, Boys we'll drink 'em — dead again



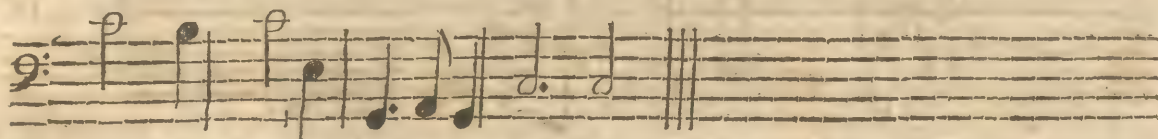
Boys, and if they wake not conquered, we'll drink 'em dead again Boys, Boys,



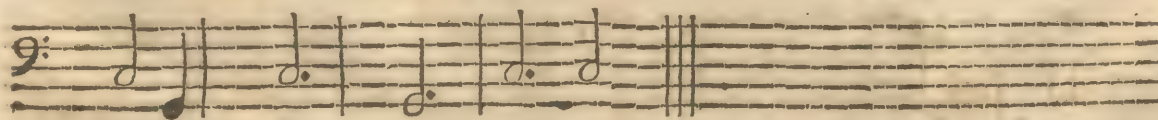
Boys, and if they wake not conquered, we'll drink 'em dead again Boys, Boys,



Boys, we'll drink 'em dead again Boys.



Boys, we'll drink 'em dead again Boys.



III.

Nor were the *Græcians* onely fam'd
For drinking and for fighting;
But he that drank and wan't aſham'd,
Was ne'er aſham'd on's Writing.

IV.

He that will be a Souldier then,
Or Wit, muſt drink good Liqueur;

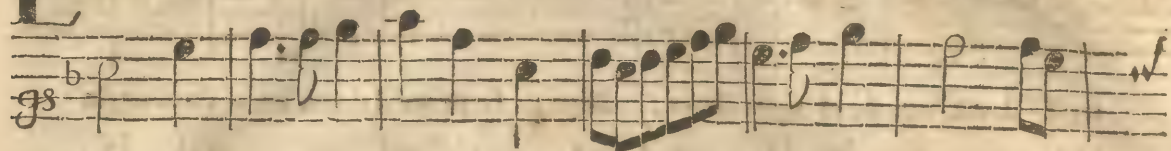
It makes baſe Cowards fight like Men,
And roving thoughts fly quicker.

Let *Bacchus* be both God of War,
And God of Wit, and then Boys,
We'll drink and fight, and drink and write,
And if the Sun ſet with his light,
We'll drink him up again Boys.

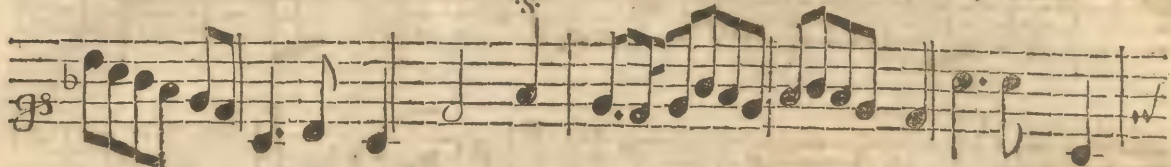
C A T C H.



L Et's laugh — — — and be — — — mer — — — — — ry, dance, sing and re -



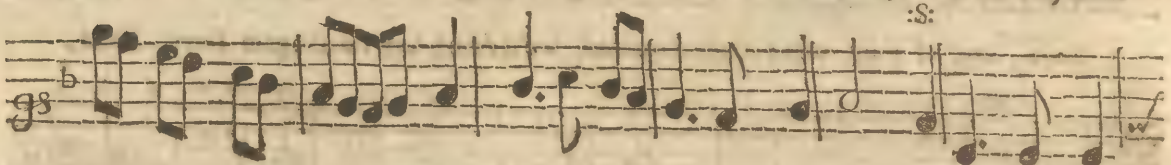
joyce, with Claret and Sherry, The - or — — — — — bo and Voice, The-
:S:



or — — — — — bo and Voice, The chan — — — — — geable



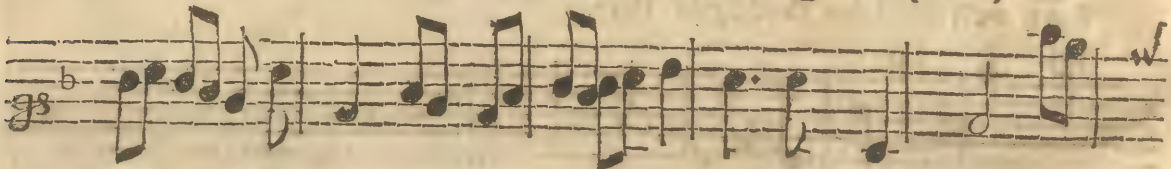
World to our Joys are in - just, all plea - fures - in - certain, then down, then
:S:



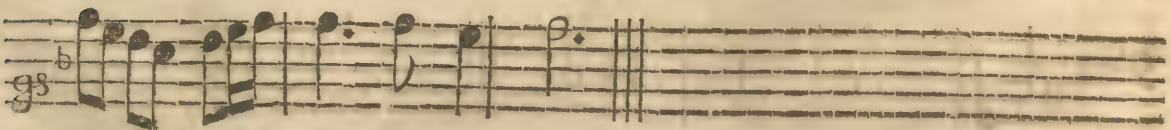
down with your dust, then down — — — — — with your dust: In fro - lick in



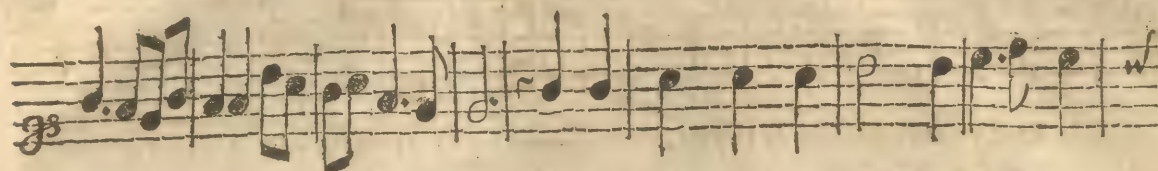
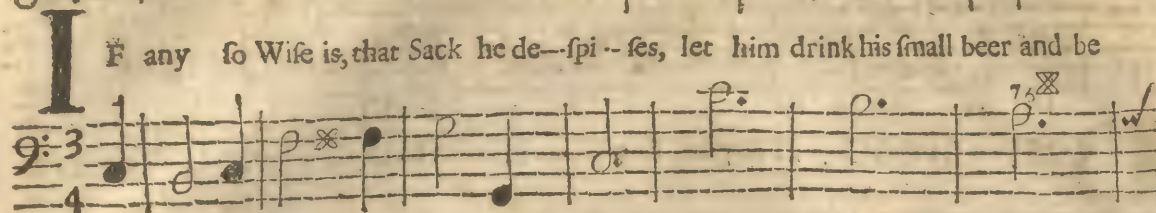
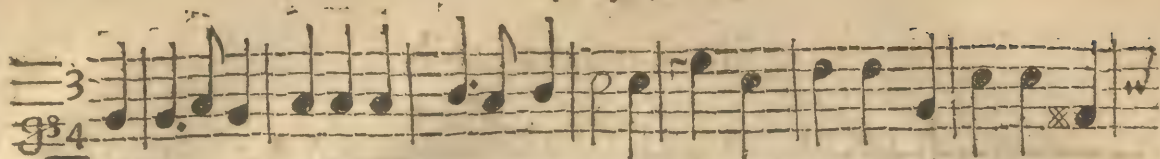
frolick dis - pose — — — your pounds, — — — — — shil - — ings and pence, for



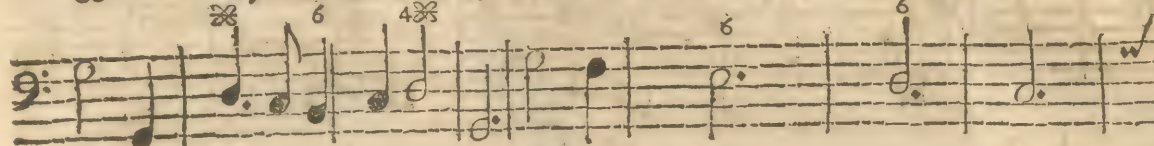
we shall be past, shall be past it an hundred years hence, an



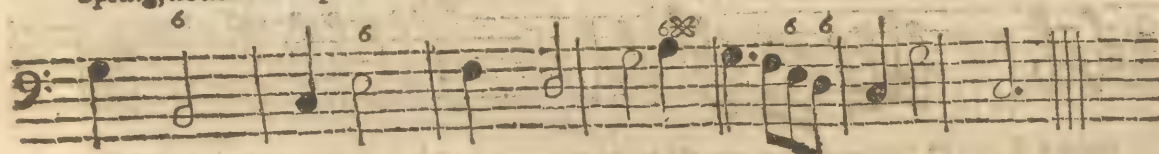
hundred, an — — — hundred years hence.



So— ber, and be So—ber, while we drink Sack and Sing, as if it were



Spring, he shall droop like the Trees in Octo—ber, in O--cto—ber.



II.

III.

Be sure over night,
If this Dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a Warning,
Soon as out of Bed
To settle your Head,
Take an hair of his Tail in the morning.

Then be not so Silly,
To follow old Lilly,
For there's nothing but Sack that can tune us,
Let his *Ne assuescas*
Be but in his Capcase,
And Sing, *Bibito Vinum Fejunus*.

A Catch for 4. Voices.



Come Drawer come, come come, and draw good Wine, for Wine doth all our



Wits our Wits, re-fine, By drinking Liquors Liquors of the Rhine, We grow, We



grow to—gether more divine.

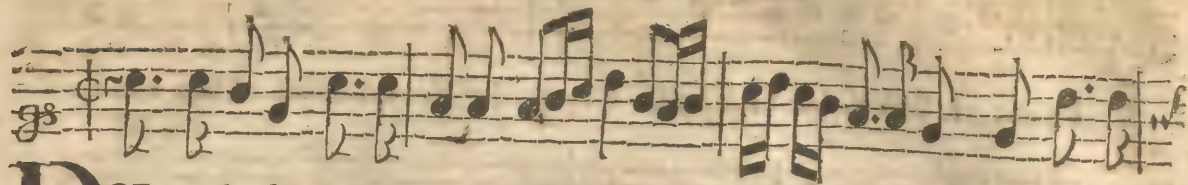
II.

IV.

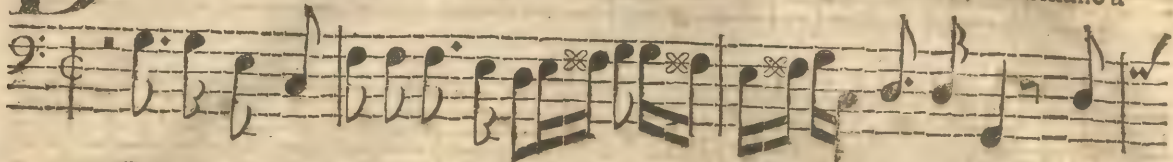
'Tis nothing nothing, better than the shine,
Of such a clear and sparkling Sparkling Wine.

Then drink my Boy, my Boy the Glas is thine,
I'll pledge thee when the Glas, the Glas is mine.

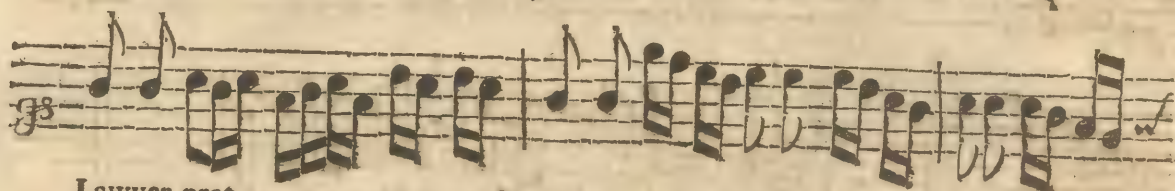
The Cavaliers Catch.



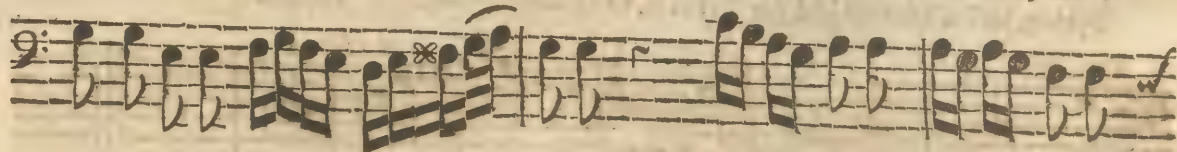
DOE you see this Cup of Liquor, how — in — vi — ting — ly it looks ; 'twill make a



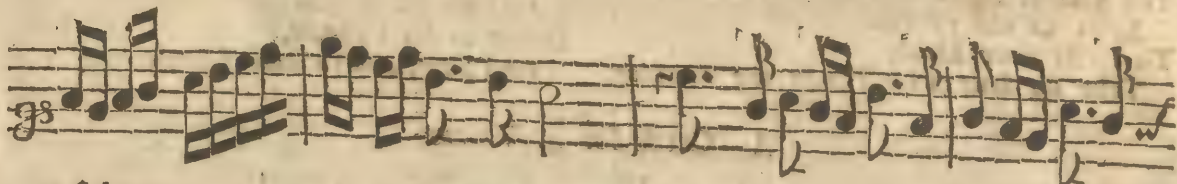
Doe you see this Cup of Liquor, how — in — vi — ting — ly it looks ; 'twill



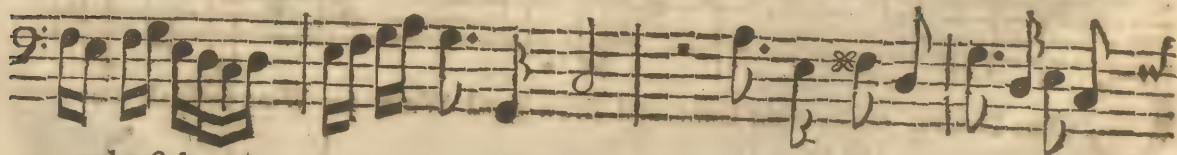
Lawyer prat — tle quicker, and a Scholar, and a Scholar, and a



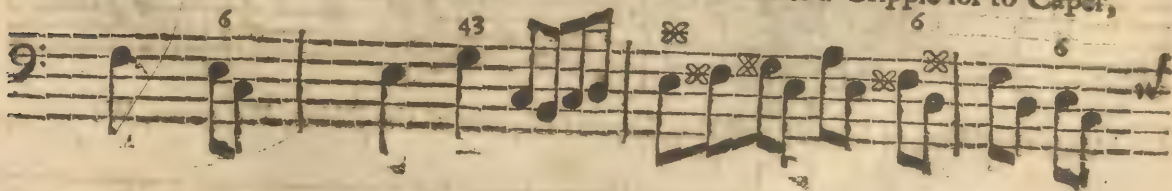
make a Lawyer prat — tle quicker, — and a Scholar, and a Scholar,

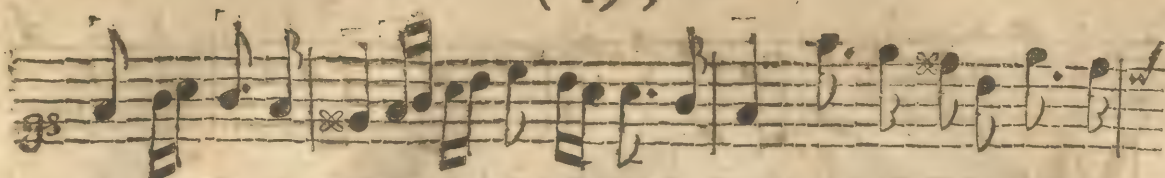


Scho — lar burn his Books. 'Tmakes a Cripple for to Caper, and a

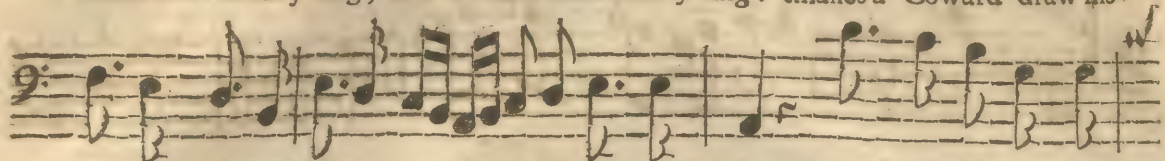


and a Scho — lar burn his Books. — 'Tmakes a Cripple for to Caper,

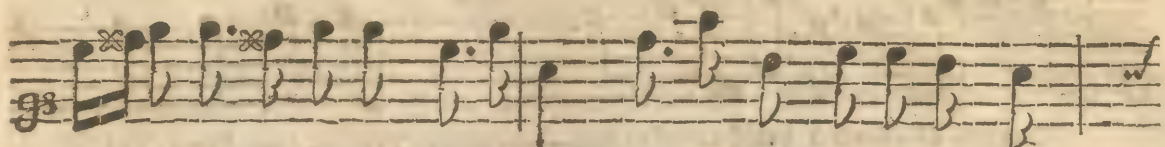
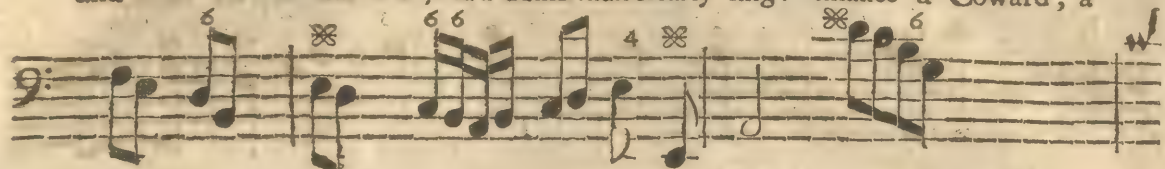




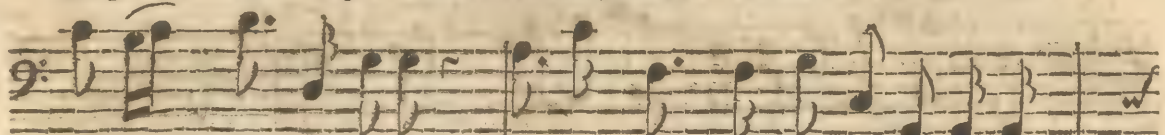
dumb man clearly sing, and a dumb man clearly sing : 'tmakes a Coward draw his



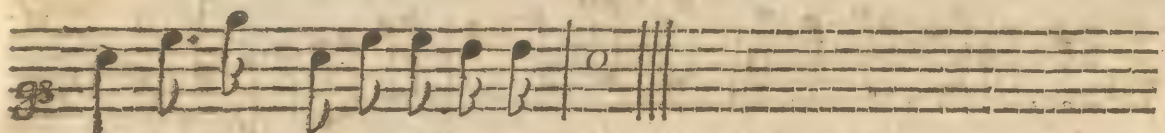
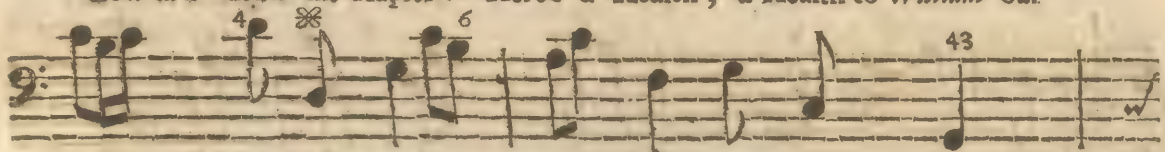
and ——— a dumb man, and a dumb man clearly sing : 'tmakes a Coward, a



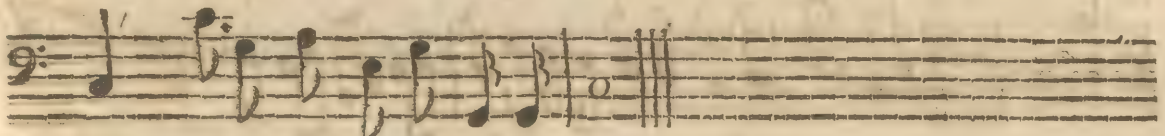
Rapier, draw his Rapier : Here's a Health, here's a Health to *William* our



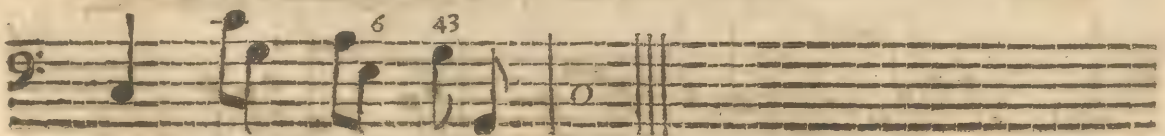
Cow-ard draw his Rapier : Here's a Health, a Health to *William* our



King, here's a Health to *William* our King.



King, here's a Health to *William* our King.



Musing on cares of Hu—mane Fate in a sad Cy—press—Grove, —a

Musing on cares of Hu—mane Fate — in — a — sad Cypress Grove,

strange— di—spute I heard— of— late —'twixt Ver— tue— Fame and

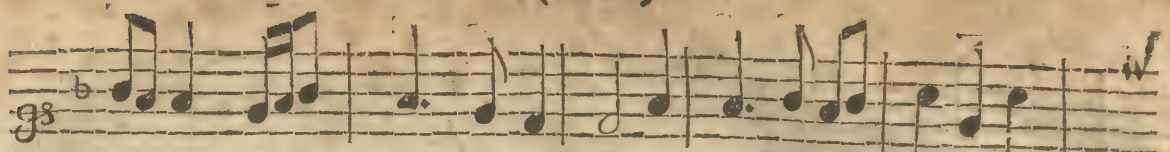
— a strange — di — spute I — heard — of — late —'twixt Vertue, Fame and

Love, a pen — five shepherd ask'd — ad — vice, and their — o — pi — nions crav'd, how

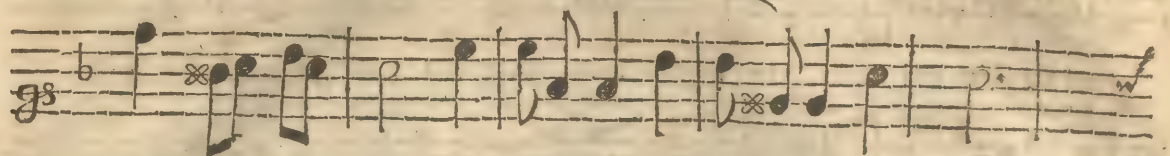
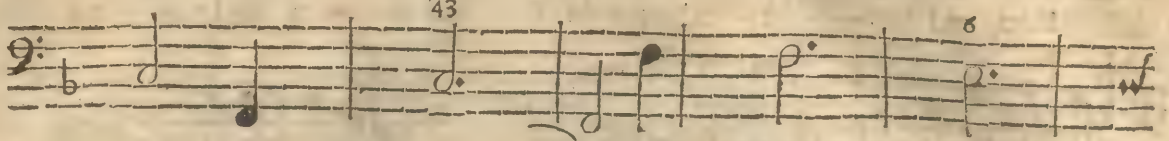
Love, — a pen — five shepherd ask'd advice, and their opi — nions crav'd,

he might hope to be so wise, to get — a — place be—yond the

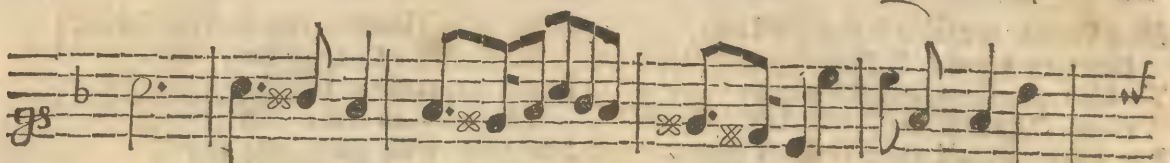
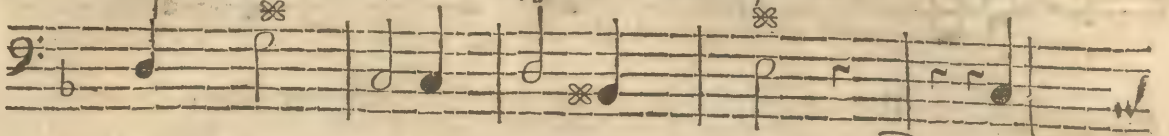
— how he might hope to be so Wise, to get a — place be—



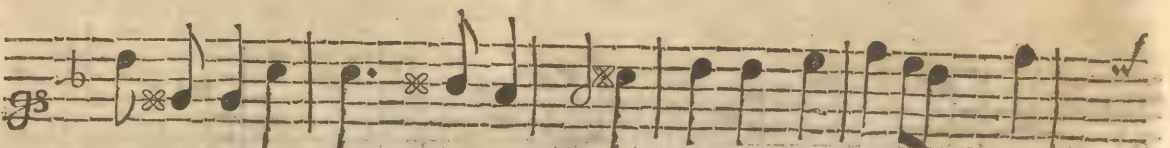
Wanton and — would not sit still, his Head on her Bosom and



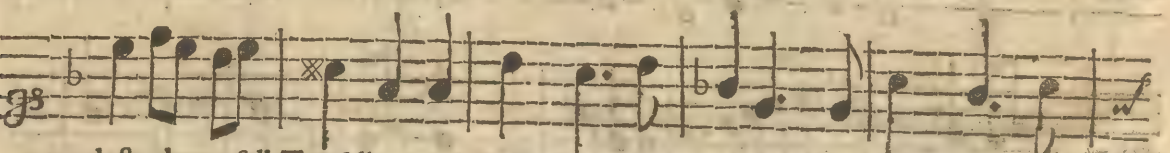
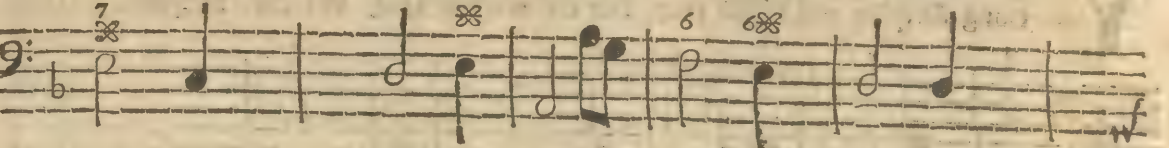
Arms round her Waist, he Hug'd her and Kis'd her and Clasp'd



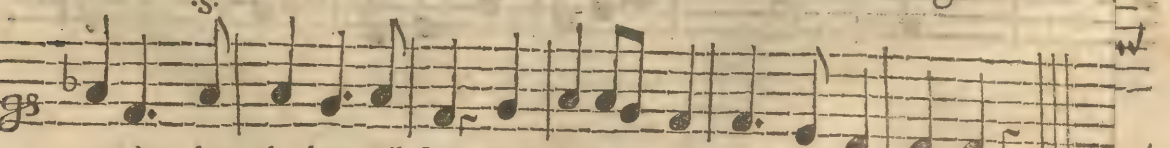
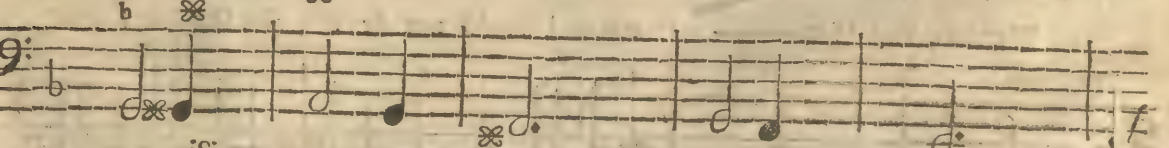
her — so Fast — he hug'd her and



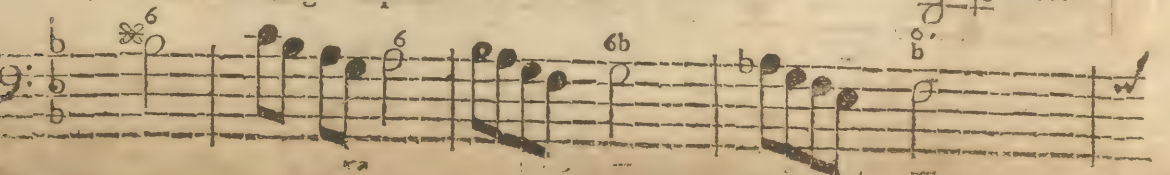
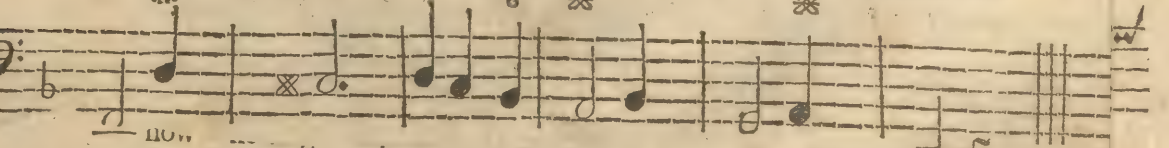
Kis'd her and Clasp'd her so Fast, till Playing and jumbling — at



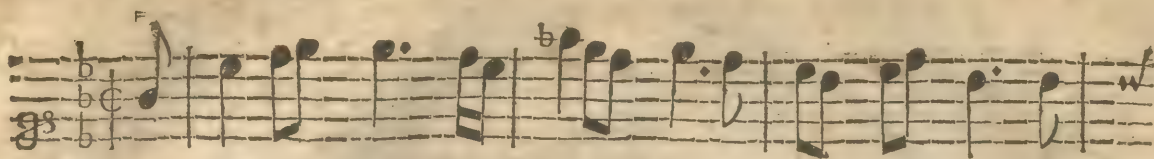
last they fell Tumbling, and Downdown they got 'em, and down down they



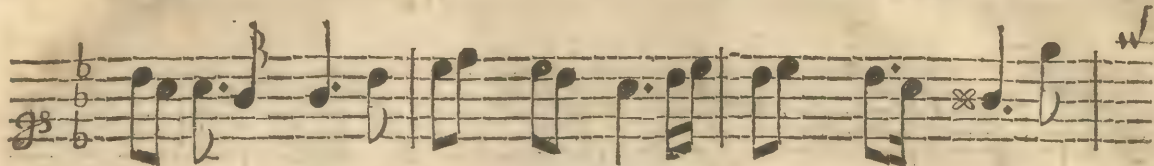
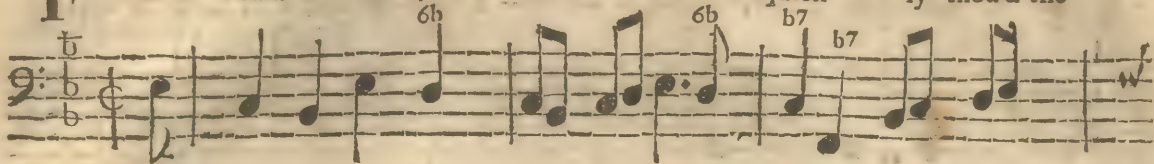
got 'em, but oh, they fell Soft, soft, soft on the grass at the Bottom.



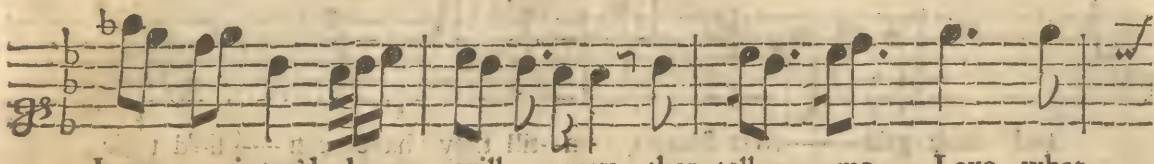
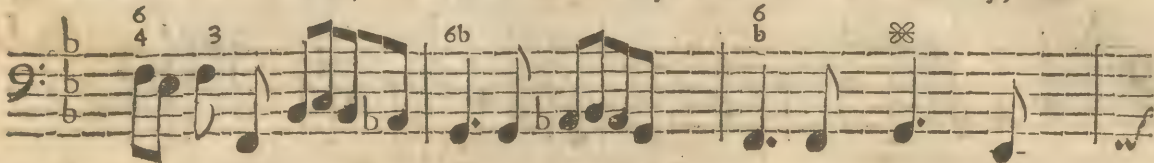
The Doubtfull Lover Resolv'd.



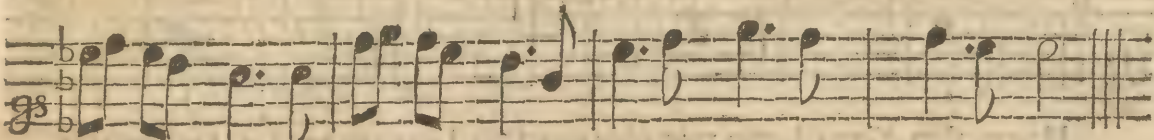
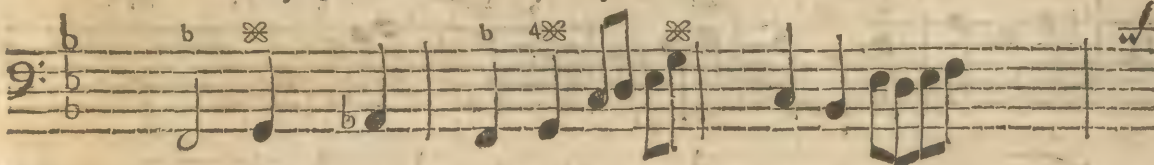
F Ain wou'd I — Love, — but that I — fear I quick — ly shou'd the



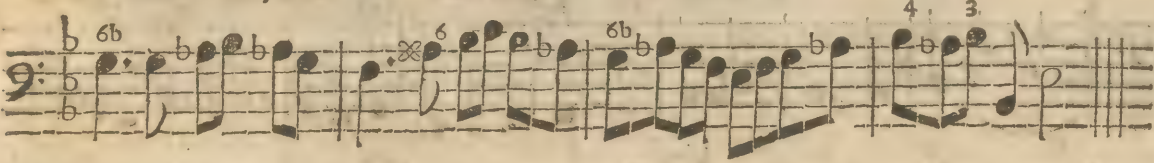
Wil — low wear; fain wou'd — I marry — but — Men say, when



Love — is try'd, he — will — away: then tell — me — Love, what



I — shall — doe, what — I — shall doe, to cure these fears, when — ee'r I woe.



II.

The fair one, she's a mark to all,

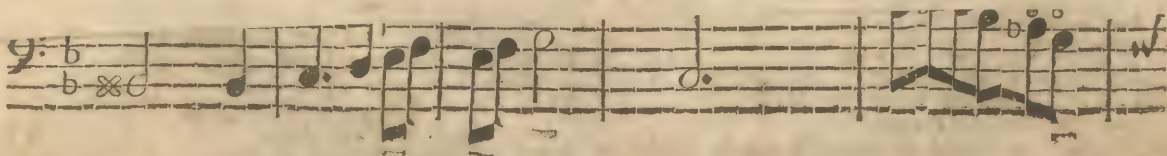
The Brown one each doth Lovely call,

The Black a Pearl in fair Mens Eyes,

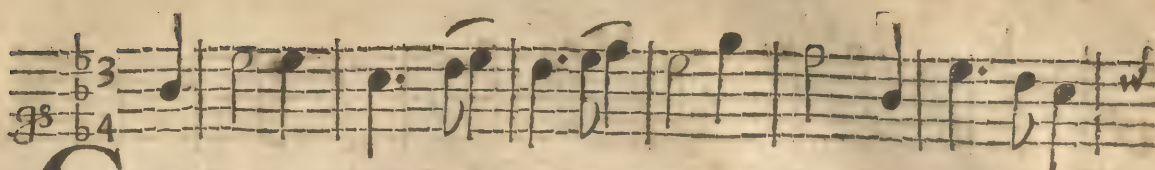
The rest will stoop to any Prize,

Then tell me Love, what I shall do,

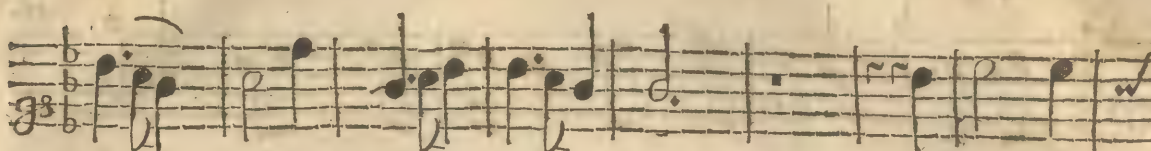
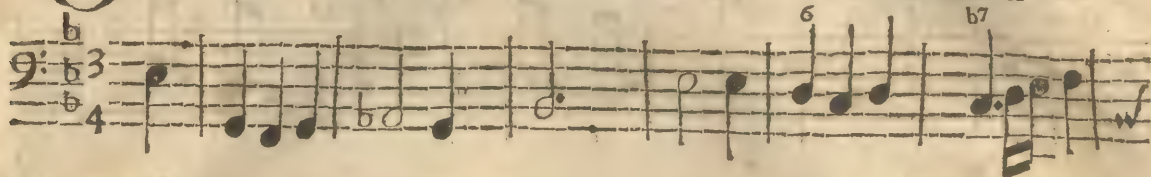
To cure these Fears, when-ee'r I Woe.



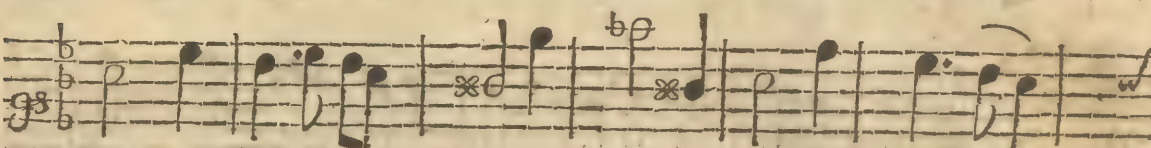
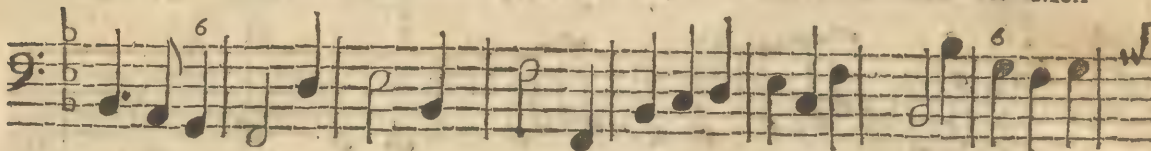
REPLY.



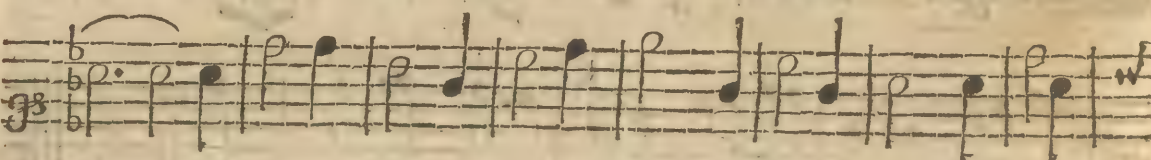
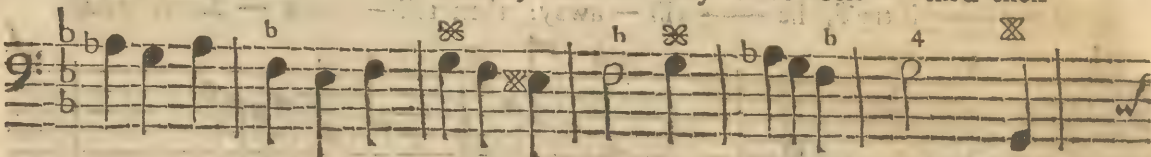
G O Lo---ver, know, it --- is not----- I that wound with fear or ----



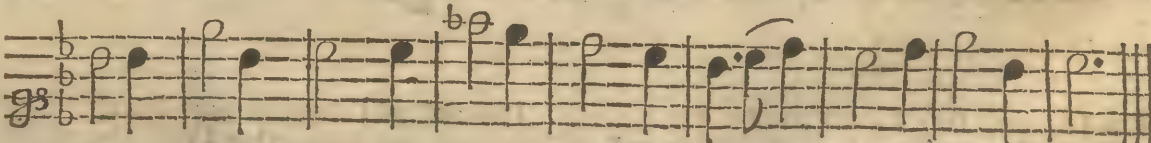
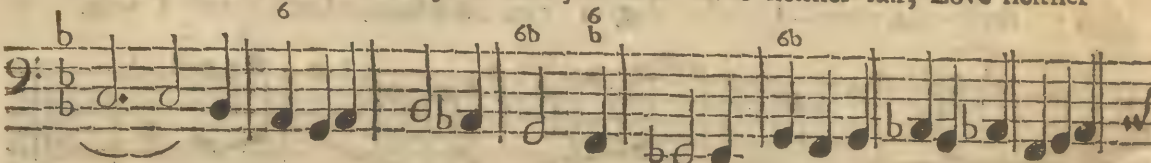
jealou---sie, with fear or --- jealou --- sie; --- nor do Men



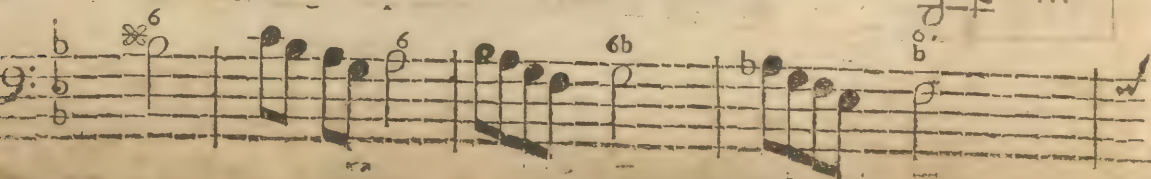
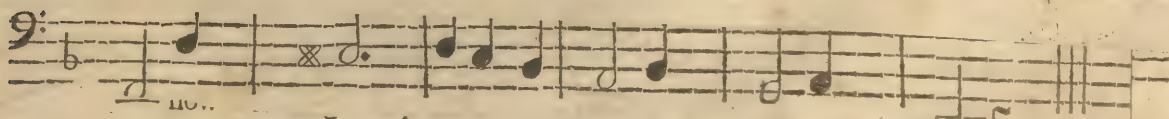
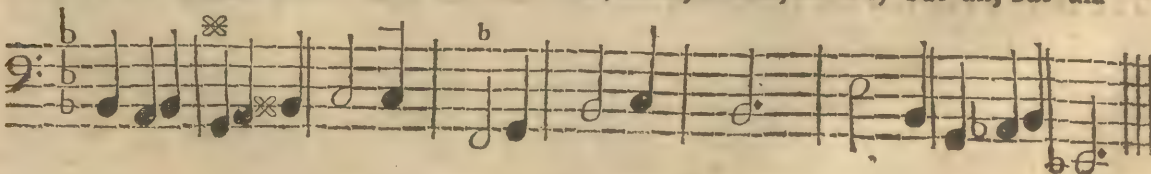
feel those grie---vous Smarts, un---till they have con---fin'd their

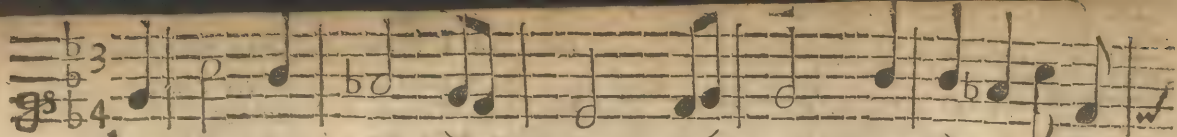


Hearts, then if you'll cure your fears you shall Love neither fair, Love neither

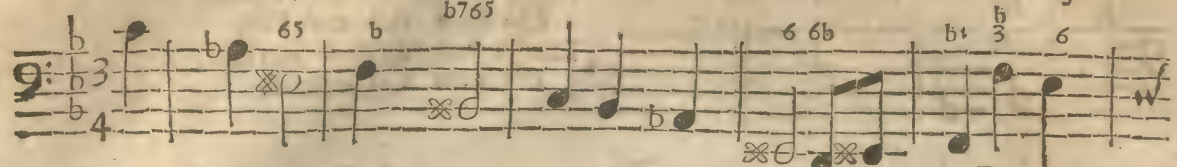


Black, Love neither Brown, Love neither Fair, Black, Brown, but all, but all, but all





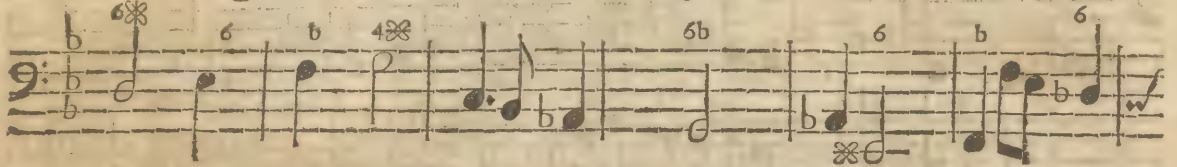
A S--Am'rous---Cory-----don-----was laid, ---i'th sha-----dy



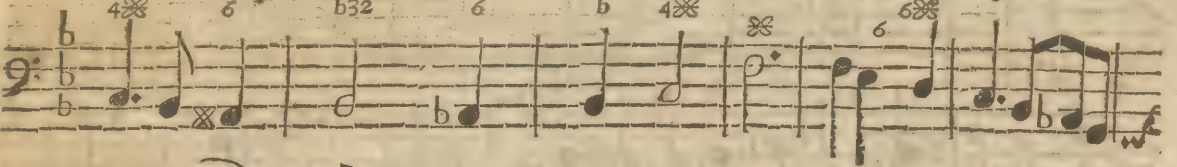
Myrtle-----Grove,---thus did his words his sighs---up---braid, for



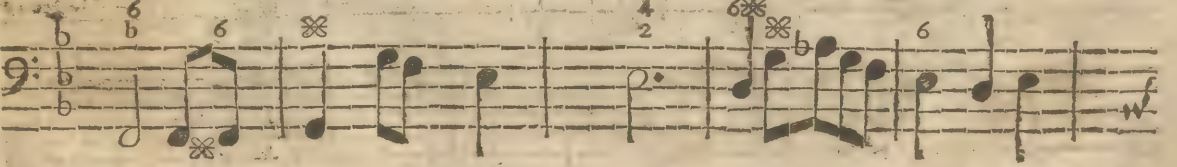
tel-----ling -- of -----his--Love: ---ah Trayterous Rebels -----with--out



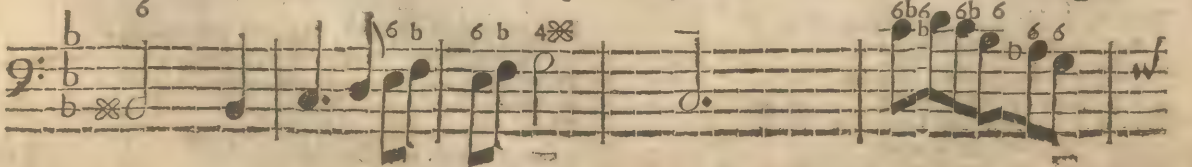
Sence -----of -- what -----her scorn ----can doe; 'tis I must dye ----for



your -----of -----fence -----and be thought guilty -----too,---and



be thought guil-----ty ---too,-----and be-----thought



guil--- ty ---- too.

Nor can I blame ill Fate for this
My wretched hopeless State;
Nor yet *Phileas's* Cruelties,
Who kills me with her Hate:
But your audacious Villanies
Occasion this my Fall;
Else I had dy'd a Sacrifice,
But now a Criminal.

Amon to Syl-vi-a -- when a -- lone, did thus ex -- press his -Love,

Fair Nymph, I must a Pas-sion own, which else would fa -- tal

Prove, can you a Faithfull Shep-herd see, --- who Lan-guish-es --- in Pain,

and yet so cruel -- hear --- ted he --- to-let him Sue-in-vain, to let -- him

Sue in -- vain, -- in vain, in -- vain, -- to let -- him Sue-in vain?

Then with his Eyes all full of Fire,
And winning Phrases, he
Intreated her, to ease desire,
And grant some remedy;
Allur'd with Am'rous Looks the Maid
Fearing he might Prevail,
Begg'd that he wou'd no more Perswade
A Virgin that was Frail.

Fear not, dear Nymph, Replies the Swain,
There's none can know our Bliss;
None can relate our Loves again,
While this place silent is.
Then Damon with a lov'd Surprise,
Leapt close into her Arms,
With Ravishing delights he Dyes,
And melts with Thousand Charms.

FINIS.

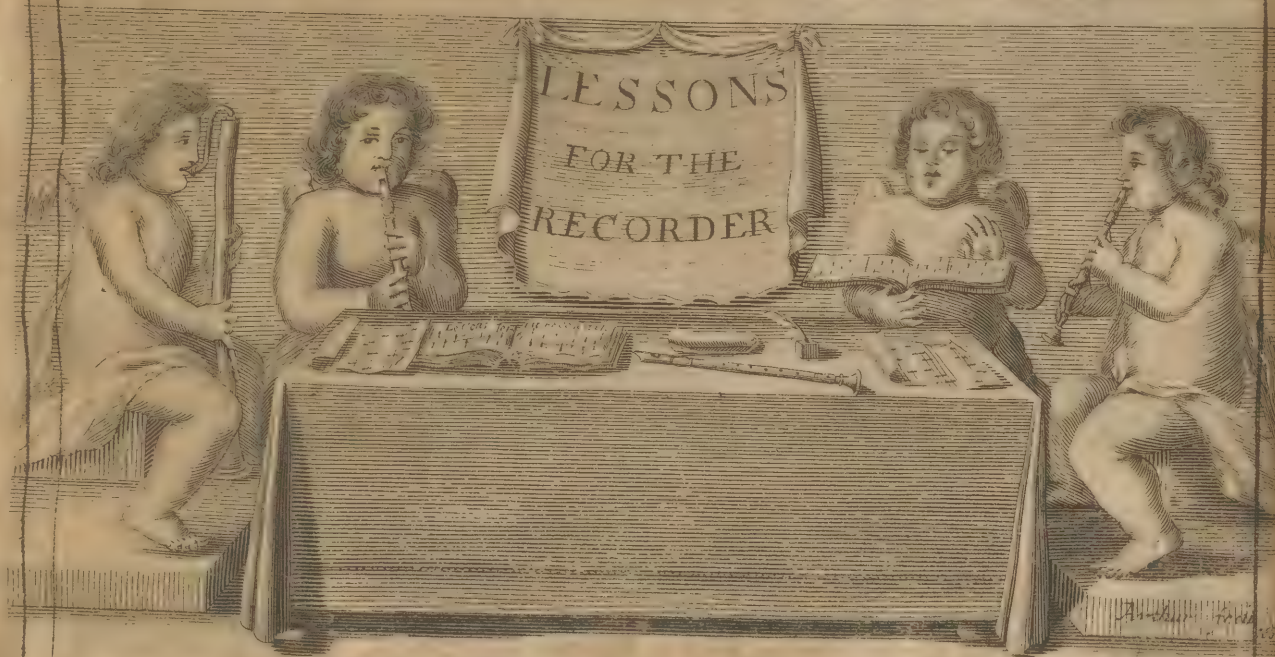
FINIS.

THESAURUS MUSICUS:
BEING, A
COLLECTION of the Newest SONGS

PERFORMED
At Their *Majesties Theatres*; and at the *Conforts* in
Viller-street in *York-Buildings*, and in *Charles-street*
Covent-Garden.

WITH A
Thorow-Bas to each SONG for the *Harpficord*, *Theorbo*, or *Bass-Viol*.
To which is Annexed
A *Collection of Aires*, Composd for two *Flutes*, by several Masters.

THE FIRST BOOK.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *J. Heptinstall*, for *John Hudgebutt*. And are to be Sold by *John Carr*, at
the *Middle-Temple Gate* in *Fleetstreet*, and by *John Money*, *Stationer* at the *Miter*
in *Miter Court* in *Fleet-street*, where all *Shop-keepers* may have them. 1693.

no-161

no 2/8

22/01/1900

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T O

Thomas Drax, Esquire.

SIR,

Y the advice and assistance of some Eminent Masters of Musick, whom I have great reason to believe my very good Friends, and by some Care and Industry of my own, I have Collected this small Volume, which I find wants nothing but your Name to Recommend it to the Musical part of the World; the Sence of this Encourages me (but with all Humility imaginable) to beg your Protection of it, since none (especially who have had Gentleman-like Education) will be so unmannerly as to oppose what a Person of your Sense and Merit has Vouchsaf'd to Patronise. I am not sensible how Ridiculous an attempt of Panegyrick would appear in me, who am altogether as unfit for it, as to perform in a Consort of Musick, but this I must beg leave to affirm, that if Persons of your Rank and Sphere, not only condescend to be Patrons of the Sons of Apollo, but to be Performers also, we have all the ground imaginable to be assured, that our Island will be as famous for Excellent Compositions and admirable Performances in Musick, as Rome the long acknowledg'd Mistress of the World. Now Sir I must beg if you should find any Errors that you would not Impute them to the want of Skill in the Masters, but either to mine or the Printers oversight, who do not pretend to Infallibility. But this I need not have mention'd, since I know you are so Generous as to Connive at such faults, and I hope you will Pardon this presumption of

Your already infinitely oblig'd,

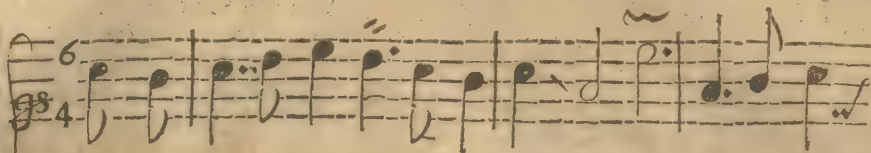
And most humble Servant,

John Hudgebutt.

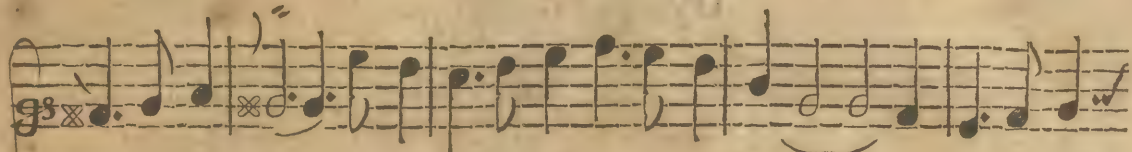
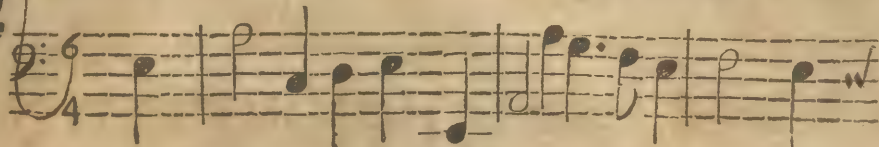
[1]

The first Song in the Maids last Prayer,

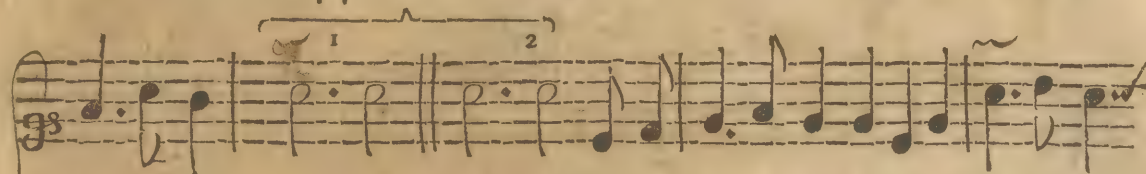
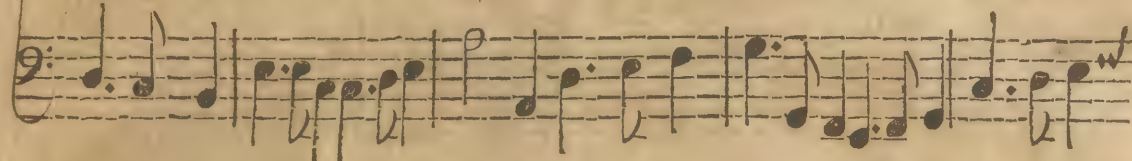
by Mr. Henry Purcell. Sung by Mrs. Dyer.



H O' you make no return to my pas-sion, still, still I pre-



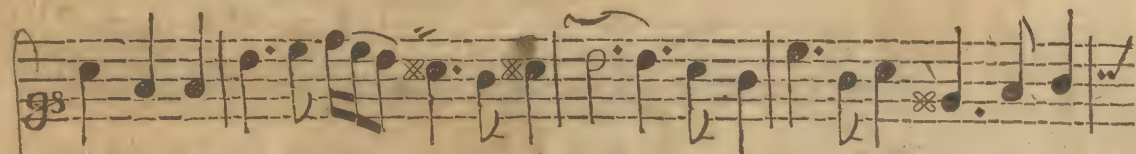
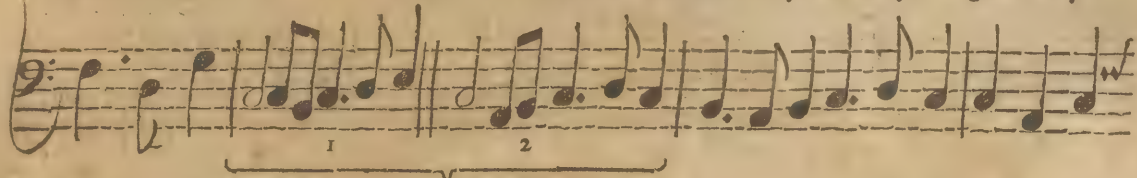
fume to a—dore; 'tis in Love but an odd re—pu—ta—tion, when faintly re—



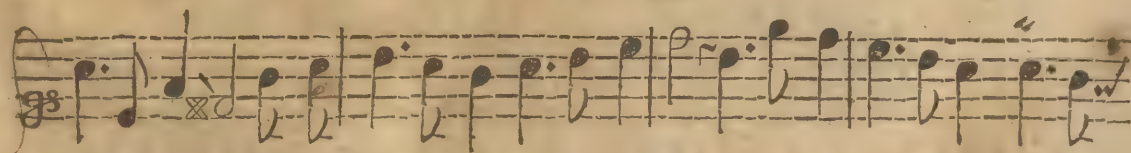
puls'd, to give

o're.

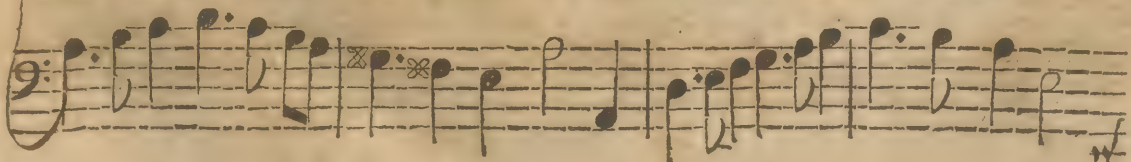
When you talk of your Duty, I gaze on your

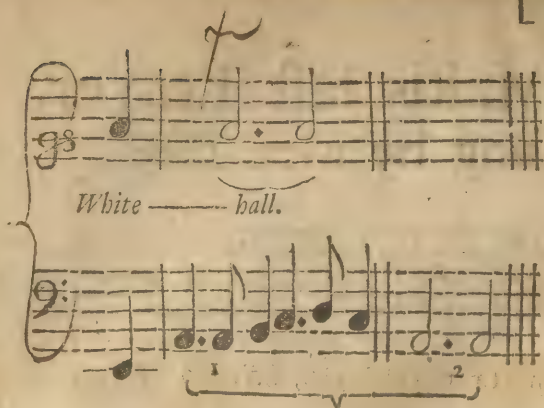


Beauty, nor mind the dull maxime at all: Let it reign in *Cheapside*, with a



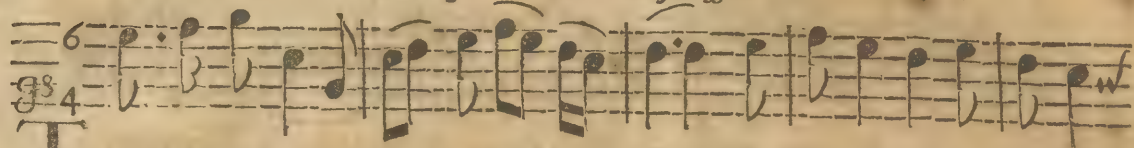
Ci—tizens Bride; it will ne'er be receiv'd, it will ne'er, ne'er, it will ne'er be receiv'd at



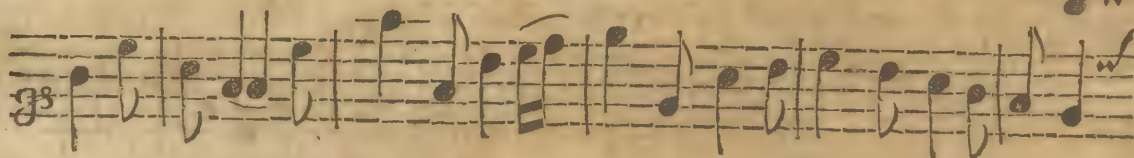
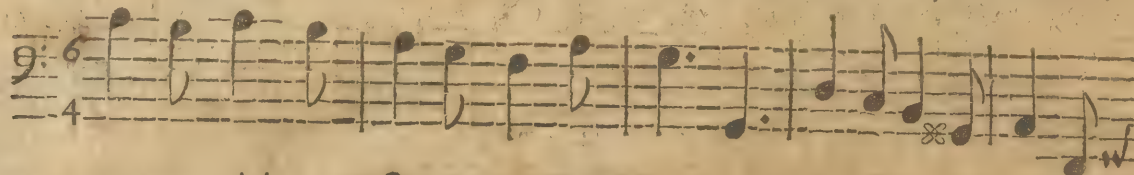


II.
 What Apocryphal Tales are you told,
 By one who would make you believe,
 That, because of *to have and to hold*,
 You still must be pinn'd to his sleeve.
 'Twere apparent high Treason,
 'Gainst Love and 'gainst Reason,
 Should one such a Treasure engross:
 He who knows not the Joys,
 That attend such a Choice,
 Shou'd resign to another who does.

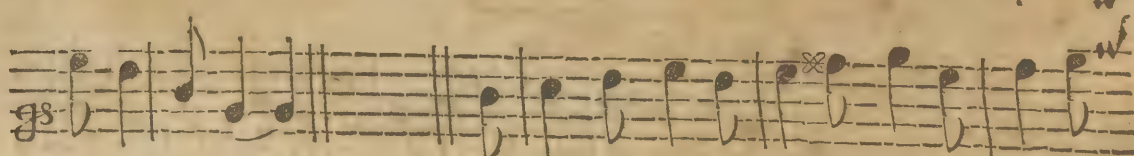
The 2d. Song in the Maids last Prayer, Sung
 by Mrs. Ayloff.



T E L L me no more, no more I am de — ceiv'd, that Cloe's false, that Cloe's



false and common: by Heav'n I all a — long believ'd she was, she was a ve-ry,

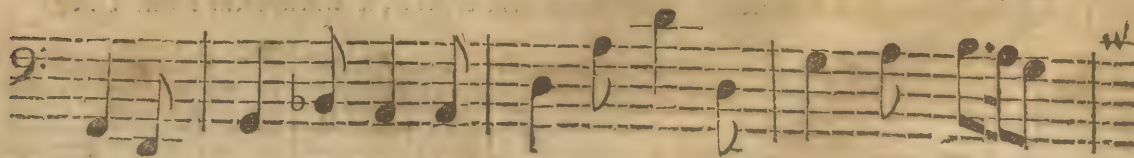


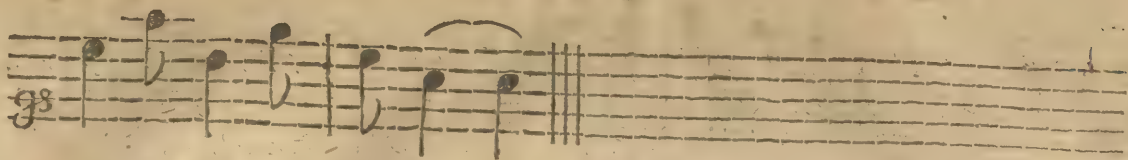
ve-ry, Wo—man.

As such I lik'd, as such ca—rest, she still, she

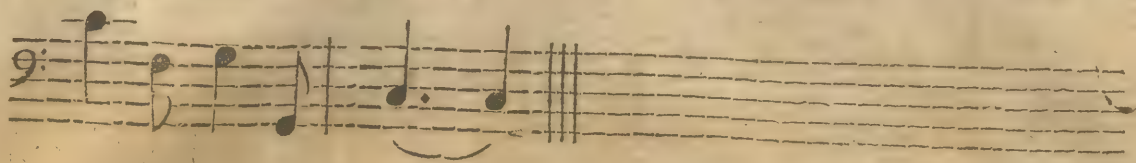


still was con—stant when pos—selt; she cou'd, she cou'd, she cou'd, she





could do more for no man.



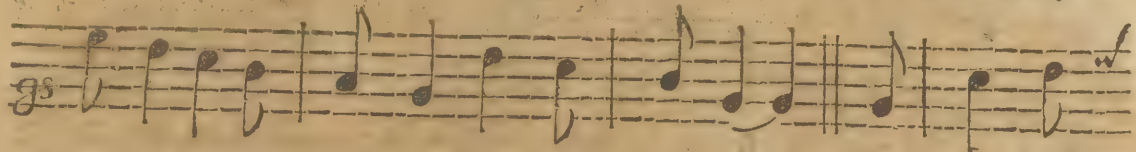
2d. Stanza.



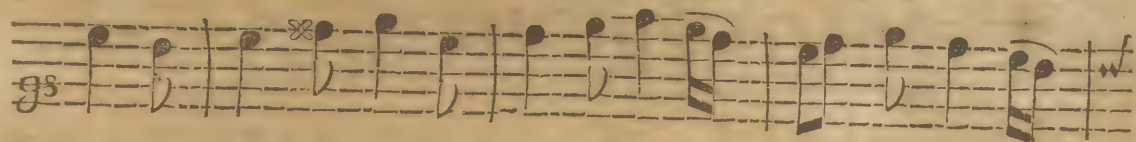
But oh! but oh her thoughts on o—thers ran, and that you think, and



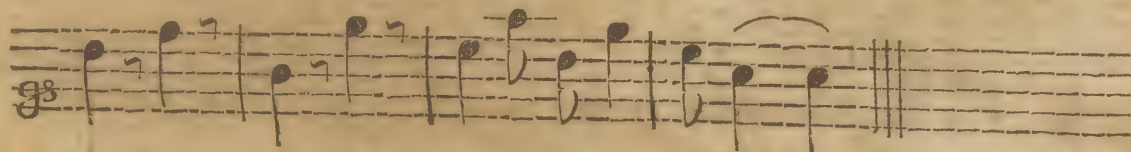
that you think a hard thing; per—haps she fan—cy'd you the Man, why



what care I, why what care I one Far—thing. You say she's



false, I'm sure she's kind, I'll take, I'll take her Bo—dy, you her

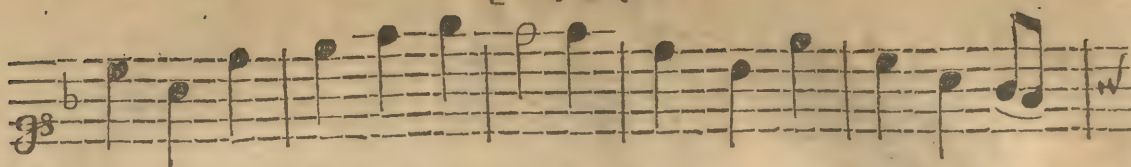


Mind; who, who, who has the better Bar—gain?

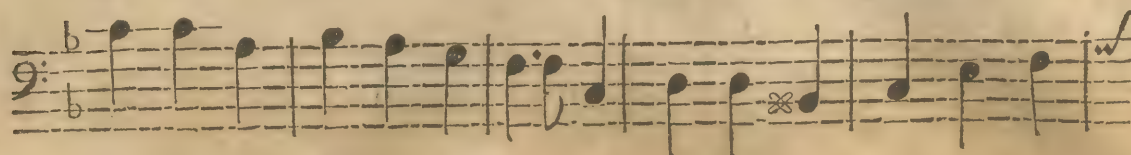


TIS pit—ty. Myr—til—la you shou'd be a Wife, to be made a mere

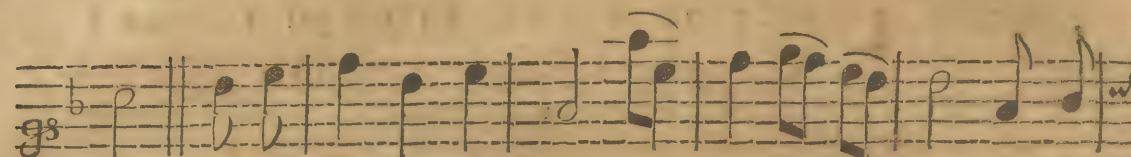




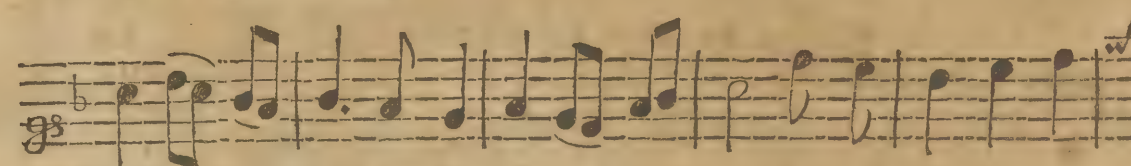
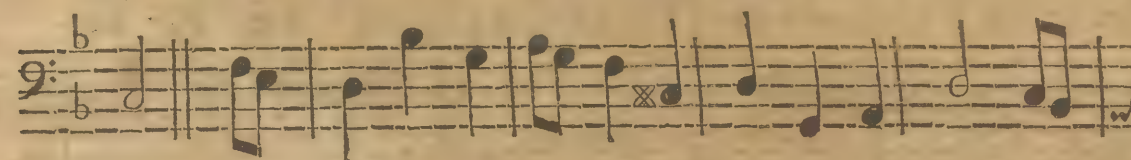
slave and a drudge all thy life; to throw all thy freedom and



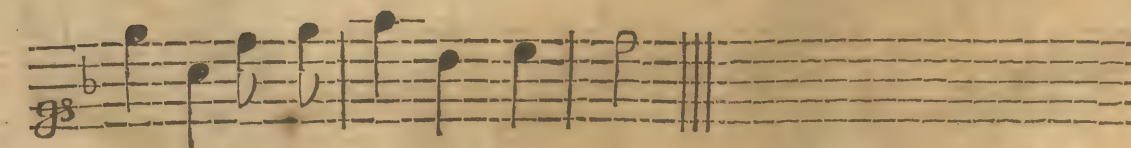
pleasures a — way, change the joys of Command for the curse of O —



—bey: Be un — ea — fy a — broad 'cause home you must come, to be



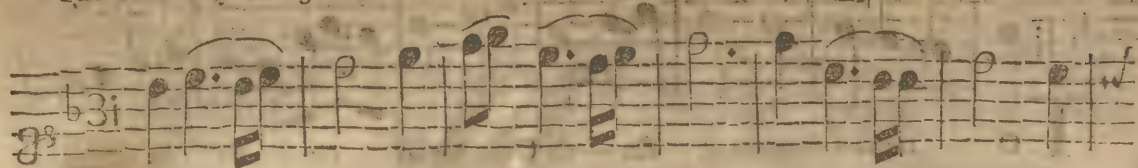
plagu'd all the night with a fumbling hum — drum, with a fum, fum, fum,



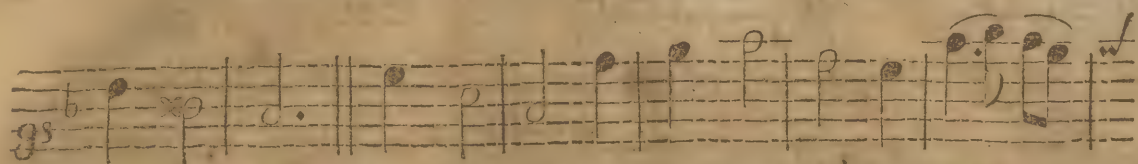
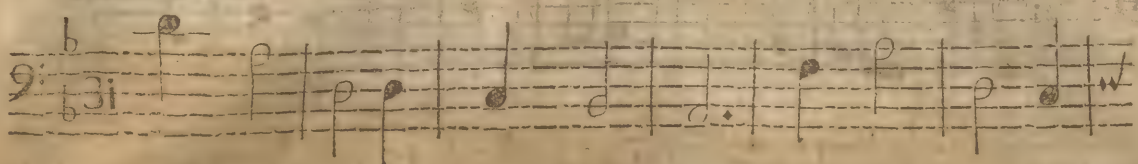
fumbling, with a fumbling hum — drum.

By Mr. Akeroyd.

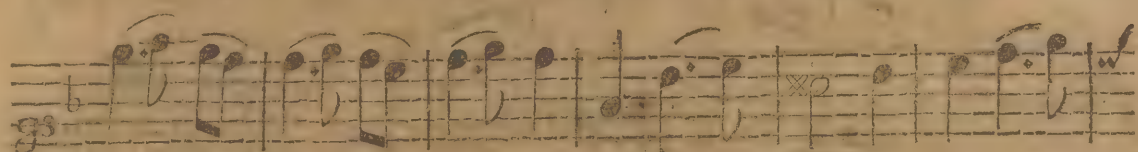




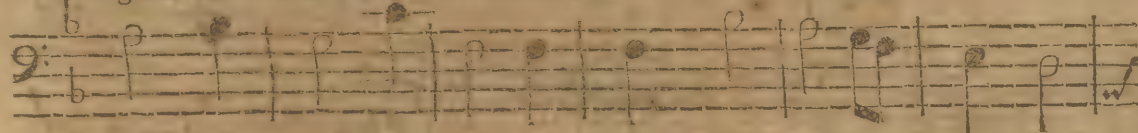
BEAU-TY first the heart In-spires, e-qual flames en-



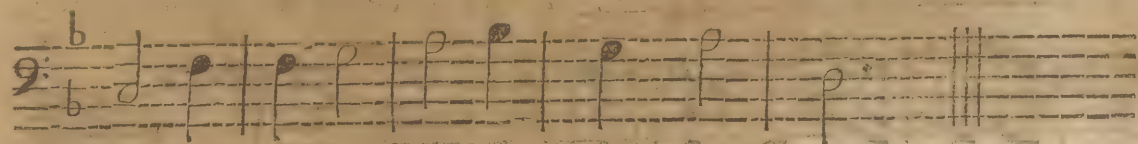
crease the fires; Mu-tual loves have mu-tual blisses, hearts a-



greed the same soft wi-shes; Still de-fire-ing, still re-



qui-ring, looking still, and still ad-mire-ing.



Set by Mr. Akeroyd

II.

Some dear pleasing Raptures roul,
Alike about each ravish'd Soul;
True Lovers wishes are not cloy'd,
The object ne're so oft enjoy'd.
Still, &c.

III.

Free from Troubles, free from harms,
Full of Honour, full of charms;
Bless these pairs ye Gods above,
Crown their hearts with lasting Love.
Still, &c.

To convent Streams or sha—dy Groves, may Ce—lia be con—

-fin'd, and from Au—gus—ta, from Au—gus—ta far re—

move, since hand—some and un—kind:

Let her not range nor plea—sures take, in Town which

no—ne will give; why shou'd we

room for Beau—ty make, why, why shou'd we room for

Beau—ty make, which will not let us live?

why shou'd we room— for Beau—ty

make, which wi— ll not let us live?

Set by Mr. Ralph Courtivill.

A Catch for 3. Voices, by Mr. King.

JACK, whither so fast? To the Devil; where shou'd I? I'm not in such

haft to go thither. A—dieu t'ye; I hope to in—treague yet many a

year, and Whore in a—bundance be—fore I come there; May you al—

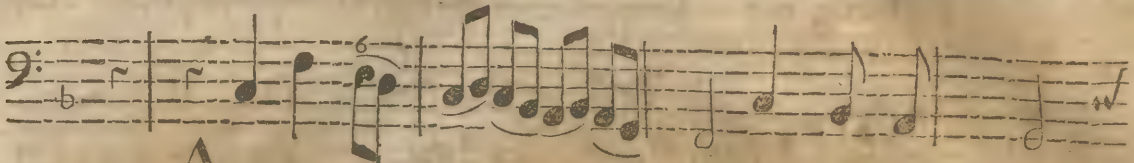
ways be damn'd to the Hell of a Punck, while I at the Devil

get Hea—ven—ly Drunk.

A Song for two Voices, Set by Mr. Akeroyde.



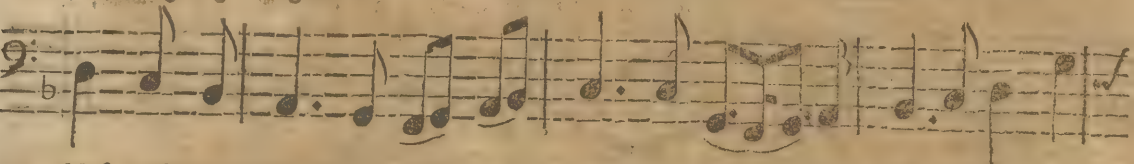
AH friends how hap - py are we here, blest with good Drink, blest with good



AH friends how hap - py are we here, blest with good Drink,



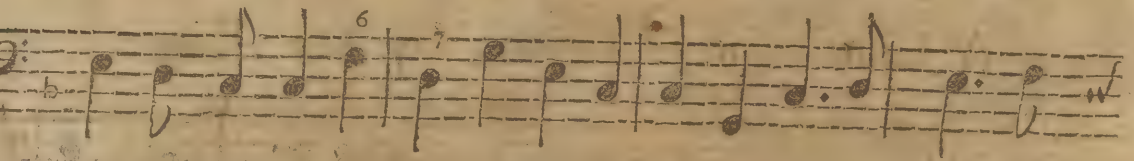
Drink, and with good Cheer; we're crown'd with joys a—bove all



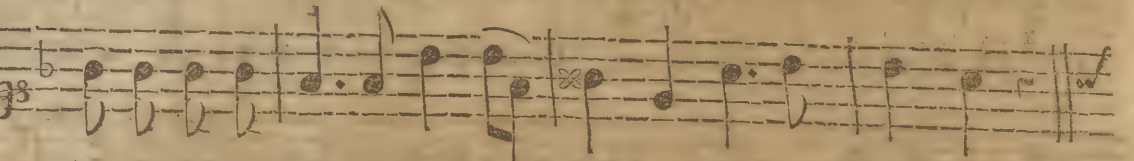
blest with good Drink, and with good Cheer; we're crown'd with joys a—bove all



measure, in War we fear to lose our life, in Love, in Love ther's



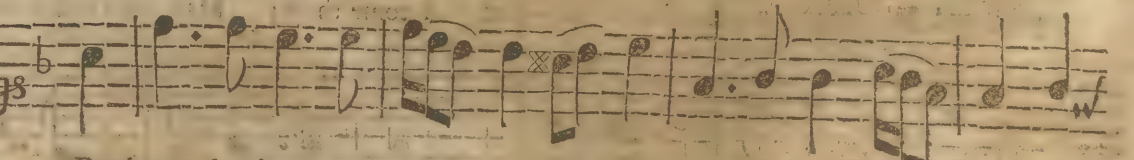
measure, in War we fear to lose our life, in Love, in Love, ther's



jea—lou—sy and strife, by Trade, and play we lose our Treasure.



jea—lou—sy and strife, by Trade, and play we lose our Treasure.



But here, but here, un—less our Bowl should fall, and some mis—chance should



But here, but here, un—less our Bowl should fall, and some mis—chance should


 The image shows a handwritten musical score on aged, yellowed paper. It consists of two staves, a treble staff (top) and a bass staff (bottom), both with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a '3' time signature, while the bass staff begins with a bass clef and a '9' time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing on lines above the staves. The lyrics are: 'Will it all, nothing can e—ver baulk our pleasure, but here un—', 'less our Bowl shou'd fall, nothing can baulk, nothing can', 'here un—less our Bowl shou'd fall nothing can baulk, nothing can', 'nothing can baulk, can baulk our pleasure.', and 'baulk, can baulk, can baulk our pleasure.' The handwriting is in a cursive style, and there are some ink smudges and a small 'X' mark on the treble staff.

Will it all, nothing can e—ver baulk our pleasure, but here un—

spill it all, nothing can e—ver baulk our pleasure, but

—less our Bowl shou'd fall, nothing can baulk, nothing can baulk,

here un—less our Bowl shou'd fall nothing can baulk, nothing can

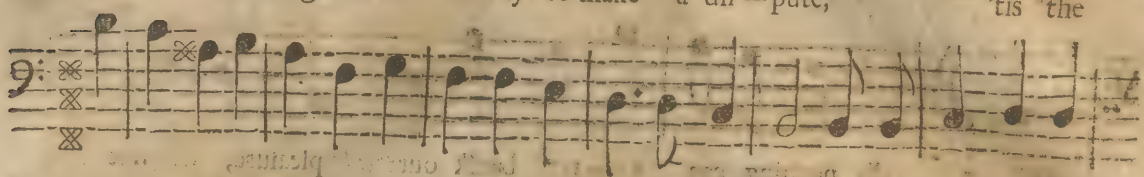
nothing can baulk, can baulk our pleasure.

baulk, can baulk, can baulk our pleasure.

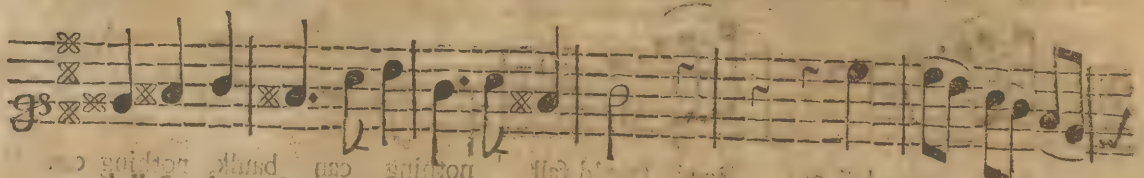
A Song for 2. Voices, Set by Mr. Robert King.



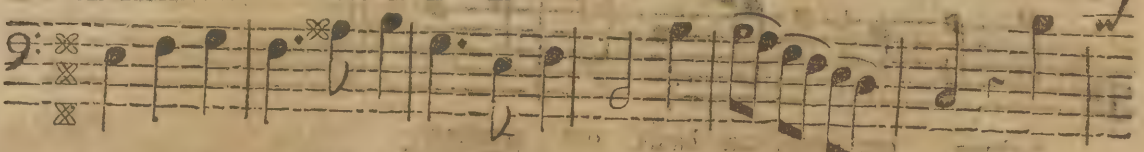
But hang't 'tis a fol-ly to make a dis-pute, 'tis the



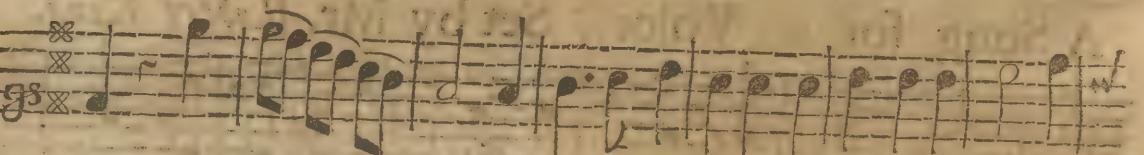
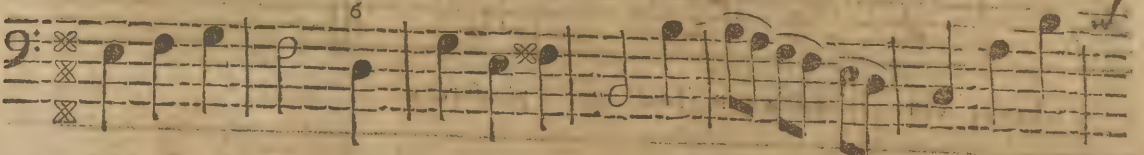
But hang't 'tis a fol-ly, a fol-ly to make a dis-pute, 'tis the dull fo-ber,



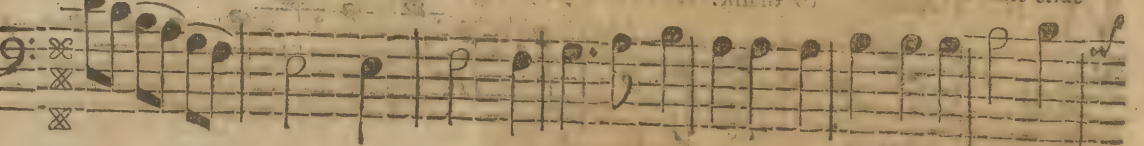
dull fo-ber Sot, that is real-ly the Brute, for while we drink



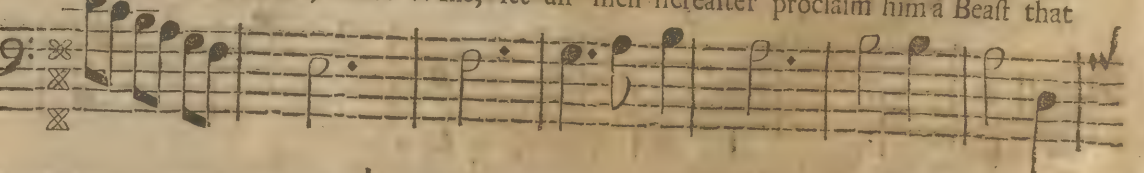
dull fo-ber Sot, that is real-ly the Brute, for while we drink Wine, for



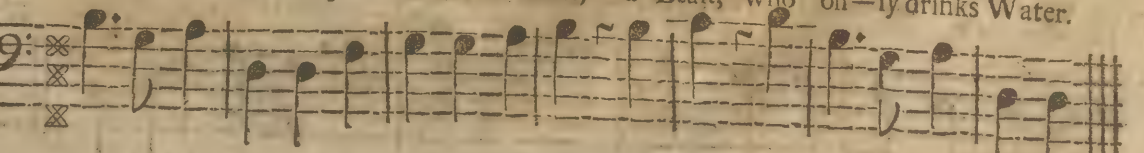
Wine, for while we drink Wine, let all men hereafter proclaim him a Beast that



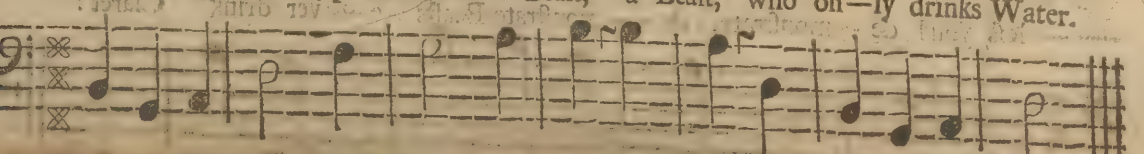
while we drink Wine, drink Wine, let all men hereafter proclaim him a Beast that



on-ly drinks Water, proclaim him a Beast, a Beast, who on-ly drinks Water.



on-ly drinks Water, proclaim him a Beast, a Beast, who on-ly drinks Water.



31

TELL me thou fairest of all thy whole Sex, why so much good nature poor

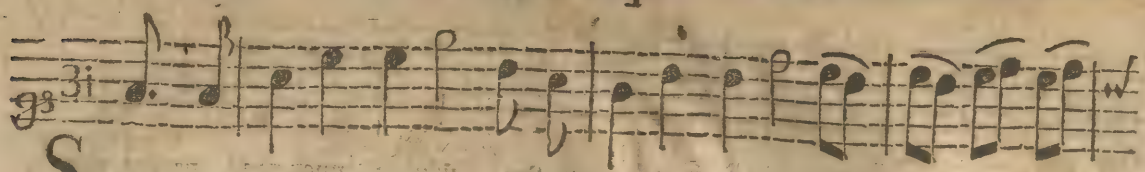
hearts doth per-plex; The un-grate-ful be-trays me with hopes in my

sleep, but when the Dreams gone my heart's rea-dy to break; This

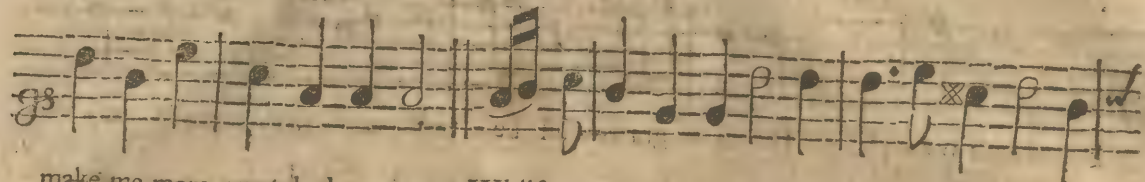
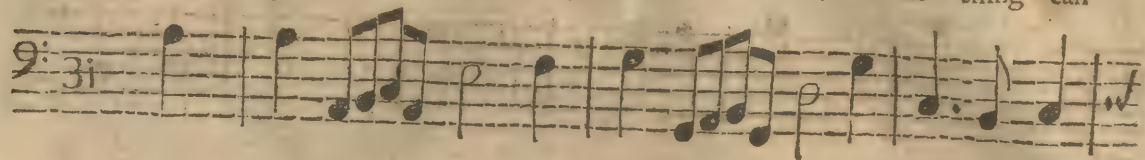
Charming sweet Creature hath a Soul so re-fin'd, that I'de give

all the world that we were of one mind.

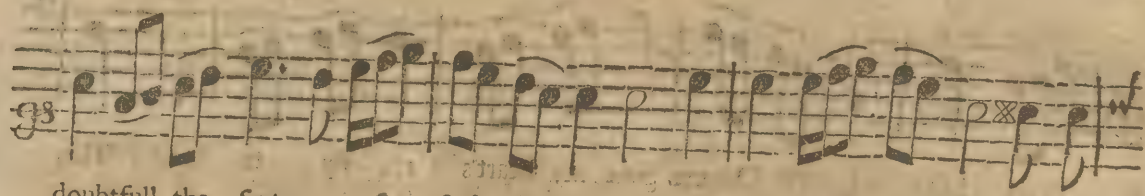
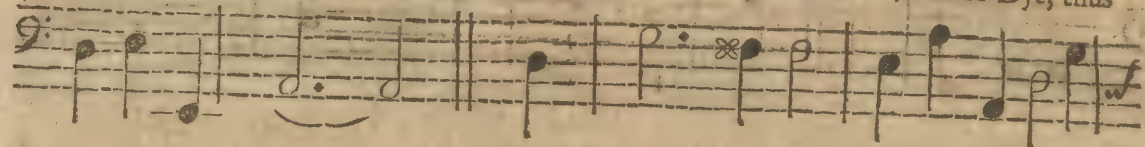
Set by Dr. Staggins.



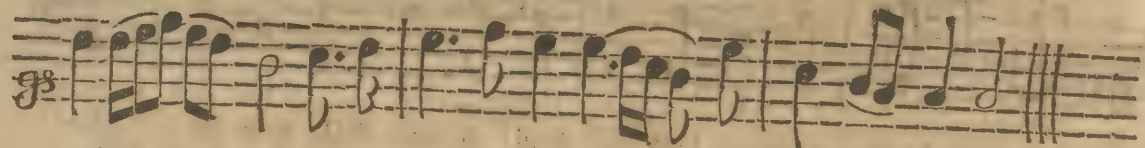
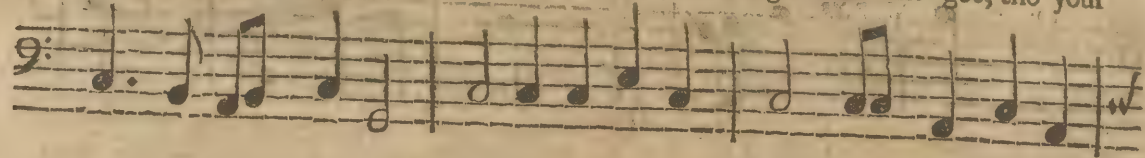
SUCH command o're my Fate, has your Love or your Hate, that no-thing can



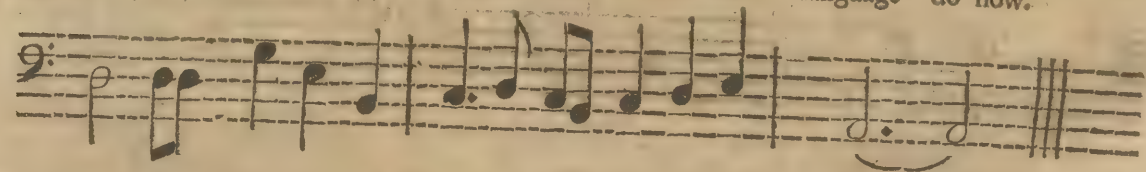
make me more wretched or great: Whilst expecting I lye to Live, or to Dye, thus



doubtfull the sentence of fash I re-ly, your Tongue bids me goe, tho' your



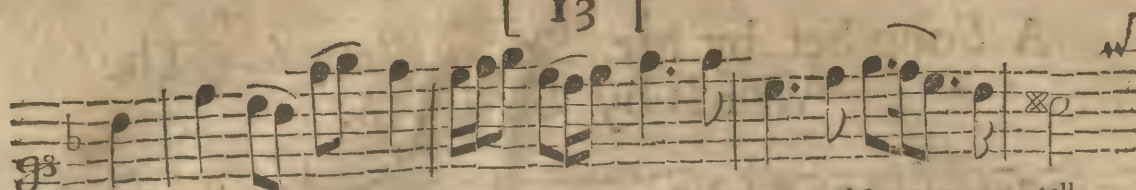
eyes say not so, but much kinder words from their language do flow.



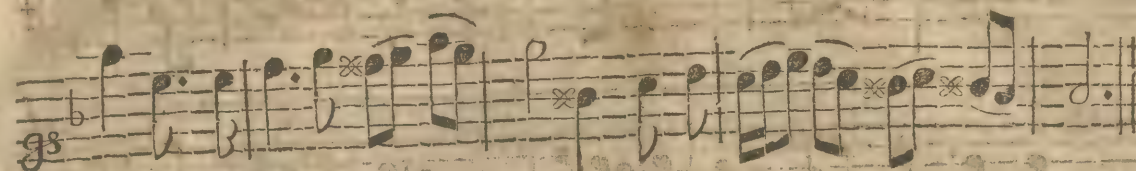
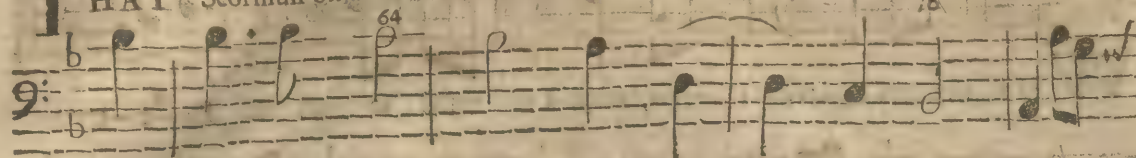
Set by Mr. Tho. Tallor.

II.

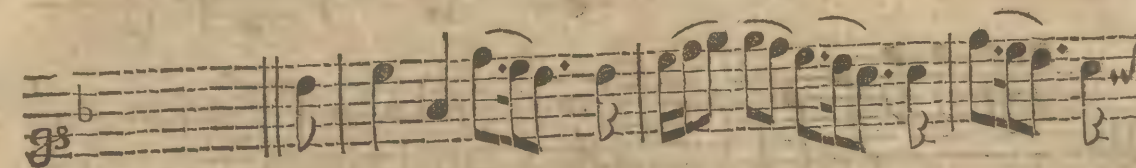
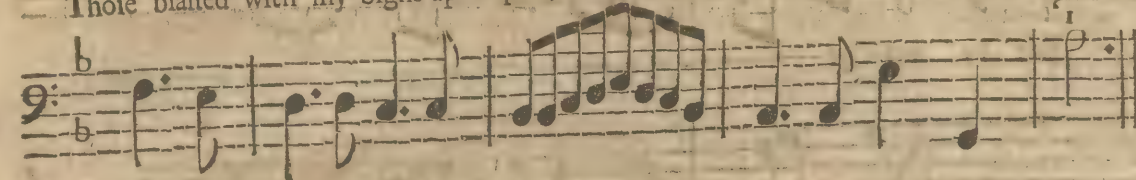
Then leave me not hear thus between hope and fear,
Tho' your Love cannot come let your Pitty appear;
But this my request you must grant me at least,
And more I'll not ask but to you leave the rest;
If my Fate I must meet let it be at your Feet,
Death there with more joy than elsewhere I wou'd greet.



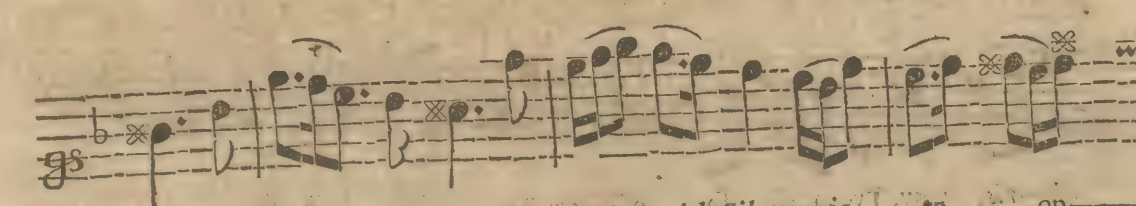
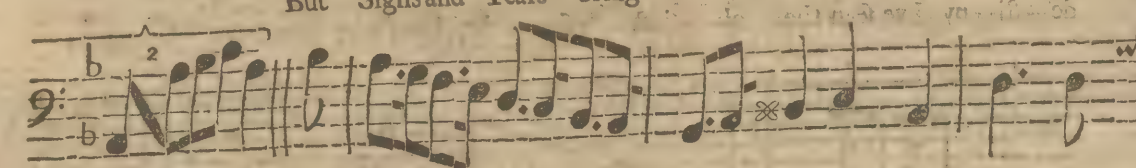
THAT Scornfull Sil—vias Chaines I wear, the Groves and Streames can tell;



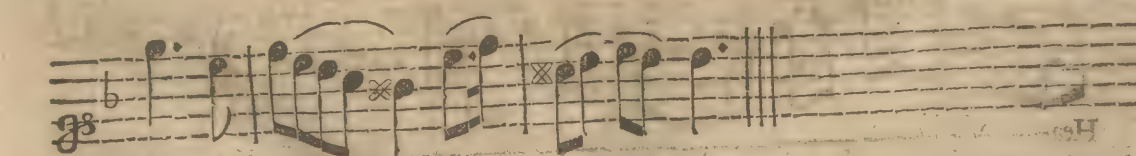
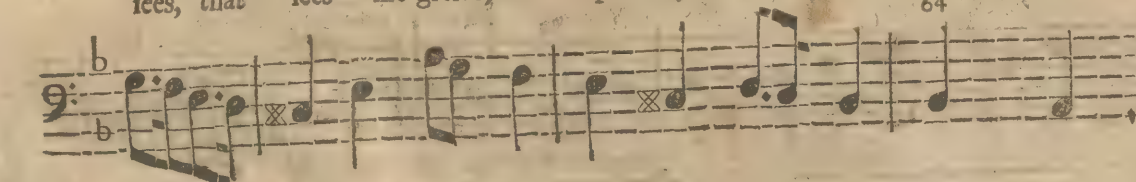
Those blasted with my Sighs ap—pear, these with my Tears, my Tears ore swell



But Sighsand Tears bring no re—dress, and Love that

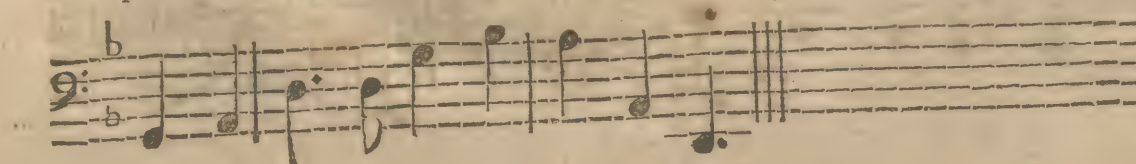


fees, that fees me greive, con—spires with Sil—via to op—



—press the heart he shou'd re—lieve.

Set by Mr. Akeroyd.



[14]
A Song Set by Mr. Samuel Akeroyde. The
Words by Sir Ed. S.

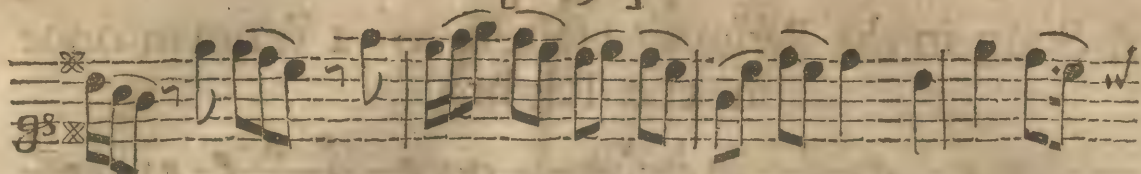
WHY wonders beauteous Clo-ris, why, I've aim'd so oft at Po-e-try?

since by my ge-n'rous

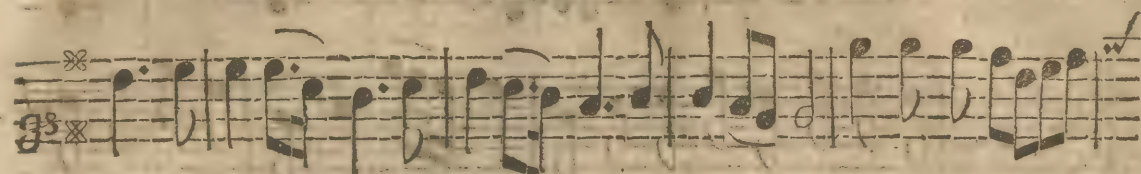
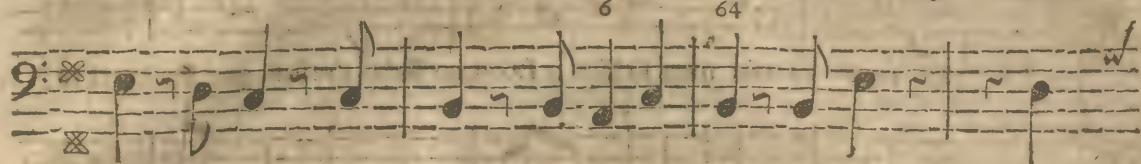
de-si-ny, I've seen the ob-ject of her Eye; why wonders beauteous

Clo-ris, why, I've aim'd so oft at Po-e-try? I'm in a

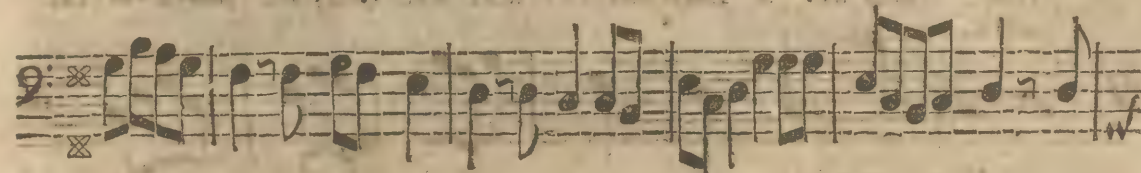
Hea-ven a-



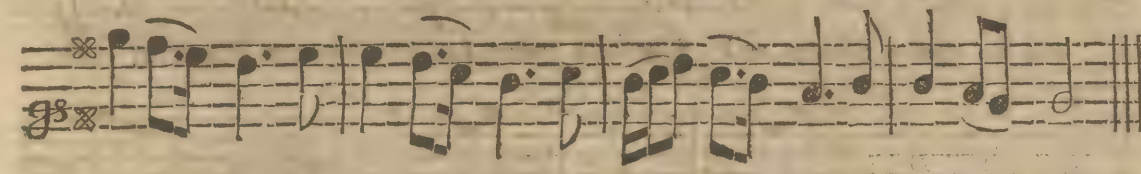
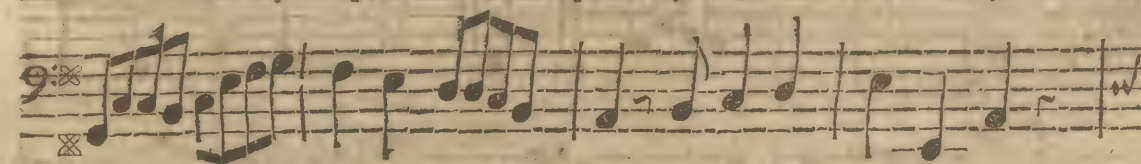
—las at least, when e're my Eyes doe on her feast: why wonders



beauteous Clo—ris, why, I've aim'd so oft at Po—e—try; and in that Hea—



—ven my rap—tures be im—prov'd by her di—vi—ni—ty? why



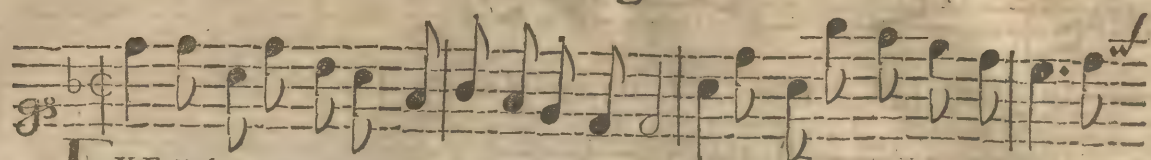
wonders beauteous Clo—ris, why, I've aim'd so much at Po—e—try?



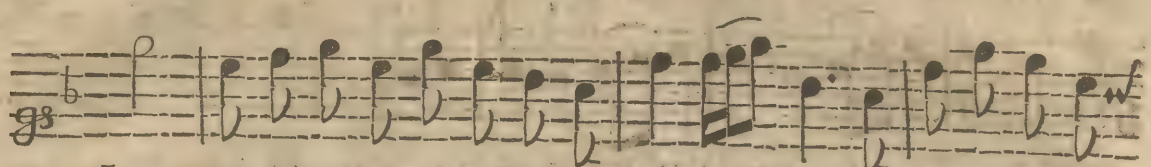
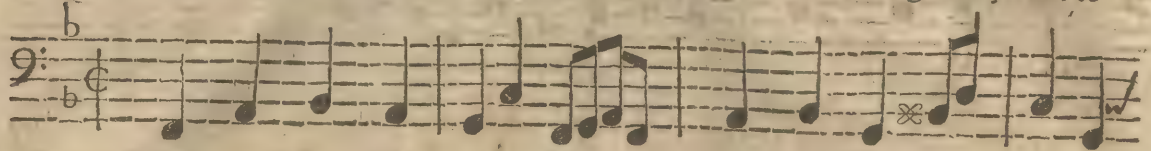
II.

Translated thus to Heavens blest Shore,
I cease to be the thing before;
And in those hallow'd Plaines receive,
Rewards too great for Earth to give;
Then *Cloris* can you so admire,
At what you only, you Inspire;
The mighty wonders of whose Eyes,
Produce your *Strophæ* Rhapsodies.

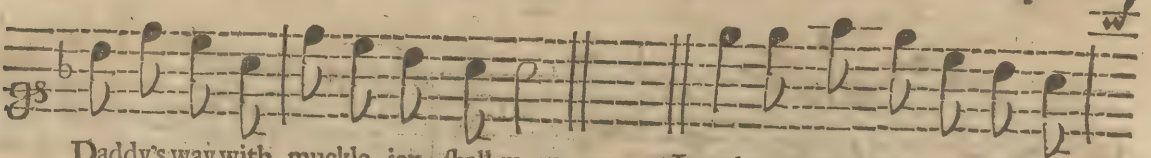
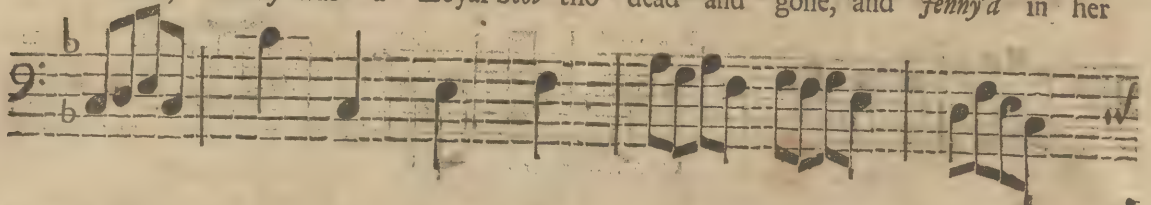
A Song in the *Richmond* Heireft, or a Woman once in the Right.



F Y E *Jocky* never prattle meer so like a Loon, no Rebel e're shall garr my heart to

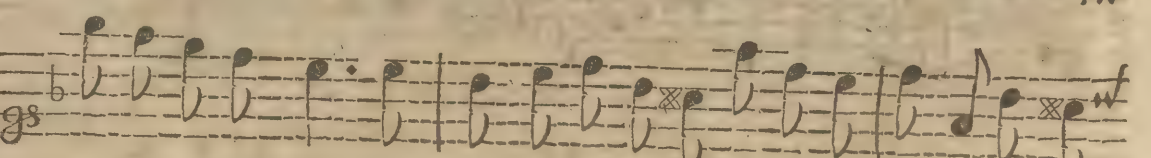
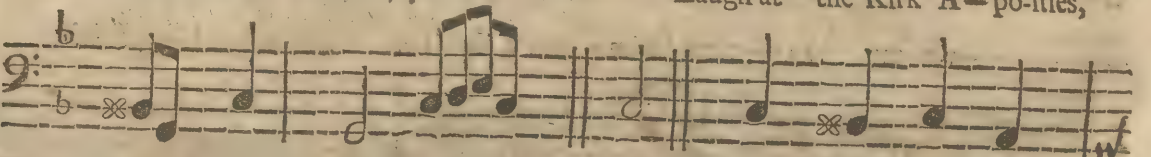


Love; *Sawny* was a Loyal Scot tho' dead and gone, and *Fenny'd* in her

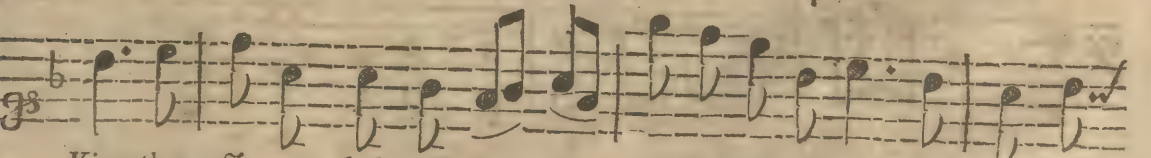
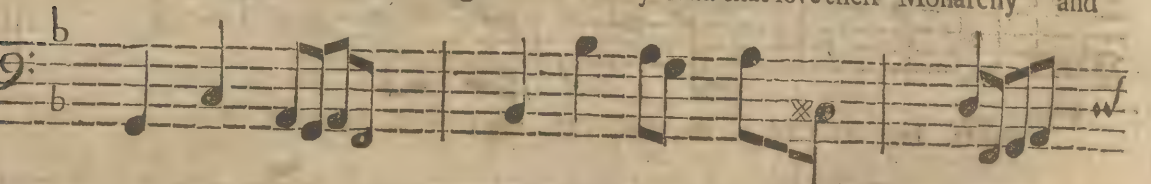


Daddy's way with muckle joy shall move:

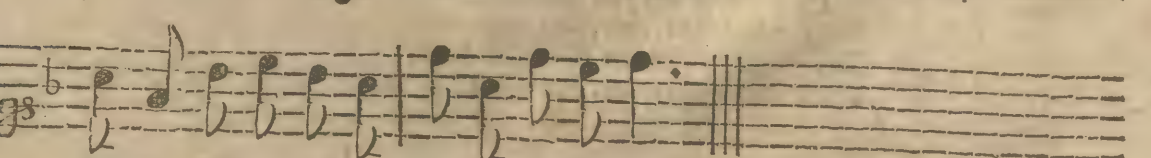
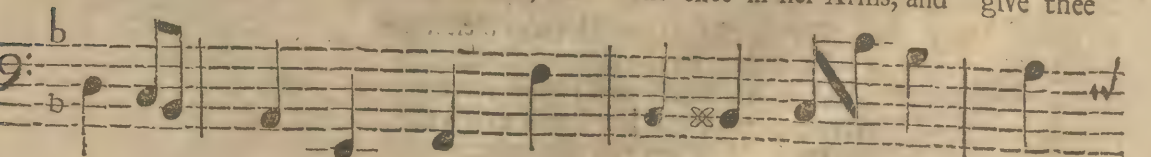
Laugh at the Kirk A-po-fles,



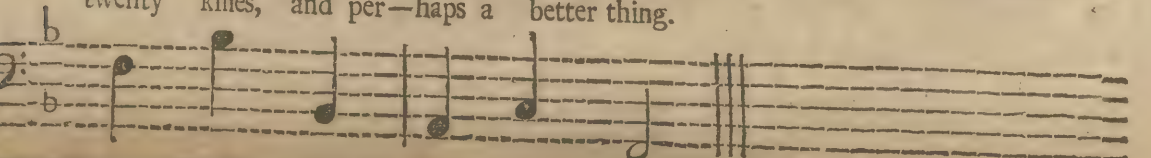
and the canting Swarms, and fight with bonny Lad that love their Monarchy and



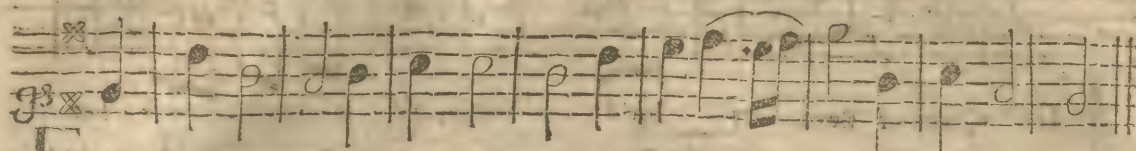
King; then *Fenny* fresh and blith, shall take thee in her Arms, and give thee



twenty kisses, and per-haps a better thing.



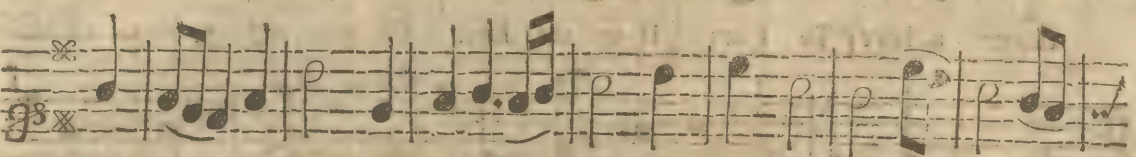
A Song for 2 Voices, Set by Mr. Samuel Akeroyde.
The Words by Mr. Jo. O.



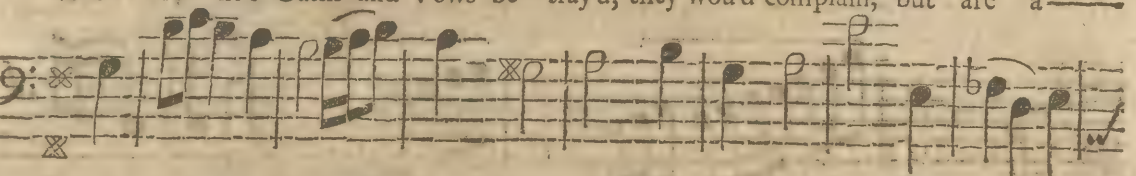
FOND Virgins run in — to the snare, false Men to catch their hearts pre — pare :



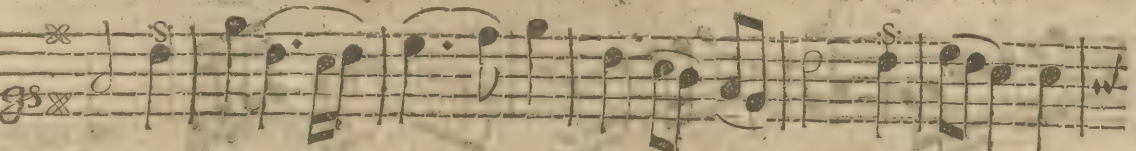
FOND Virgins run in — to the snare, false Men to catch their hearts pre — pare :



With bro — ken Oaths and Vows be — tray'd, they wou'd complain, but are a —



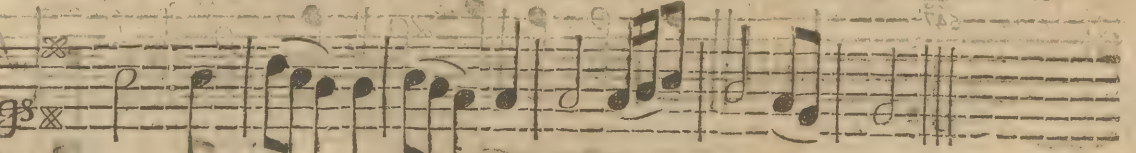
With bro — ken Oaths and Vows be — tray'd, they wou'd complain, but are a —



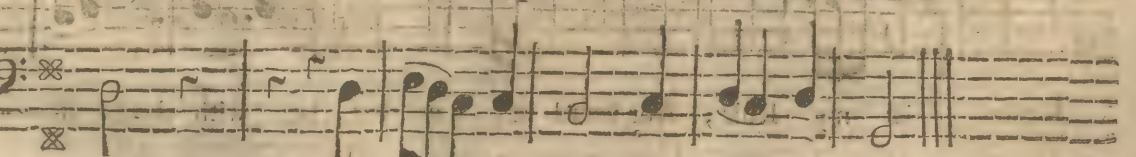
— fraid; and each that Lifts her self for a Wife, is doom'd to



— fraid; and each that Lifts her self, a Wife is doom'd to



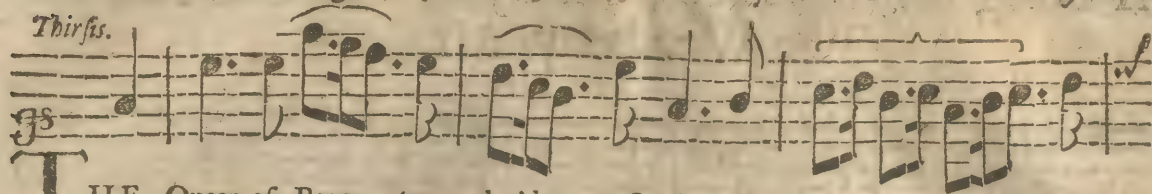
praise, is doom'd, is doom'd to praise the care — full life.



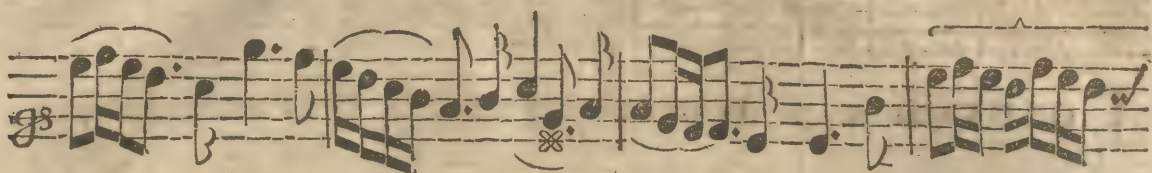
praise is doom'd to praise the care — full life.

Praise the carefull life,
The Nymph she is both gay and wise,
The tempting Bait discreetly flies;
She loves her self, she loves her friend,
She looks for joys and has her end;
She only can her freedom boast,
Which when resign'd is ever lost.

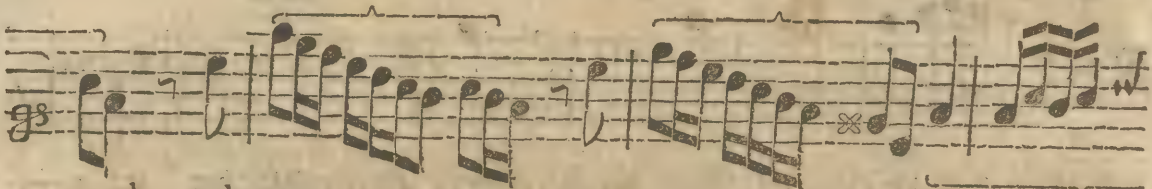
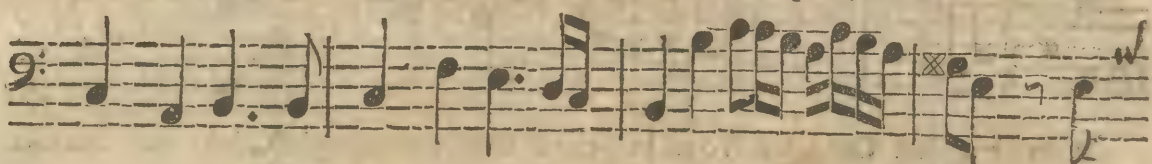
A Pastoral Dialogue by Mr. Jo. O. Set by Mr. Samuel Akeroyd.

Thirfis.

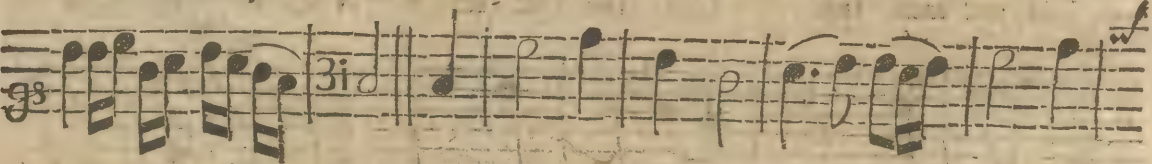
THE Queen of Beau—ty lov'd a Swain, and le—ft her



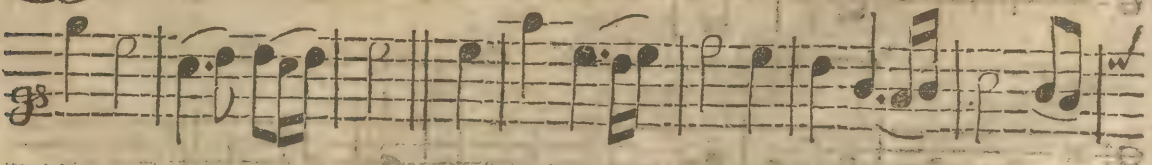
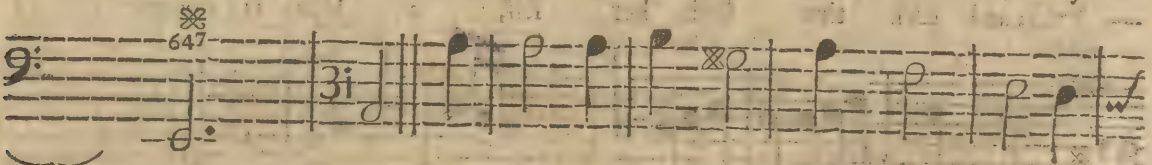
throne a—bove; To sport it on the hum—ble plain, and re—



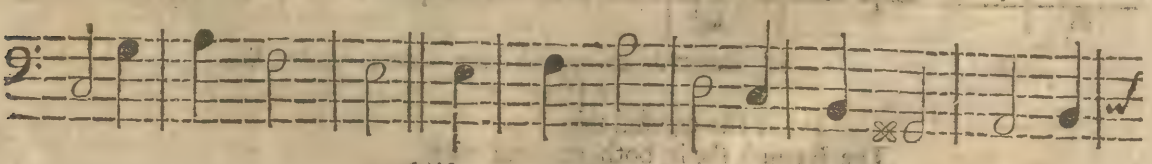
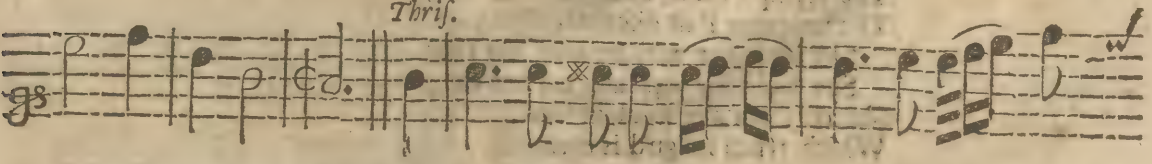
—vel, and re—vel, and re—vel i—

*Flor.*

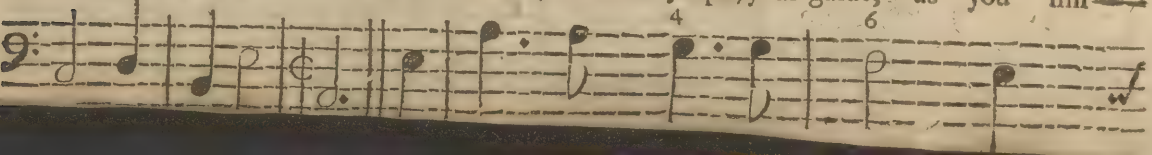
—n his Love. But what's the Wanton Queen to me, my—

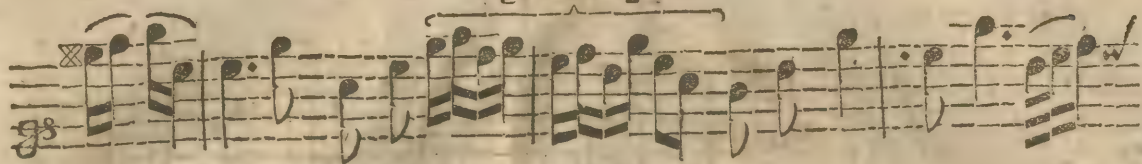


Reason is my Rule; Nor wou'd it e—ver be with thee, if—

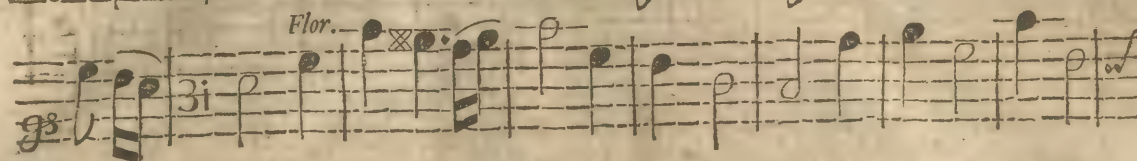
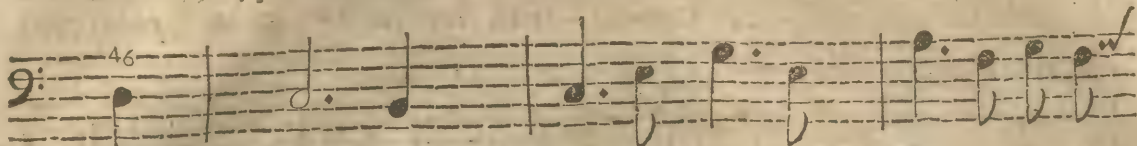
*Thrif.*

I shou'd play the fool: Were Reason, cruel Nymph, your guide, as you mis—

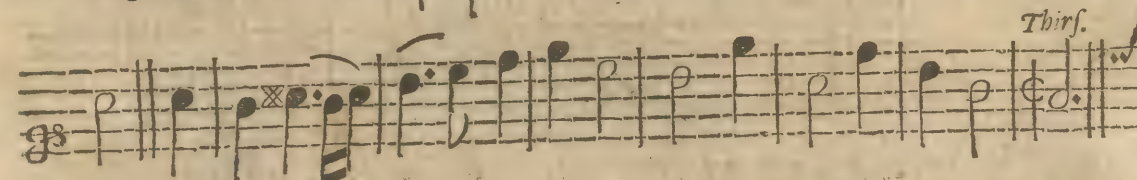
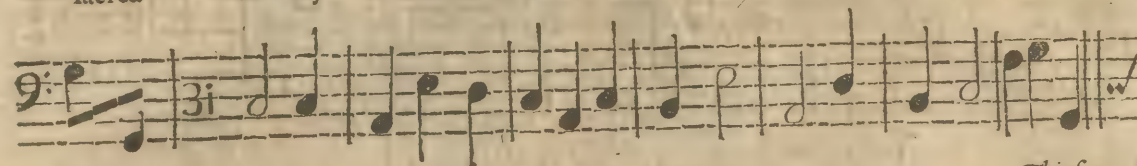




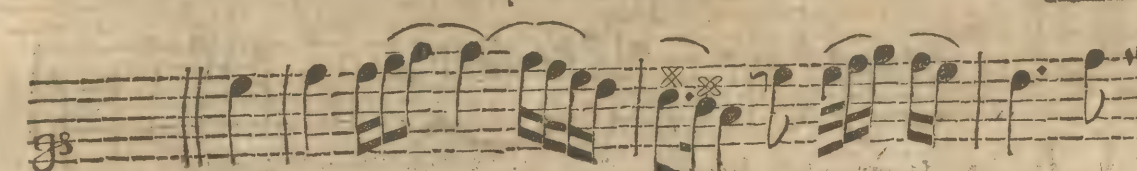
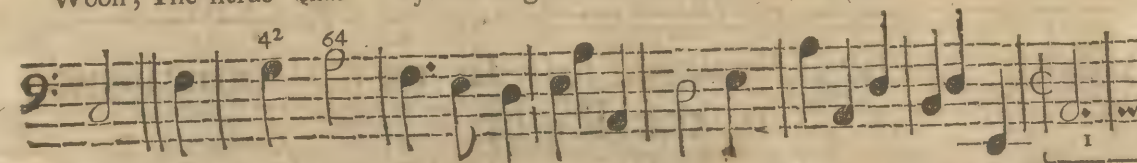
— take it is, you wou'd not glo — ry in your pride, nor shun Loves



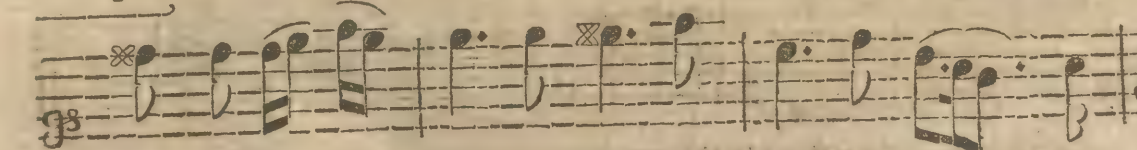
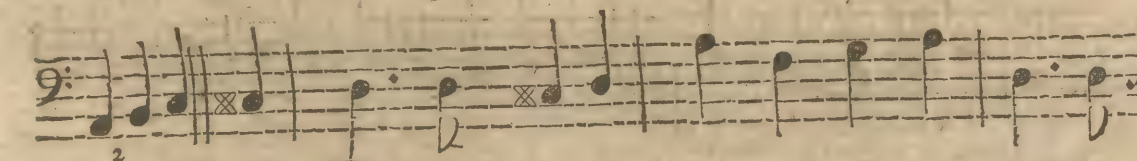
sacred bliss. My nu-me-rous Flocks are more than thine, my Fleeces fi — ner



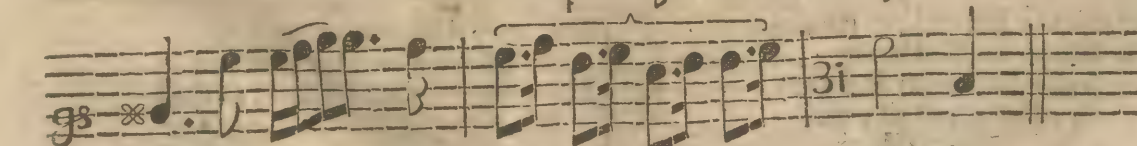
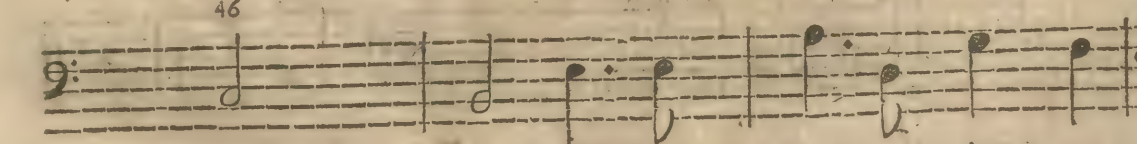
Wool; The herds that yon — der graze are mine, my Barnes are al — so full;



But mine o — — h! fates are thine of store, my



herds, my flocks but few; I plead my Love I ask no

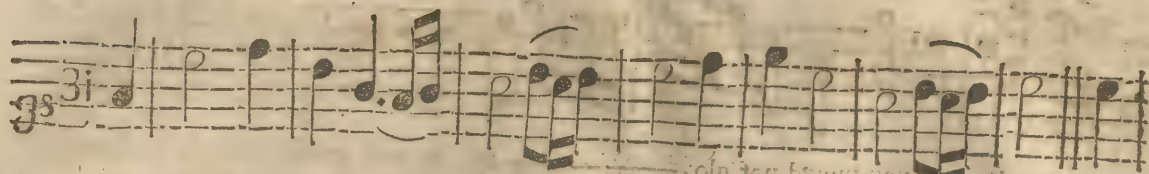


more, since love does a — — ll sub — due.



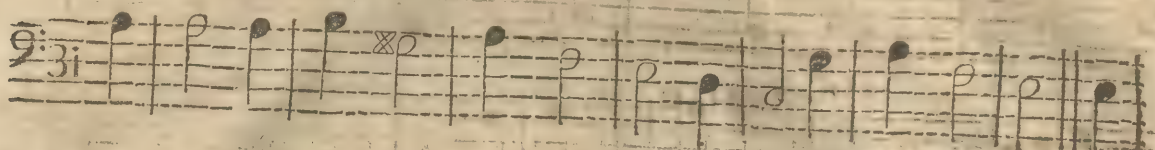
Turn over to the CHORUS.

CHORUS.

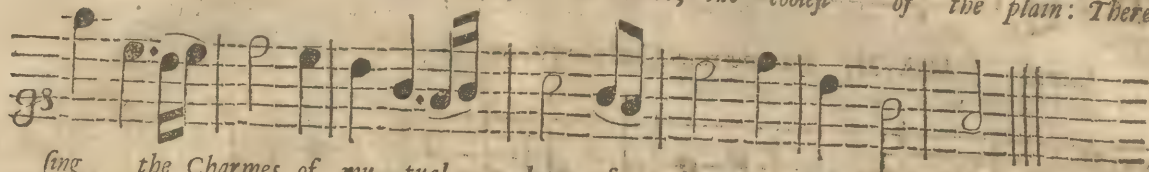


Then let's to yon—der Grove re—move, the coolest of the plain: There

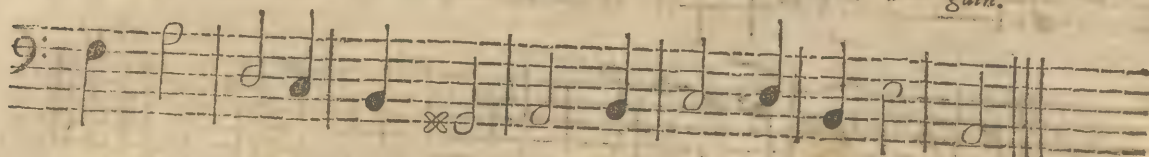
CHORUS.



Then let's to yon—der Grove re—move, the coolest of the plain: There

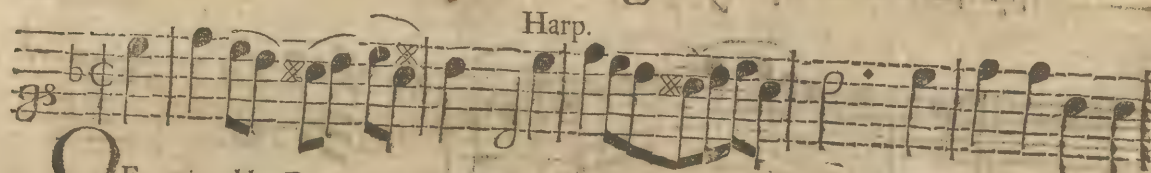


sing the Charmes of mu—tual love, so to our Flocks a—gain.

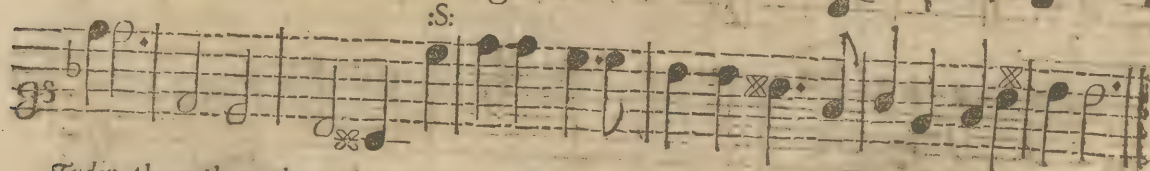
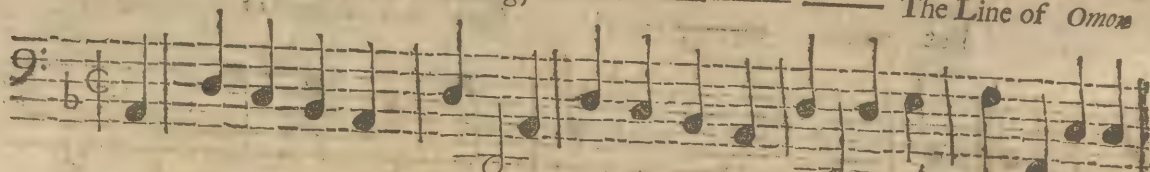


sing the Charmes of mu—tual love, so to our Flocks a—gain.

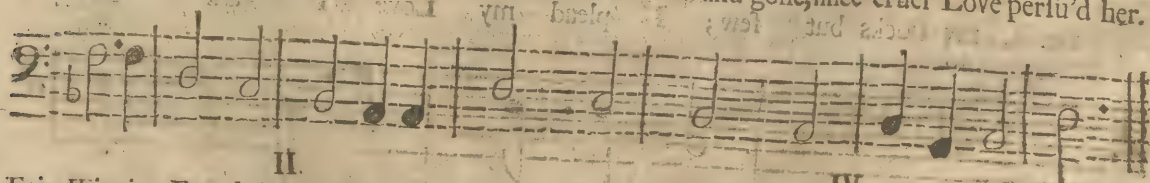
A Song in the Richmond Heirest, or a Woman once in the Right.



OF no—ble Race was Shining, ————— The Line of Omon



Tudor, thum, thum, thum, thum, But her renown is fled and gone, since cruel Love persu'd her.



II.
Fair Winnies Eyes bright shining,
And Lilly breasts Alluring;
Poor Jenkins heart with fatal Dart,
Have wounded past all curing.

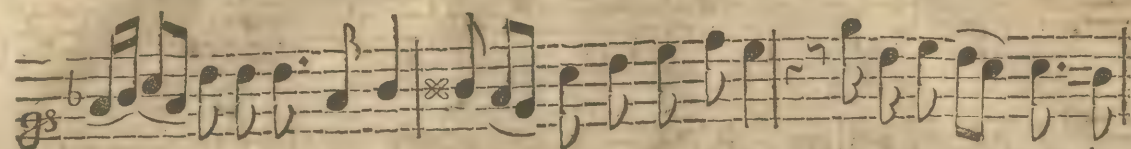
III.
Her was the prettyest Fellow
At Foot-ball, or at Crickett;
At Hunting Chace, or nimble Race,
Cots-plut how her cou'd prick it.

IV.
But now all joy's are flying,
All pale and wan her Cheeks too;
Her heart so akes, her quite forsakes,
Her Herrings, and her Leeks too.

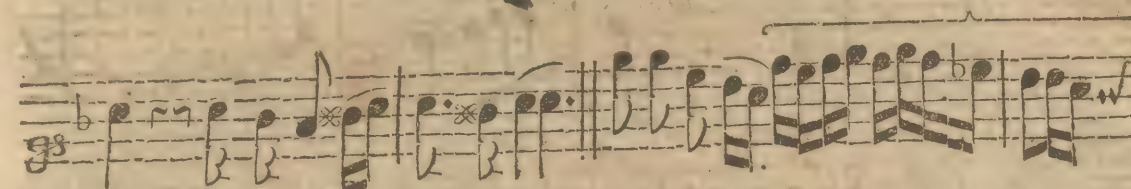
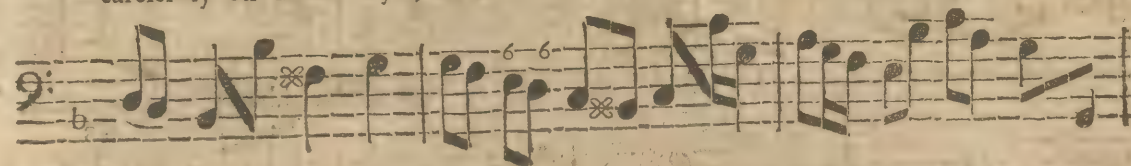
V.
No more must dear Metheglin,
Be top'd at good Montgomery;
And if Love sore, smart one week more,
Adieu Cream-Cheese and Flomery.



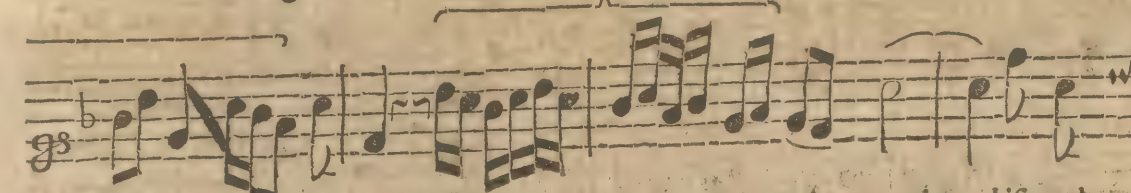
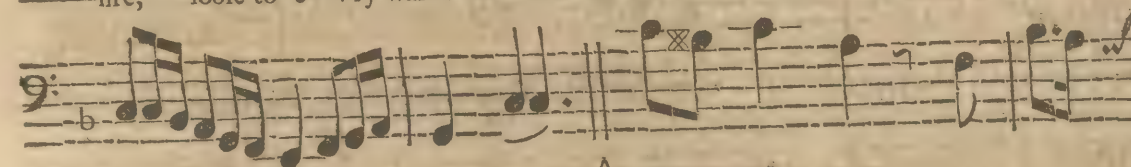
T O yon—der sweet de—li—cious shade, lovely *Silvia* let's retire;



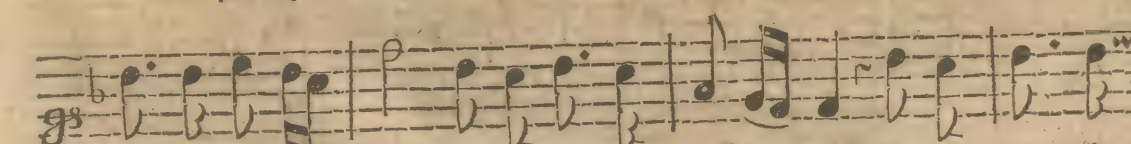
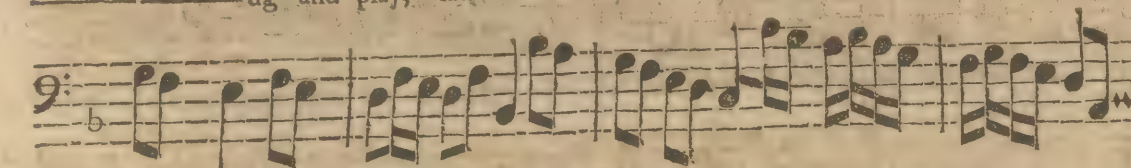
careles—ly on Ros'es lay'd, loose to ev'ry warm desire, loose to e—very warm de—



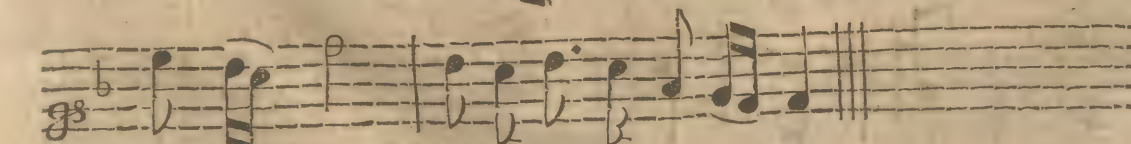
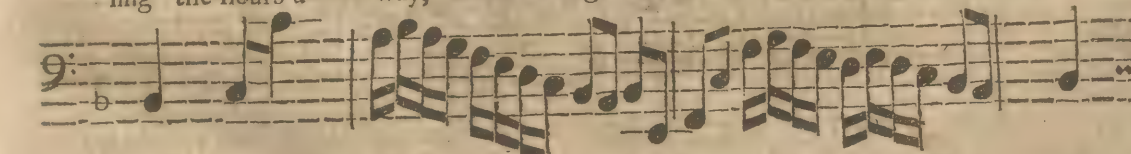
—fire, loose to e—vry warm de—fire. Let us wanton lau



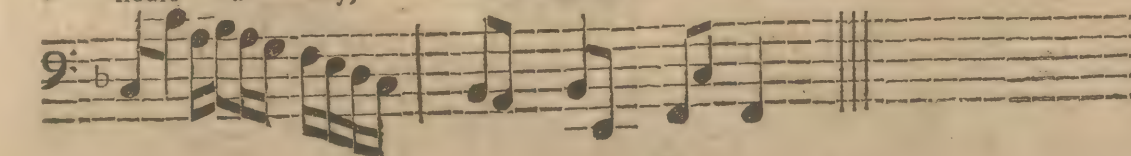
—ug and play, lau — gh and play, kifs and



sing the hours a — way, kifs and sing the hours a—way, kifs and sing the

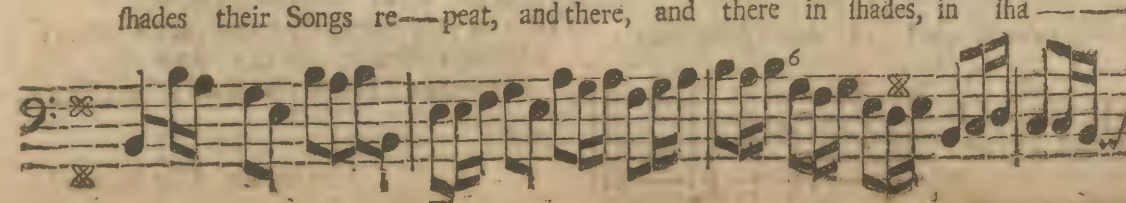
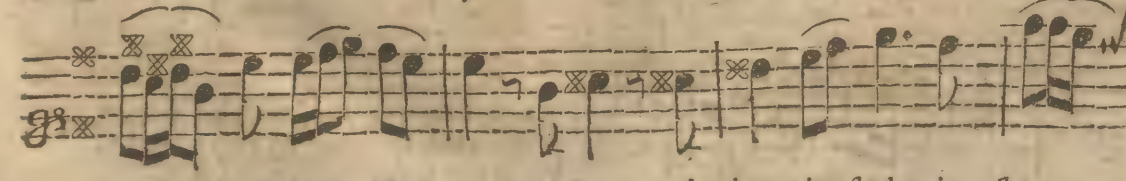
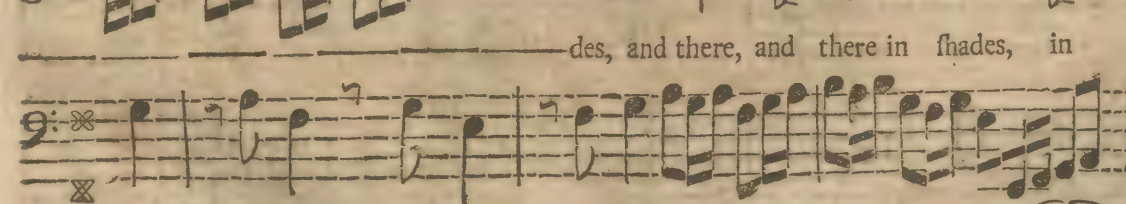
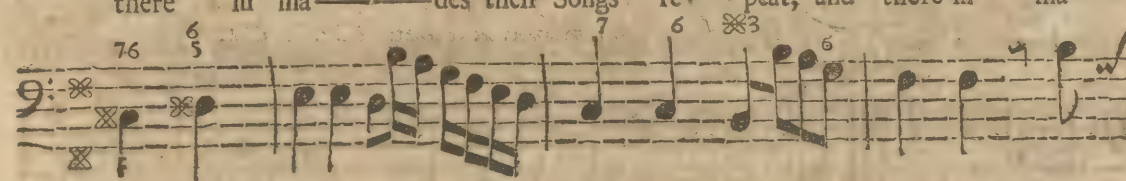
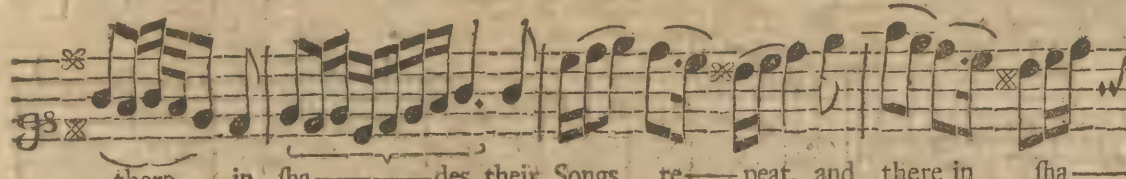
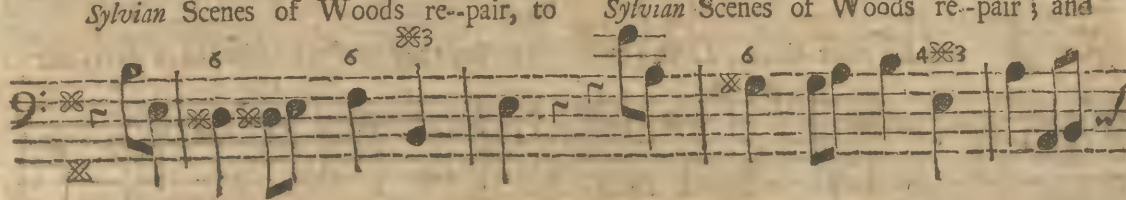
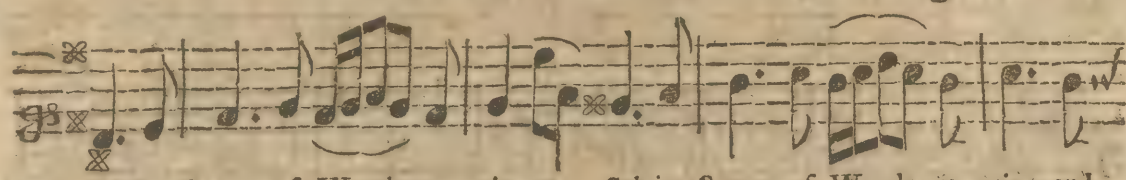
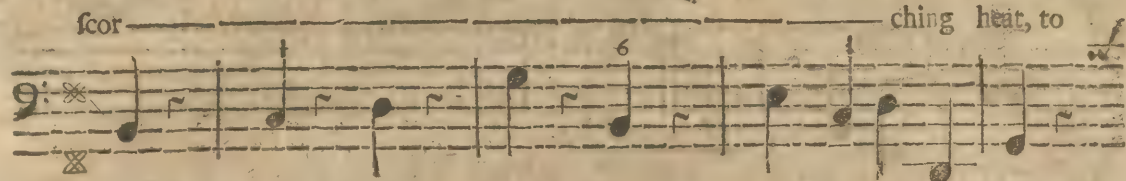
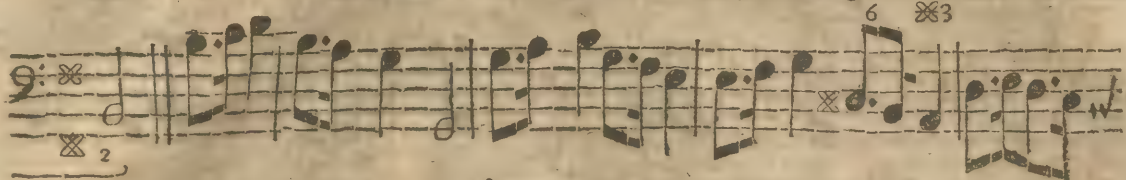
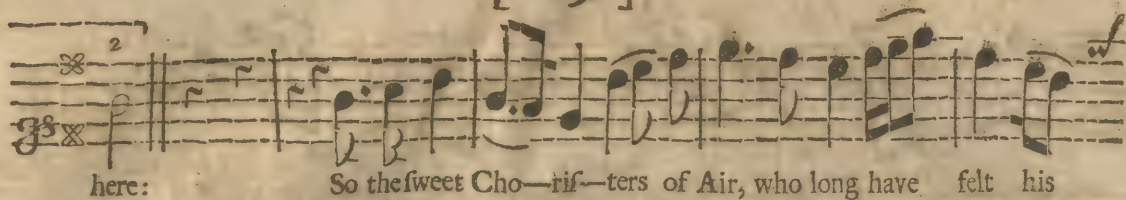


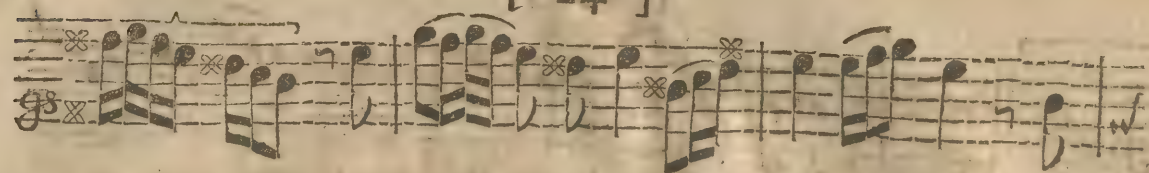
hours a — way, kifs and sing the hours a—way.



[22]
A Song on the *Italian* Woman, The Words
by Mr. Heningham. Set by Mr R. Courtiville.

W HERE Phæbus with his kindest, kind —
est, kind — est look vi — sits his Neighbours a —
ll the year; that place this Beautious Nymph, this Beautious,
this Beau — tious Nymph, forsook to en — ter — tain and warm us
here, here, here, to en — ter — tain and warm us here, where Phæbus

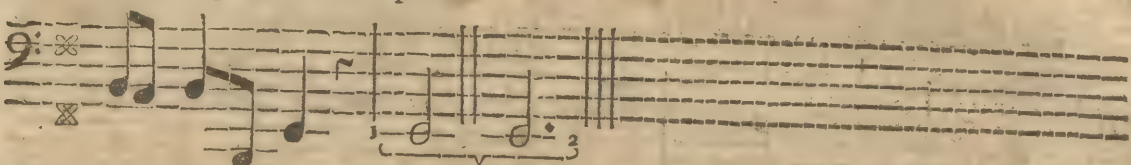




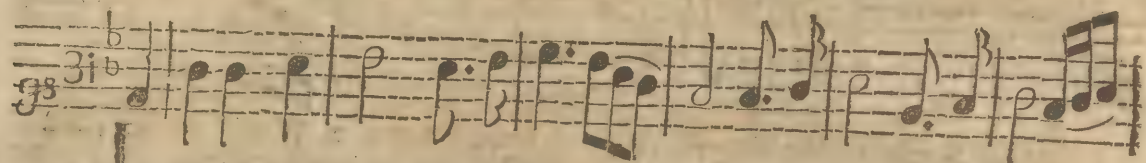
des their Songs repeat, re—peat, re—peat their



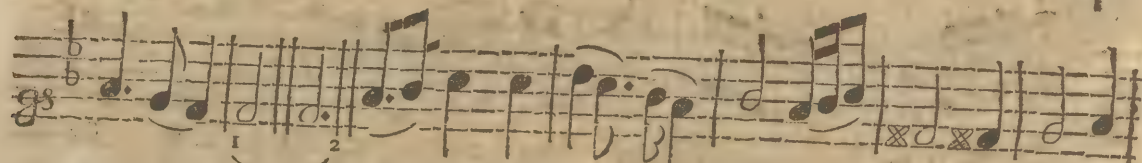
Songs re—peat, re—peat.



wonder what those Lovers mean, who say, they have giv'n, they have giv'n their



hearts a—way: Some good kind Lo—ver tell me how, for mine is



but a tor—ment now; some good kind Lo—ver tell me how, for



mine is but a tor—ment now.



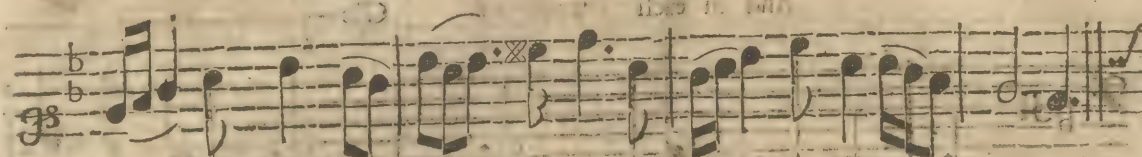
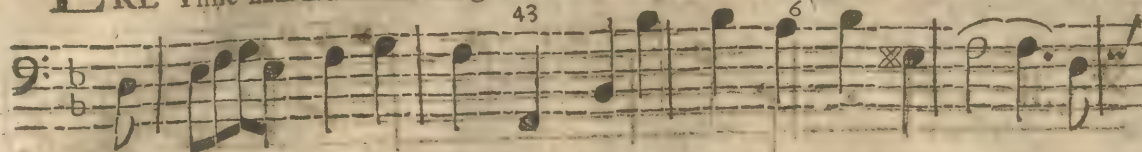
II
If so it be one place both hearts contain,
For what, for what do they complain;
What Courtesies can Love do more,
Then to joyn hearts that were parted before;
What Courtesies can Love do more,
Than to joyn hearts that were parted before!

Set by Mr. John Barrett.

A Scotch Song set by Mr. Robert King.



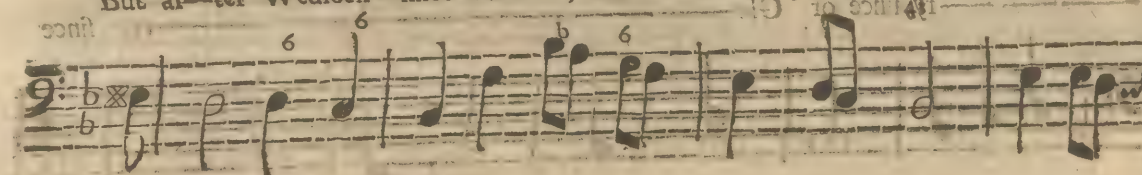
E'RE Time had run so long a race, when *Wul-* *by* *gan* *en-trea-ty*, then



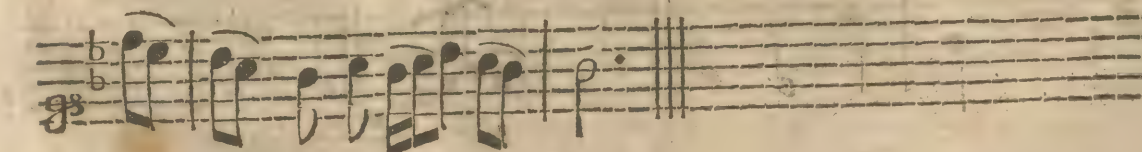
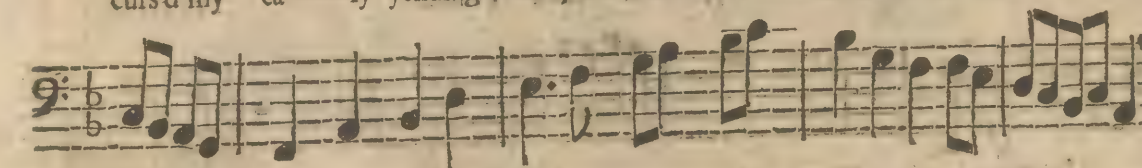
I ze was thought a bon—ny Lads, and call—ed wondrous pretty:



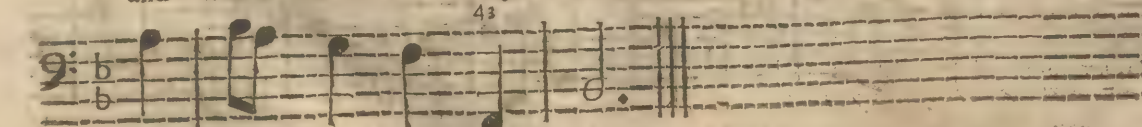
But af—ter Wedlock—knot was wove, and the Lad my Charms had worn, he



curs'd my ea—fy yeilding Love, and wish'd he had had my scorn,



and wish'd he had had my scorn.



[26]
A Song for two Voices by Mr. Henry Purcell.

AND in each track of Glo-ry, since

And in each track of Glo-ry, since,

and in each track of Glo-ry, since

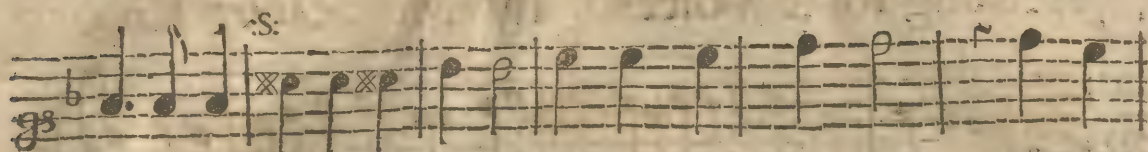
ry, since of Glo-ry, since

for their lov'd Coun—try, or their Prince! Princes that

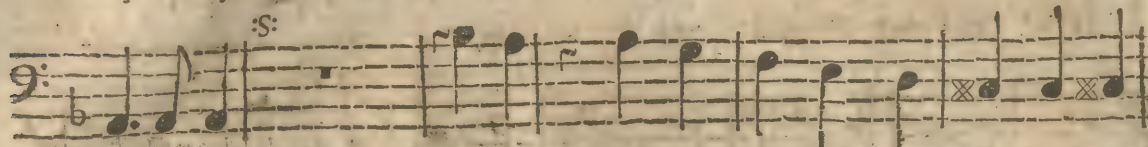
for their lov'd Coun—try, or their Prince. Princes that

hate, that hate Romes Ti-ran—ny and joyn the Nations right, with their own

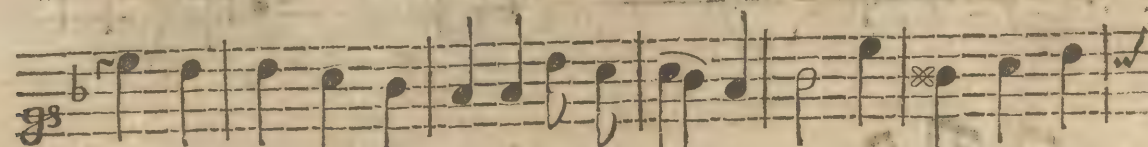
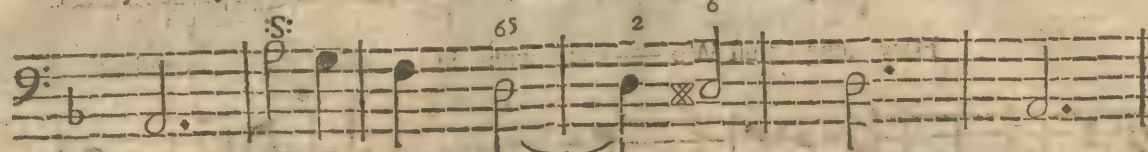
hate, that hate Romes Ti-ran—ny and joyn the Nations right, with their own



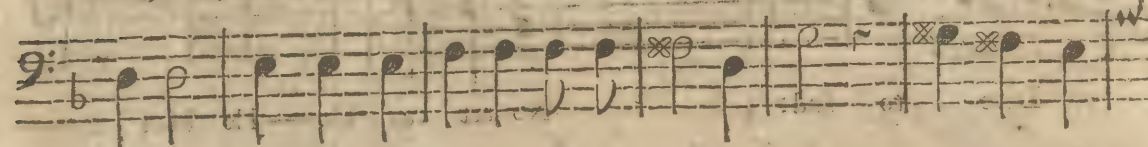
Roy-al-ty; none were more ready, none were more rea—dy, none, none,



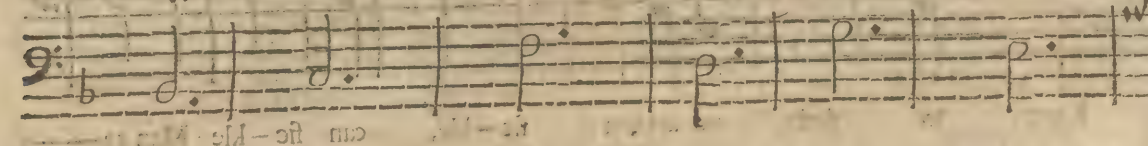
Roy-al ty; none, none, none, none, none were more, none were more,



none, none, none were more ready in—dif—tress to save, no, none were more



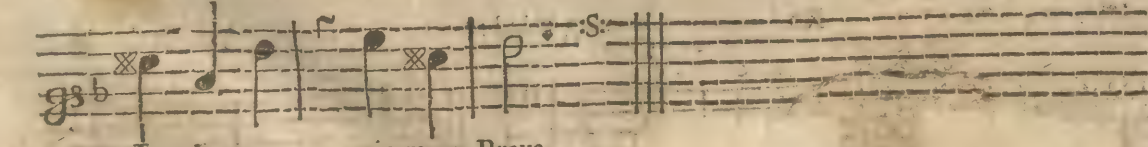
ready, none were more ready in—dif—tress to save, none were more



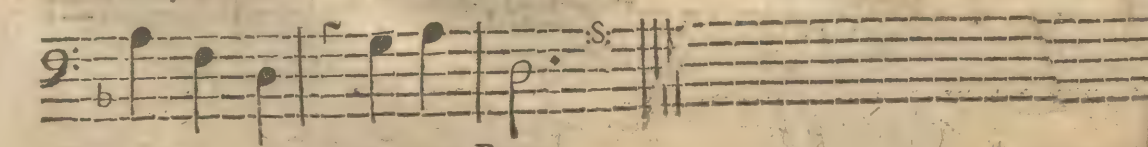
Loyal, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none were more



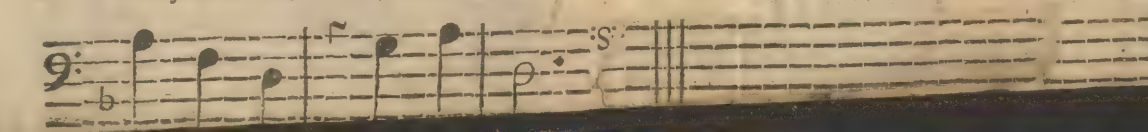
Loyal none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none were more



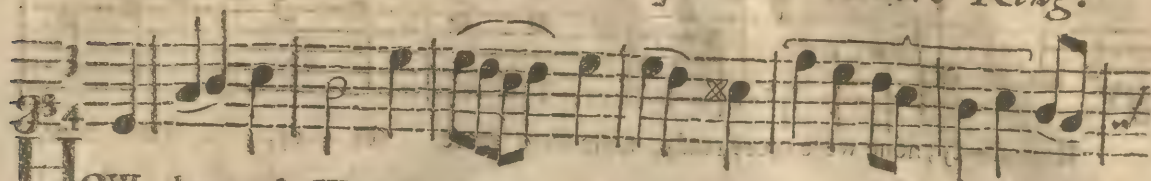
Loyal none, none more Brave.



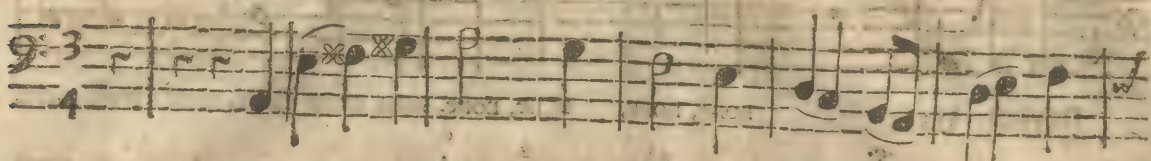
Loyal none, none more Brave.



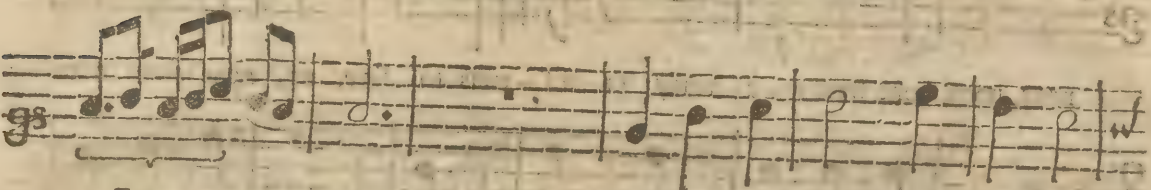
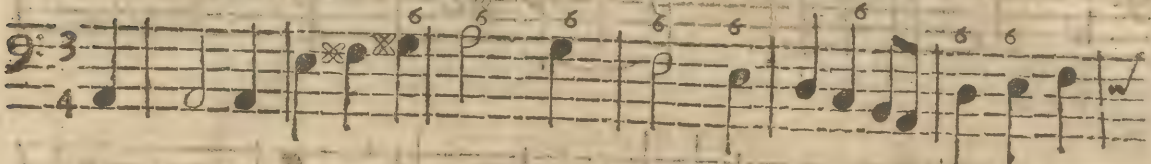
A Song for 2 Voices. By Mr. Robert King.



How long must Women with in vain, a con — stant



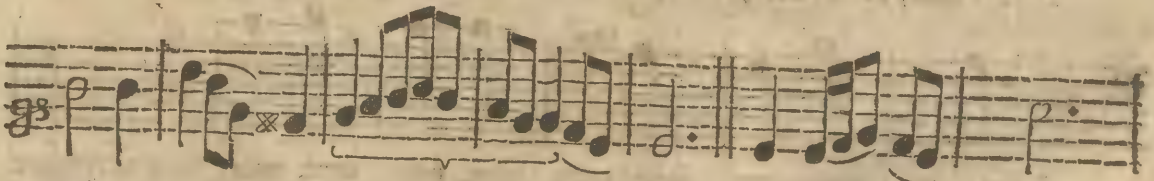
How long must Wo — men with in vain a — constant



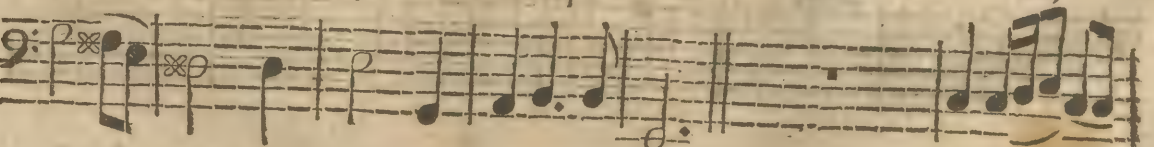
Love to find: No art can Fic — kle Man re —



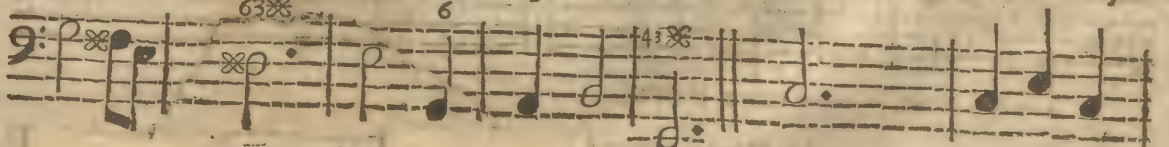
Love to find: no art can fic — kle, can fic — kle Man re —



—tain, or fix a Ro — ving mind: Yet fond — ly we,



—tain, or fix a Ro — ving mind: Yet fond — ly



yet fond—ly we our selves deceive, and emp—ty hopes pur—sue;

we our selves, our selves de—ceive, and emp—ty hopes pur—sue, Tho'

Tho' false to o—thers, we be—lieve they will to us prove true,

false, tho' false to o—thers we be—lieve they will to us prove true,

tho' false to o—thers, tho' false to o—thers, tho' false to

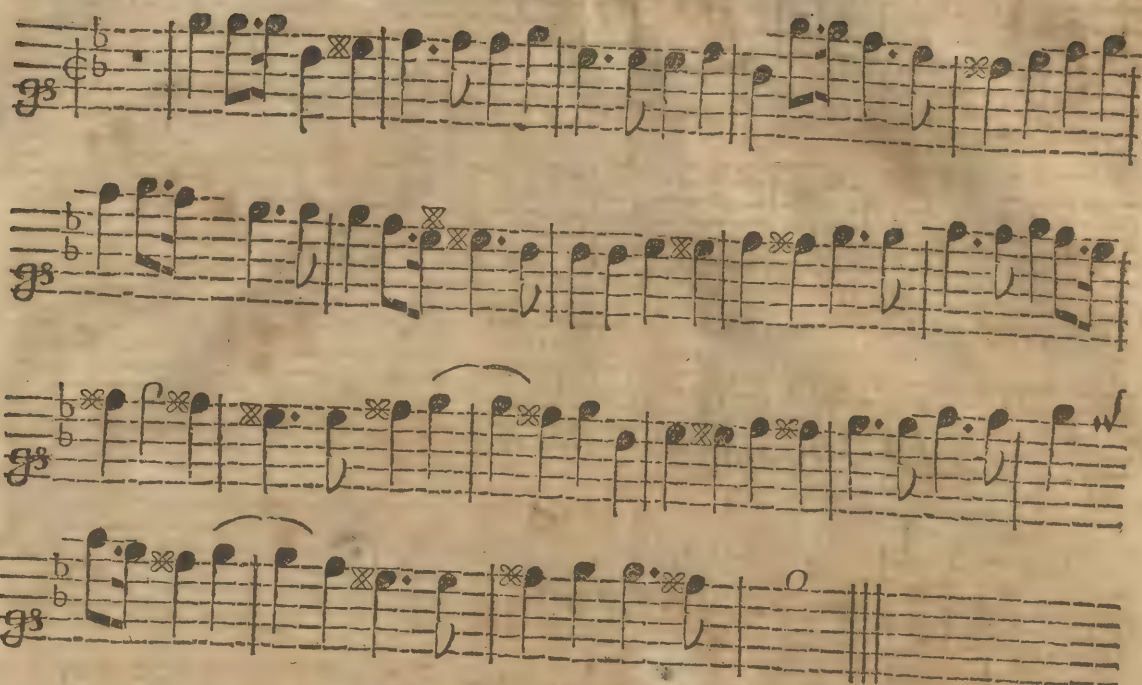
Tho' false to o—thers, tho' false to o—thers,

others, we be—lieve they will to us prove true.

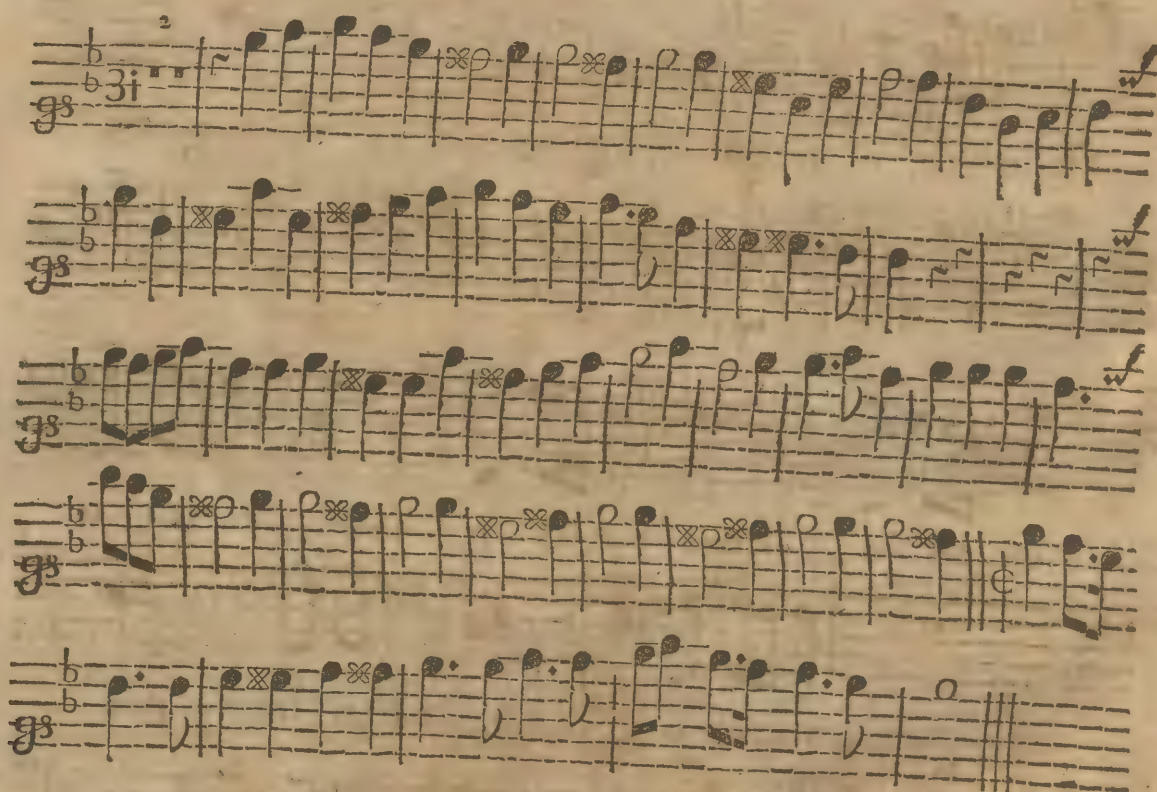
others, we be—lieve they will to us prove true.

(1.)

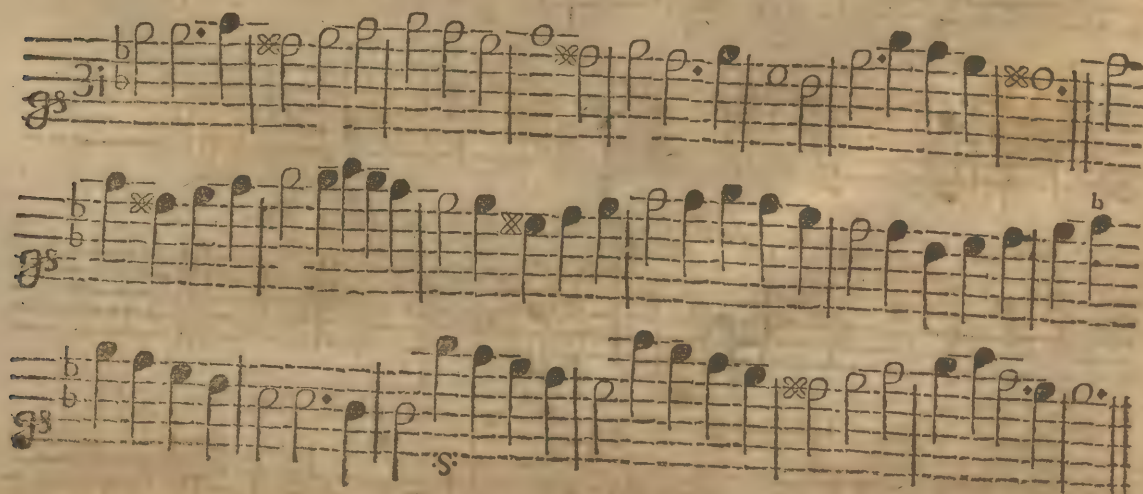
[30]
First Treble.



(2.)

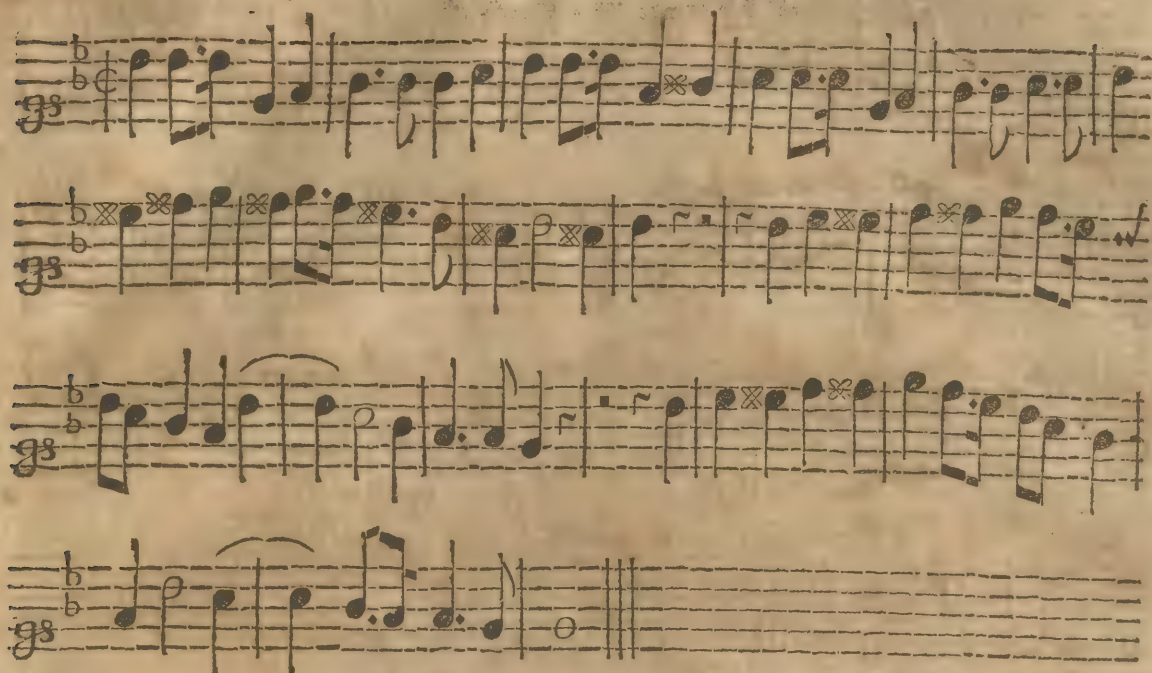


(3.)

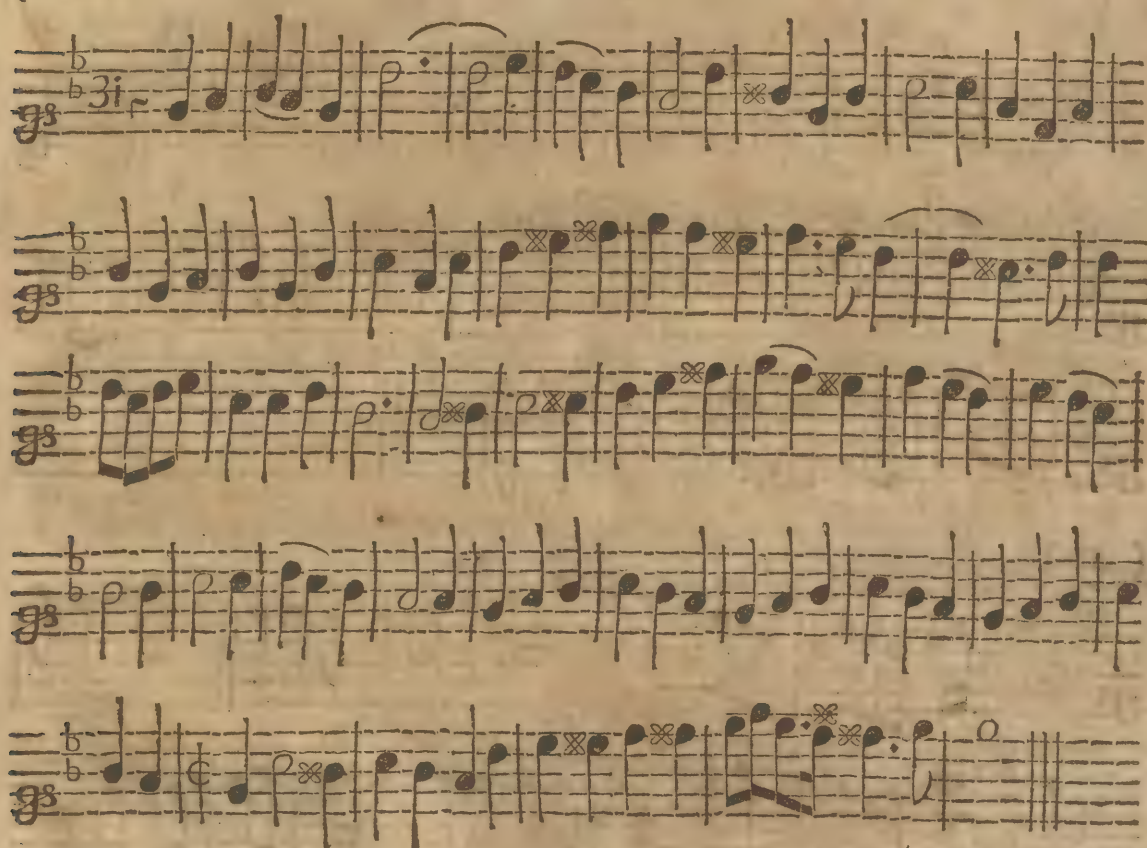


(1.)

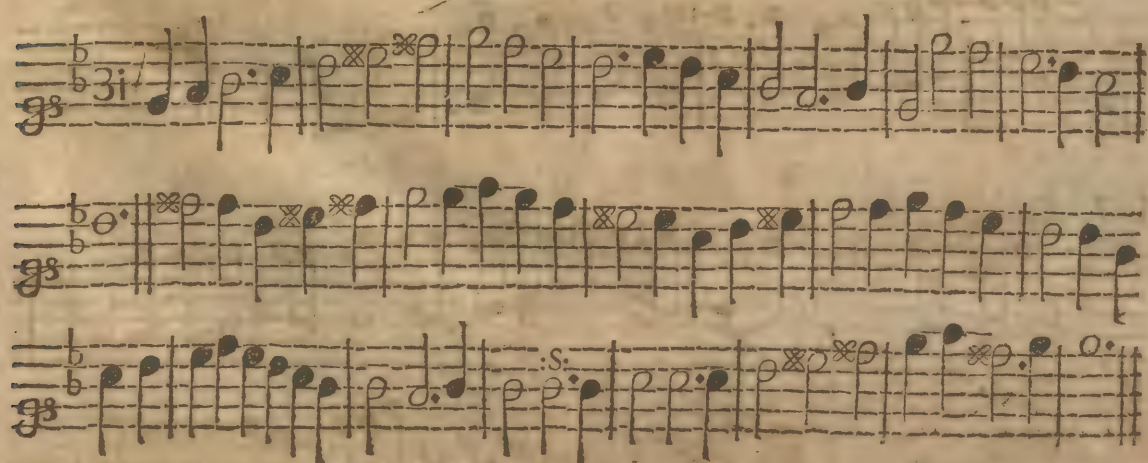
Second Treble.



(2.)

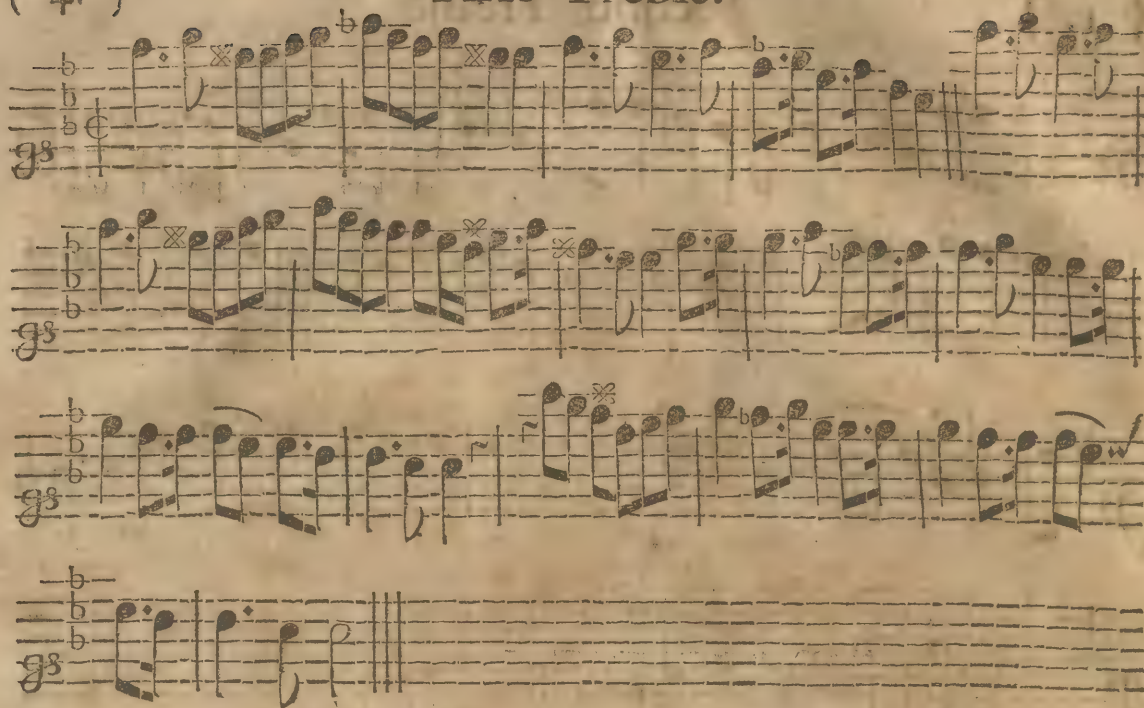


(3.)

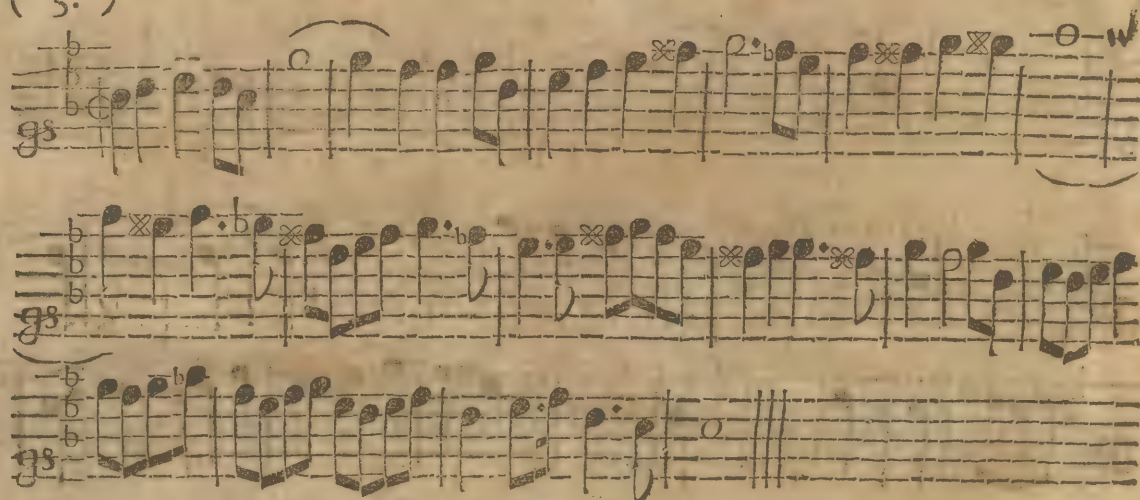


(4.)

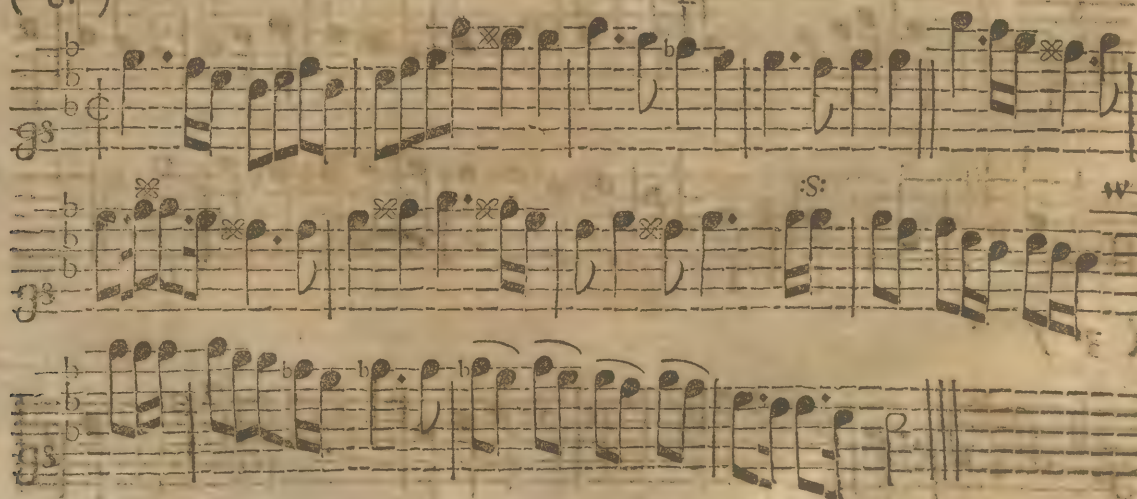
First Treble.



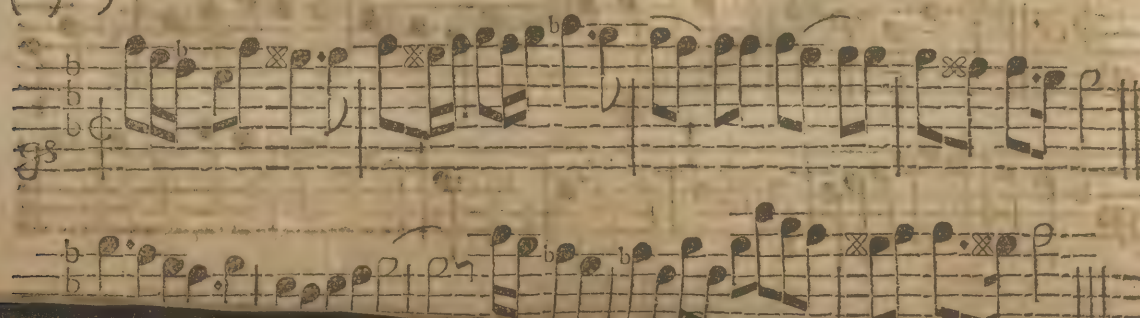
(5.)



(6.)

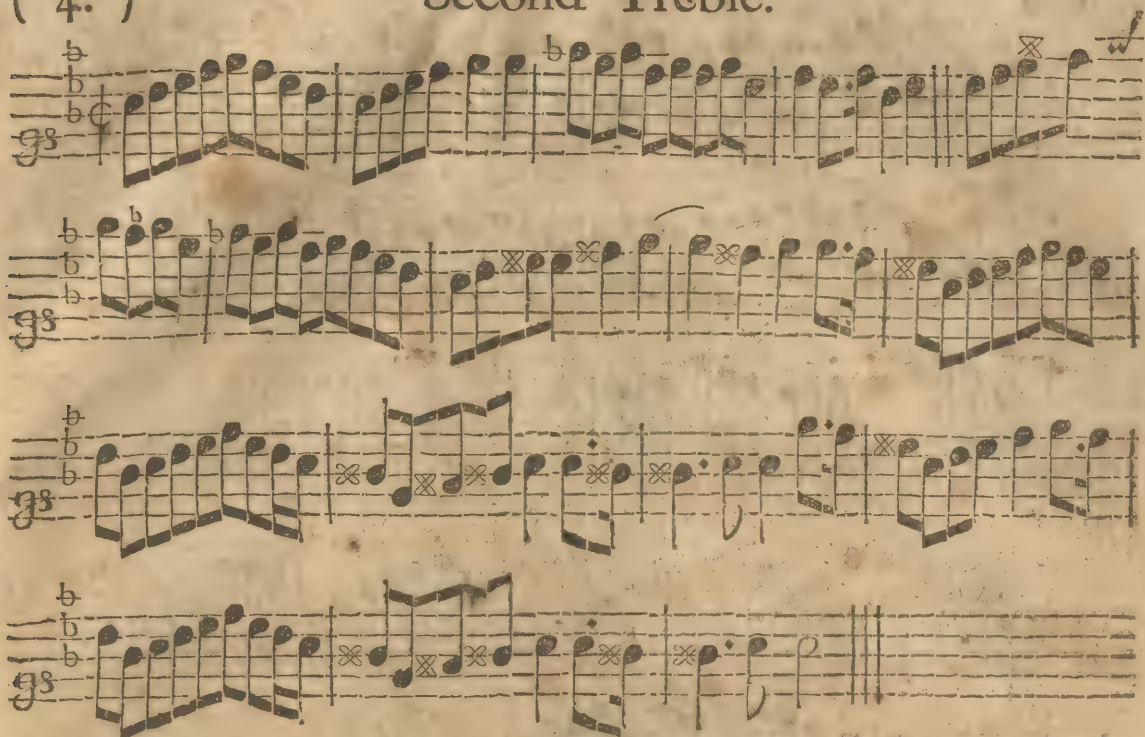


(7.)

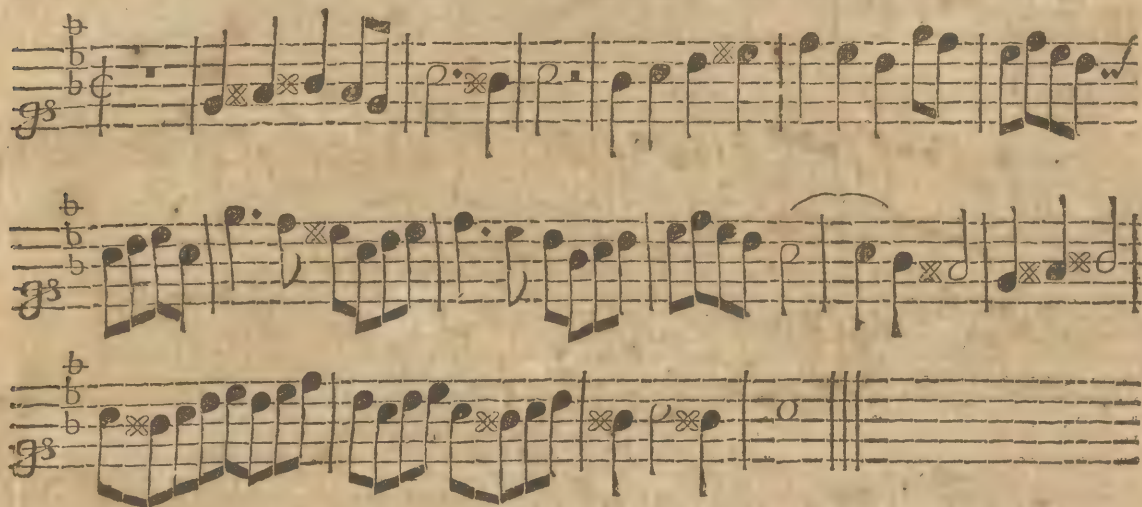


Second Treble.

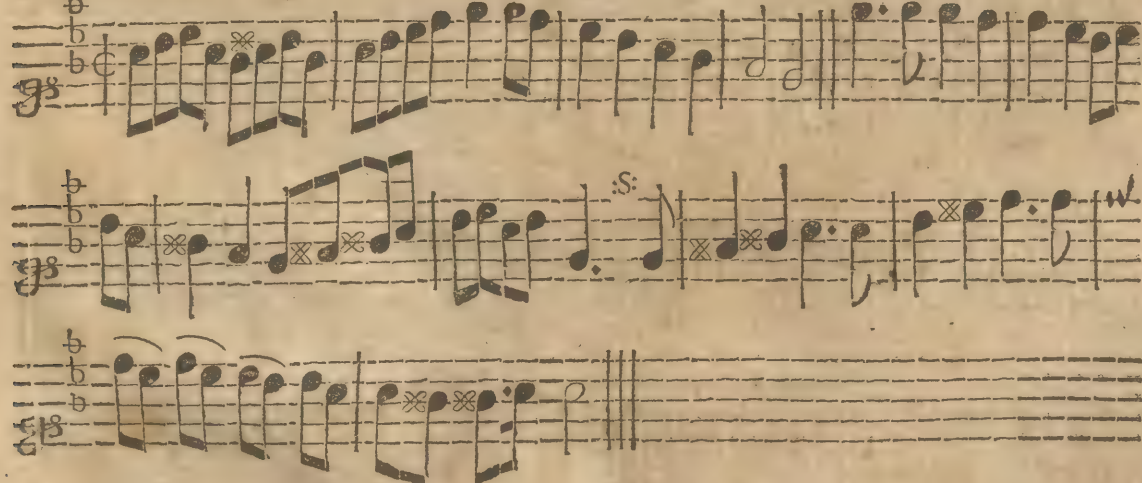
(4.)



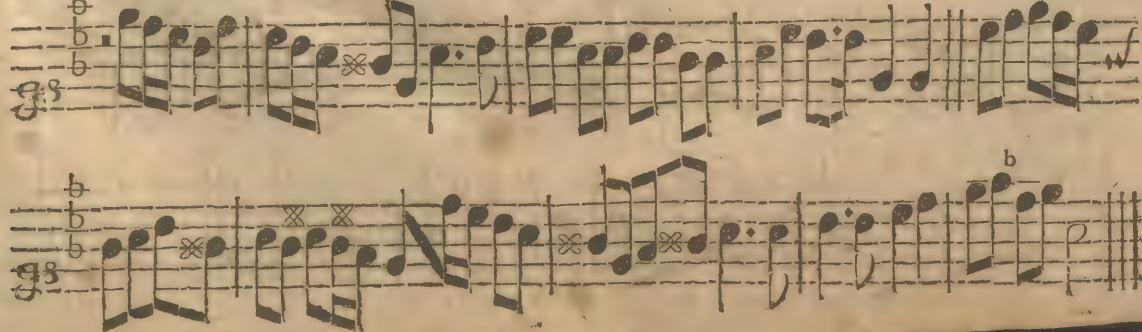
(5.)



(6.)

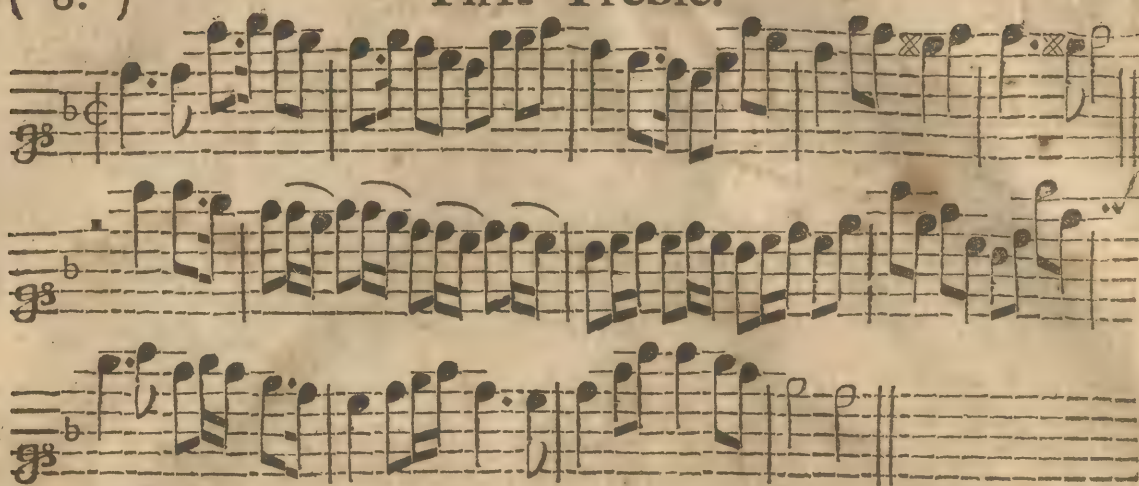


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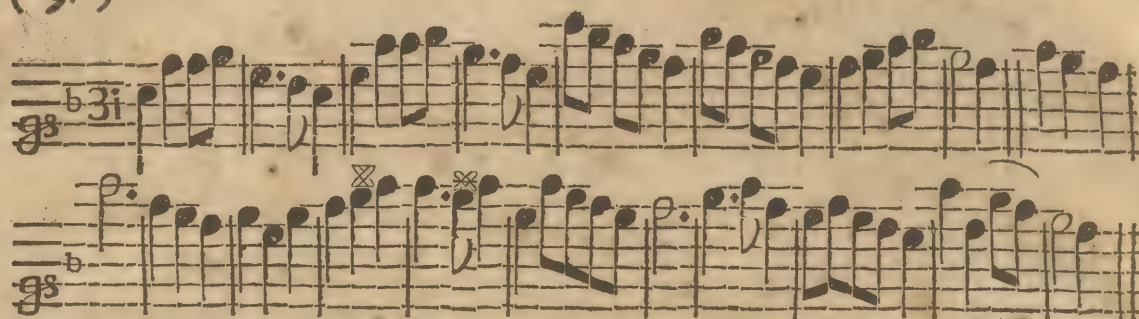


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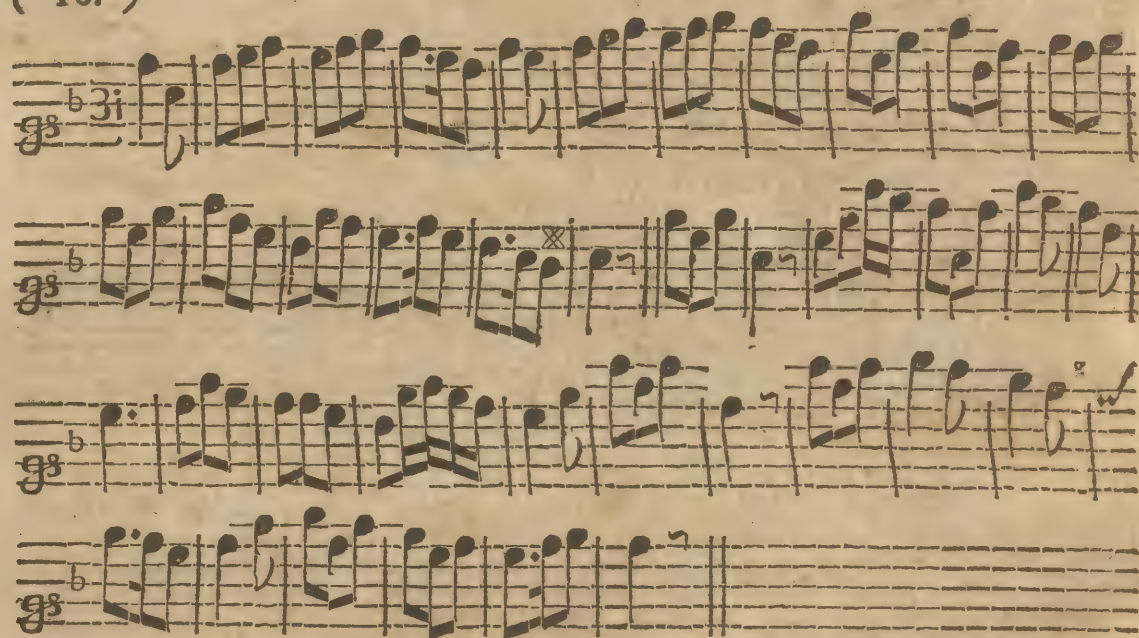
First Treble.



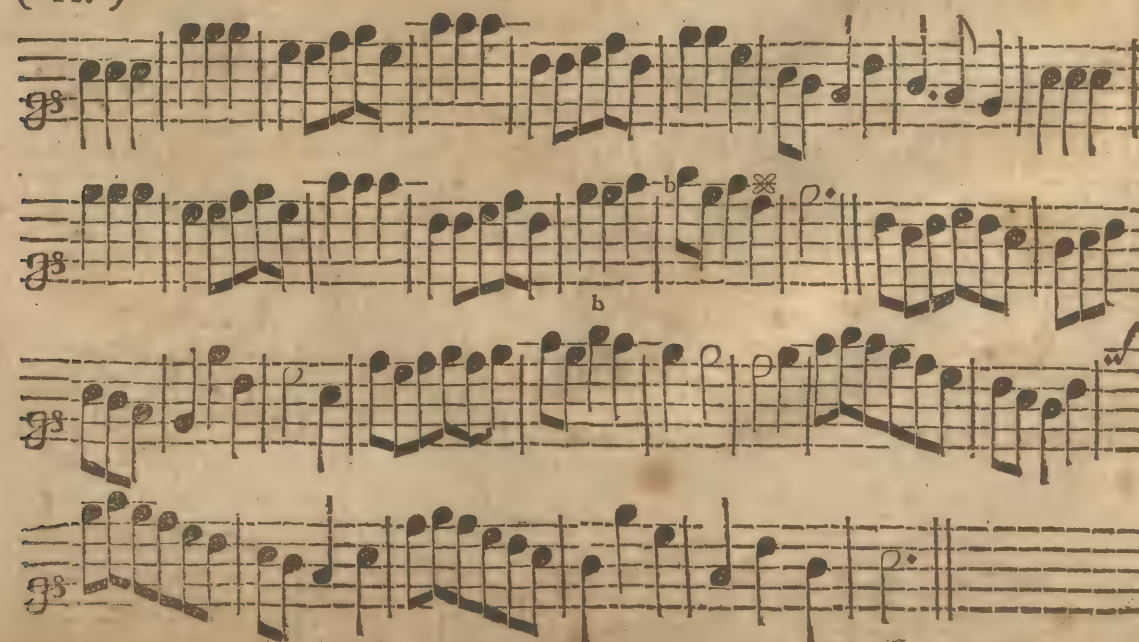
(9.)



(10.)

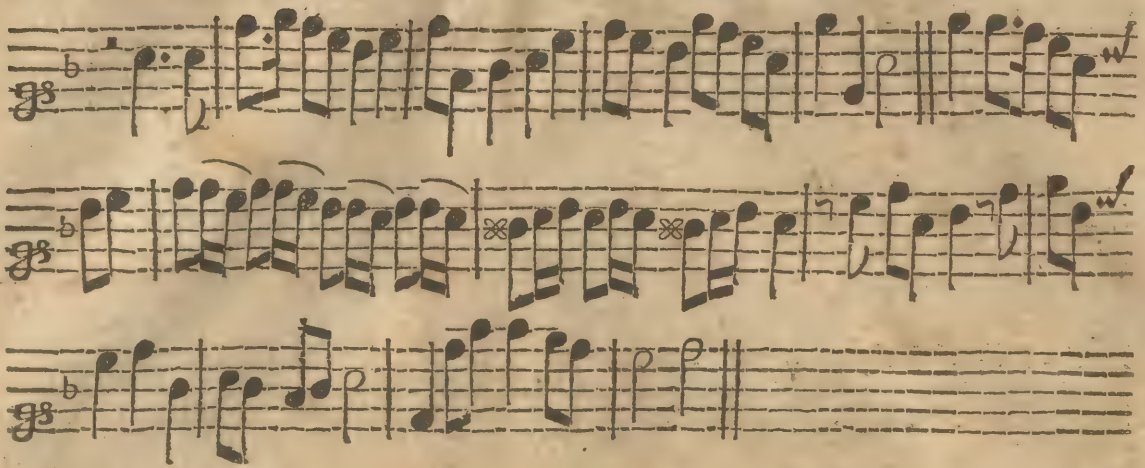


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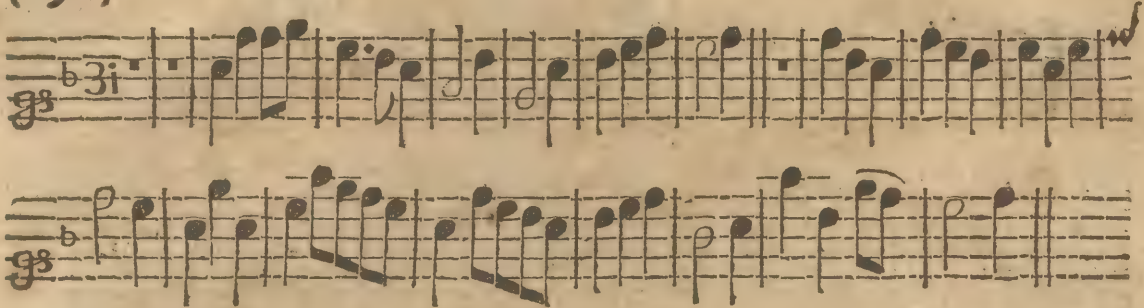


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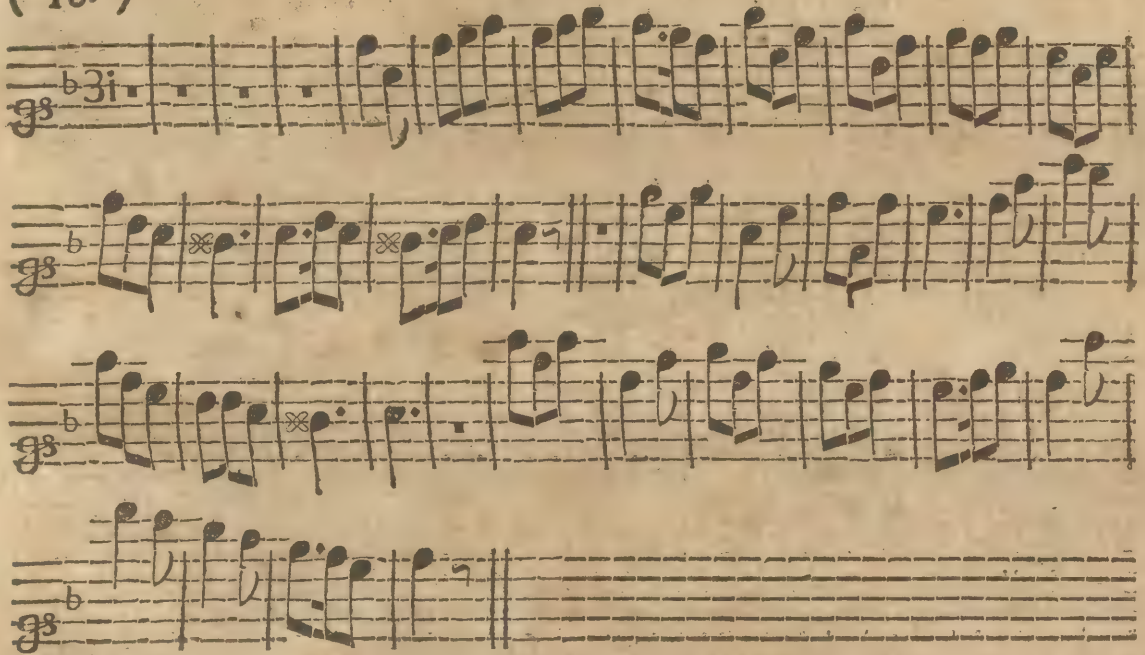
Second Treble.



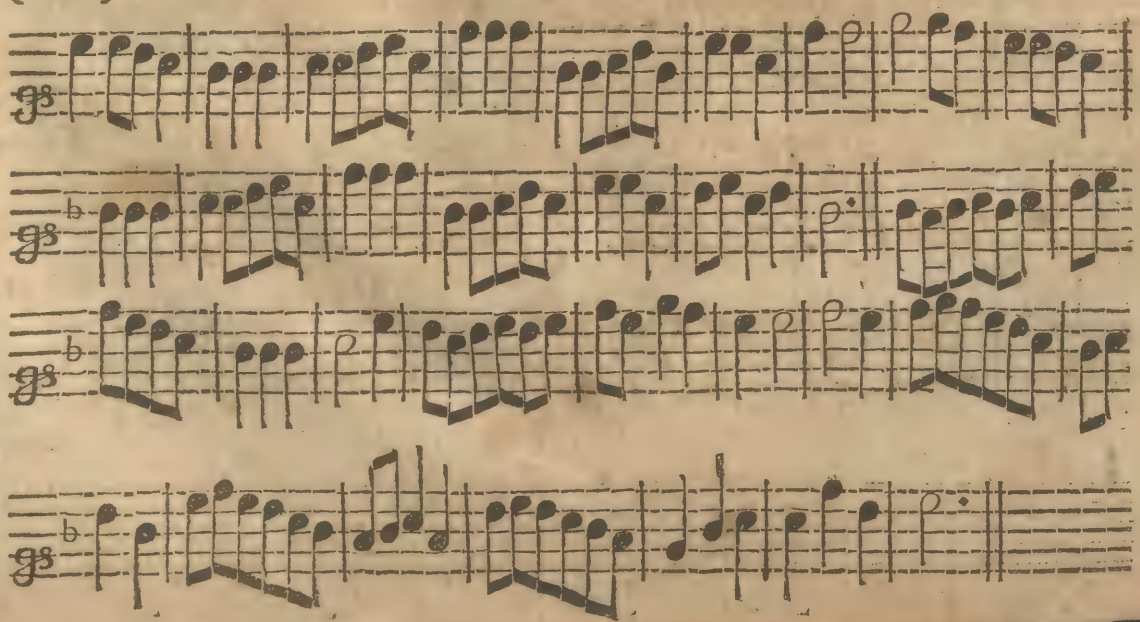
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(10.)

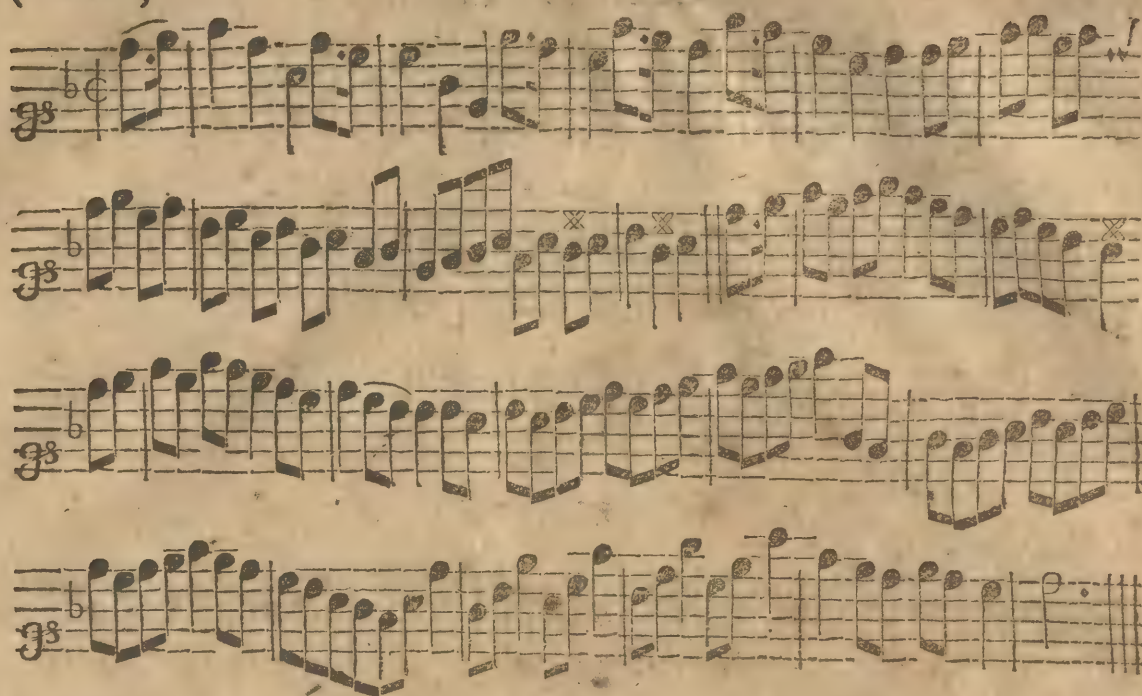


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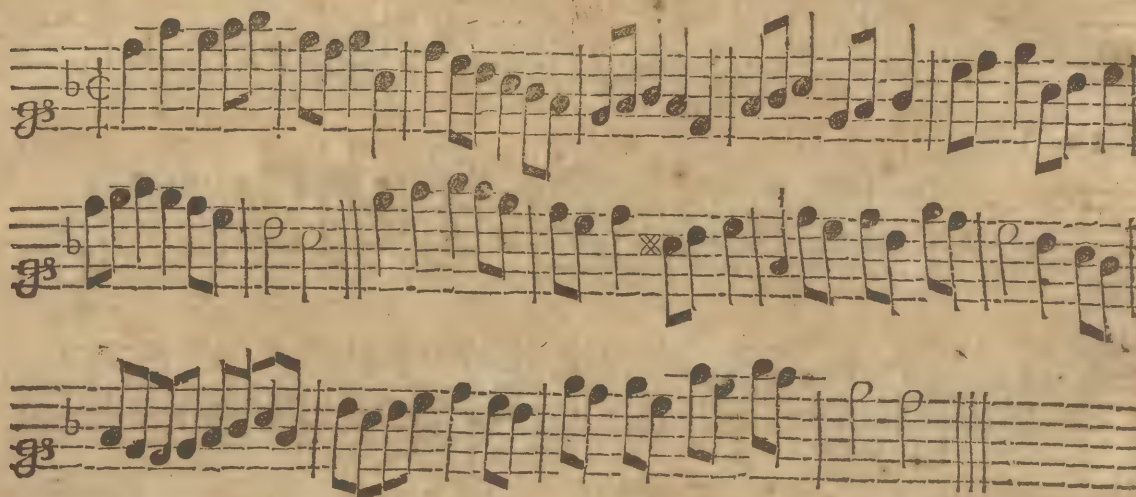


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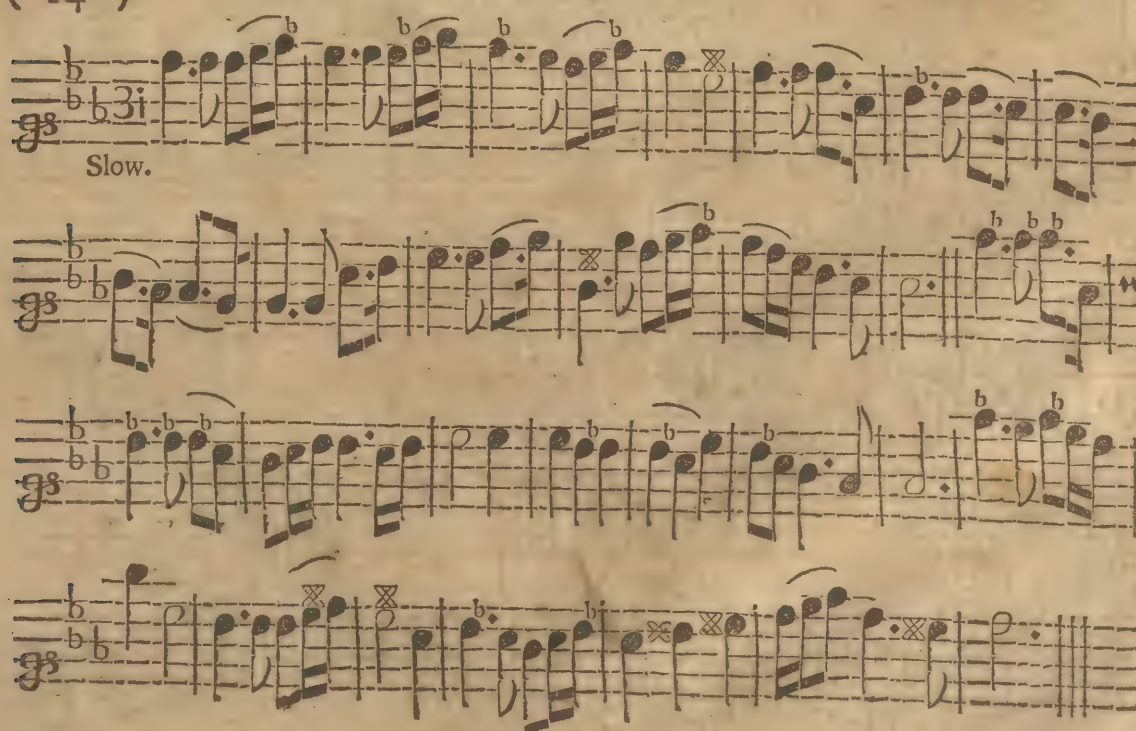
First Treble.



(13.)



(14.)



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the Temple-Church; and John Money, Stationer, at the Mitre in Mitre-Court in
Fleetstreet. And at most Musick-Shops in Town. 1694.

A Table of SONGS contain'd in this Book.

	A	Page.		Page.
<i>Ancient Phillis has young Graces,</i>	C	9	<i>Since from my Dear, my dear,</i>	17
<i>Cynthia frowns when-e're I Woe her,</i>	E	7	<i>Stubborn Church Division,</i>	24
<i>Enchanted, enchanted by your Voice,</i>	H	4	<i>Sound a Parly ye fair and surrender,</i>	27
<i>How happy's the Husband,</i>	I	32	<i>Think not sighs or Tears can move,</i>	3
<i>In vain, in vain,</i>	L	11	<i>'Tis Love that always strikes the Fire,</i>	6
<i>I never felt the pangs of Love,</i>		26	<i>That your Beauty may be lasting,</i>	23
<i>Lucinda is Young, and she is Witty,</i>		19	<i>When on her Eyes, when on her Eyes,</i>	10
<i>Leave, leave these useles Arts,</i>	S	33	<i>While Falathea,</i>	14
<i>Sawney is a bonney, bonney Lad,</i>	I		<i>When first I saw the bright Aurelia's Eyes,</i>	15
			<i>What State of life can be so blest,</i>	31
			<i>Young I am and yet unskill'd,</i>	2

A Catalogue of Vocal and Instrumental Musick, most of which being newly Reprinted for Henry Playford at his Shop near the Temple-Church.

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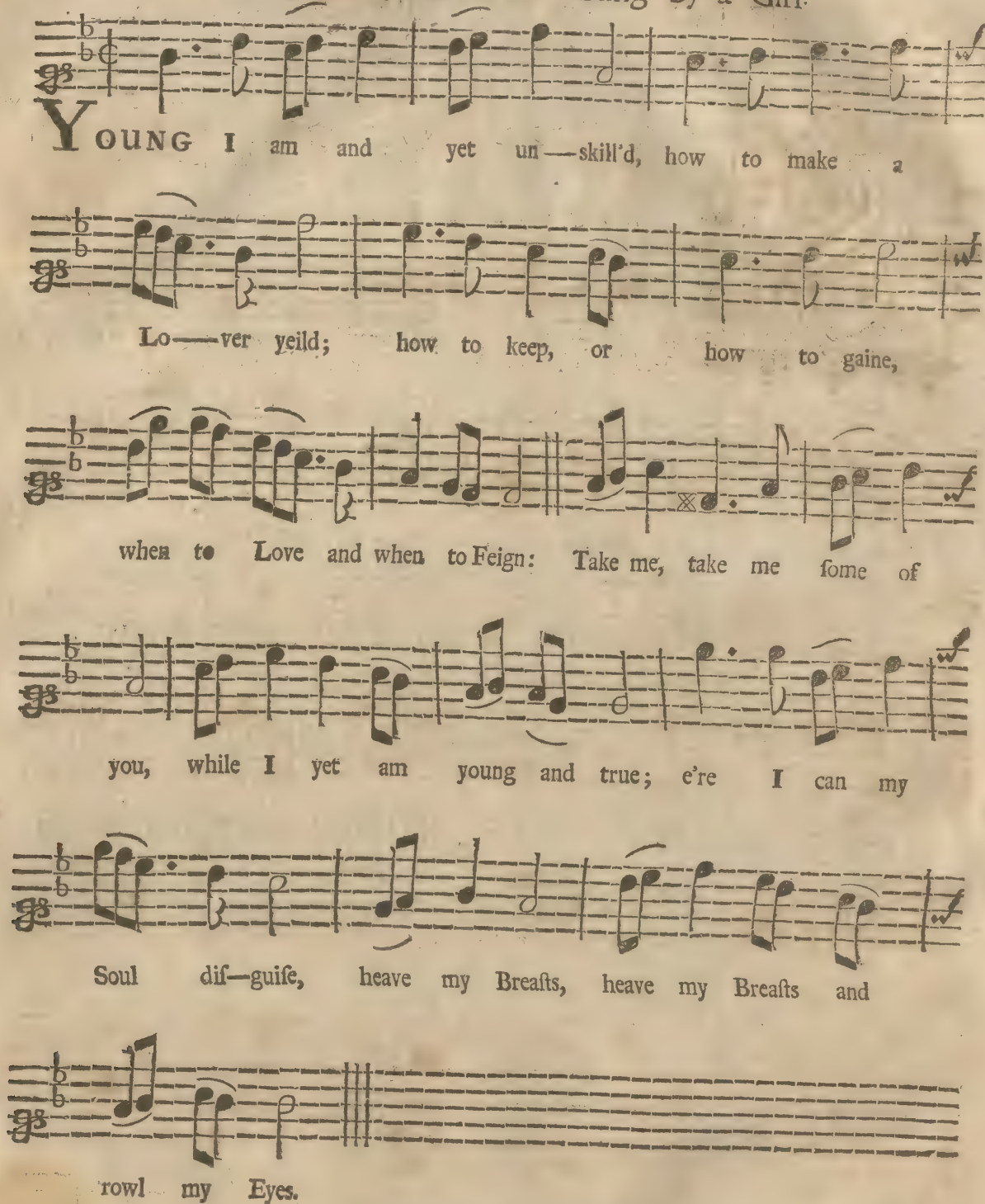
A New Scotch Song Sung at the Confort
In York-Buildings, at the Entertainment of the
Prince of Baden. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

S A W N E Y is a Bonney, Bonney Lad, but Saw-ney
Kens it well; and Sawney might a Boon have had, but Saw-ney
loves to tell: He weens that I mun love him soon, gin Lo-vers now are
rare; But I'de as leif have none, as one whom twan-ty, twan-ty share.

II.

When anent your love you come,
Ah! Sawney were you true;
What tho' I seem to Frown and Gloom,
I ne're cou'd gang from you;
Yet still my Tongue doe what I can,
With muckle Woe denyes;
Wa's me when once we like a Man,
It Boots not to be wise.

A Song in the last new Play call'd *Love Triumphant, &c.*
Set by Mr. *John Eccles.* Sung by a Girl.

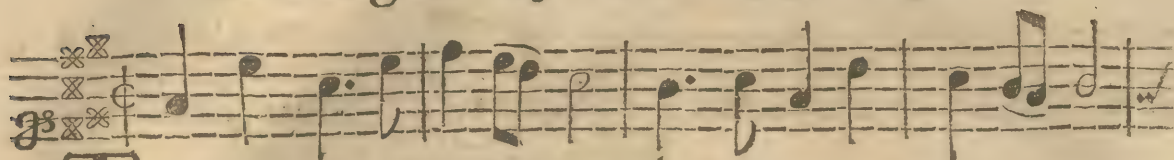


YOUNG I am and yet un—skill'd, how to make a
Lo—ver yeild; how to keep, or how to gaine,
when to Love and when to Feign: Take me, take me some of
you, while I yet am young and true; e're I can my
Soul dif—guise, heave my Breasts, heave my Breasts and
rowl my Eyes.

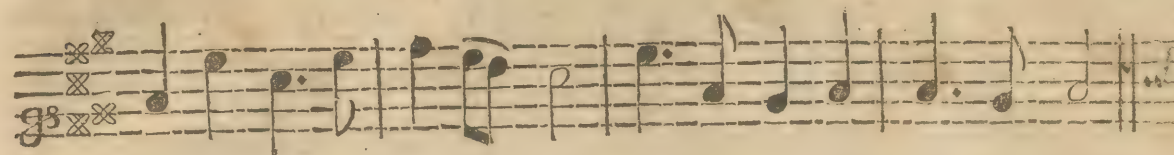
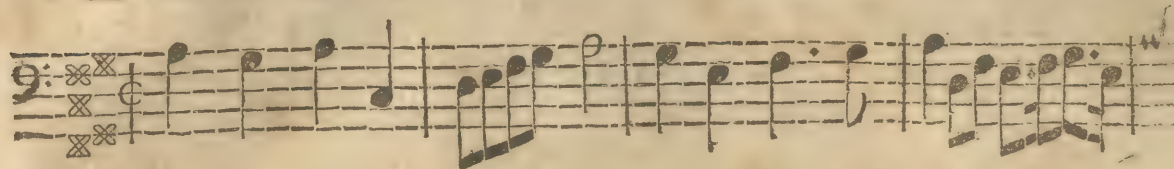
II.

Stay not till I learn the way,
How to lye and to betray;
He that Love me first is blest,
For I may deceive the rest:
Cou'd I find a blooming Youth,
Full of Love and full of Truth;
Brisk and of a *fantee* Meen,
I shou'd long to be Fifteen.

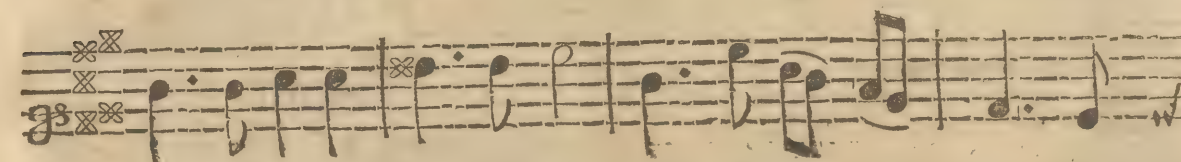
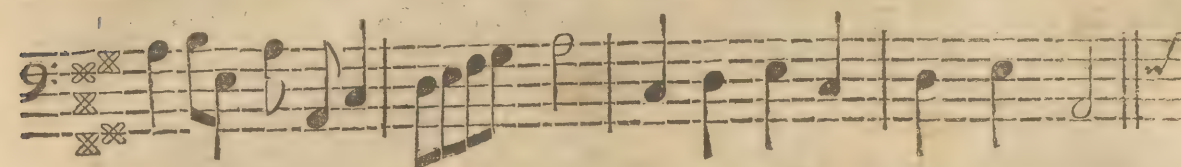
A Song set by Mr. Godfry Finger.



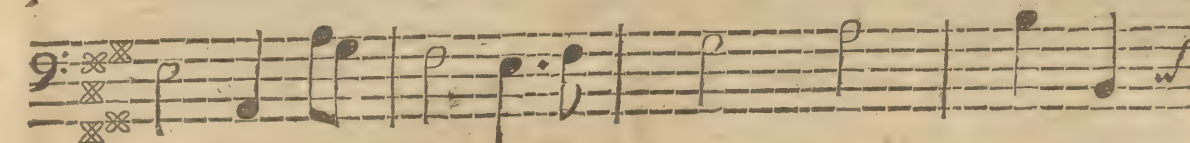
T Hink not Sighs or Tears can move, Pray'rs and Vows are ne're re-paid;



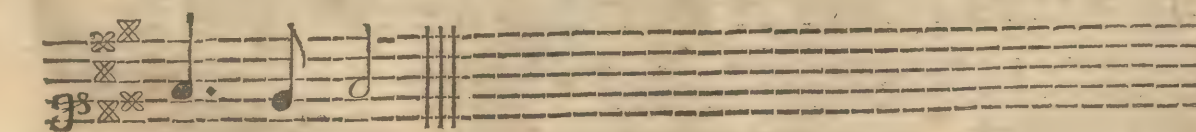
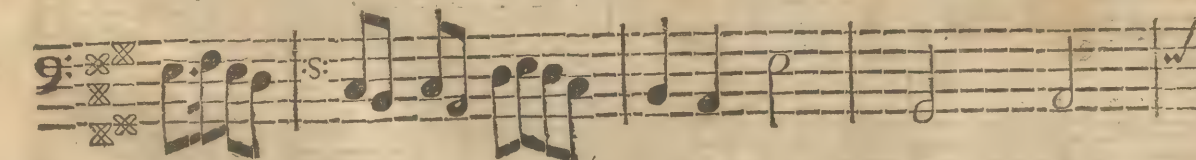
Those are common cheats in Love, dai-ly at our Al-tars made:



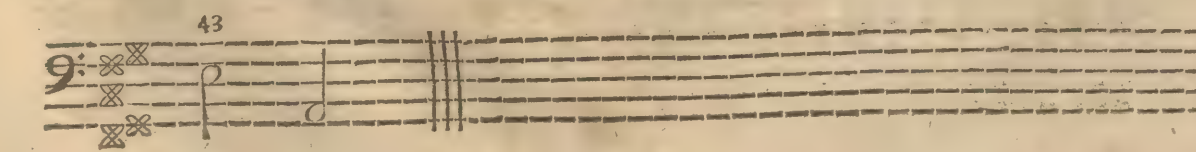
Cu-pid's Vassals may dis-pair, use—less now are all his



Arts; They who hope to wound the fair, e—ver shoot with



Goi—den Darts.



A Song to a Ground by Mr. Henry Hall.

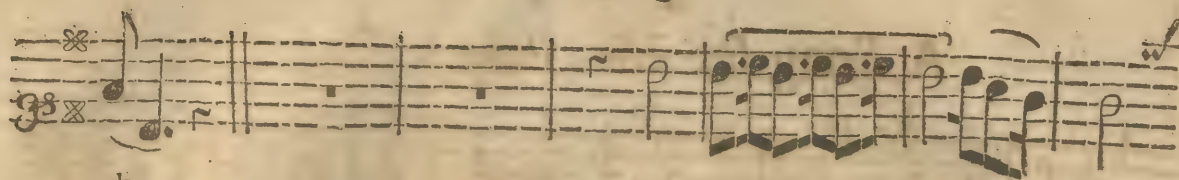
En-chan—

ted, en-chant—ed by your Voice, en-chant—ed by

your Voice and Face, in plea—sing Trance I faint—

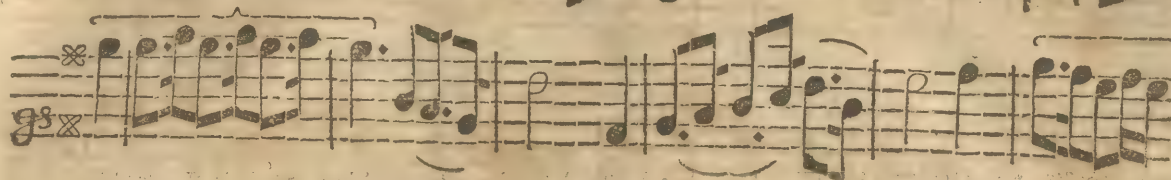
—ting lye. I bleed, I bleed fair Nymph I bleed a—pace; and

now I lan—guish, now I dye, now, now, and now I

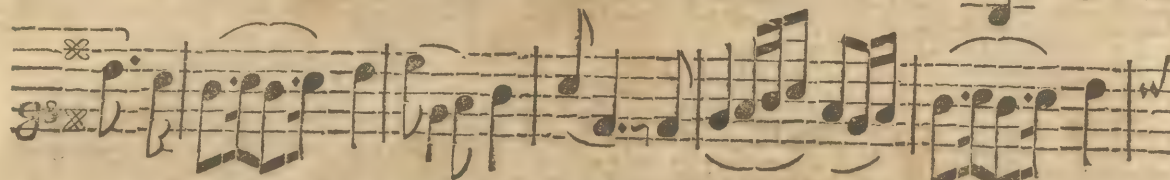


dye.

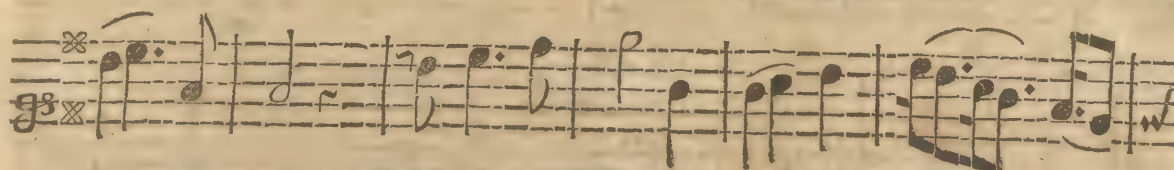
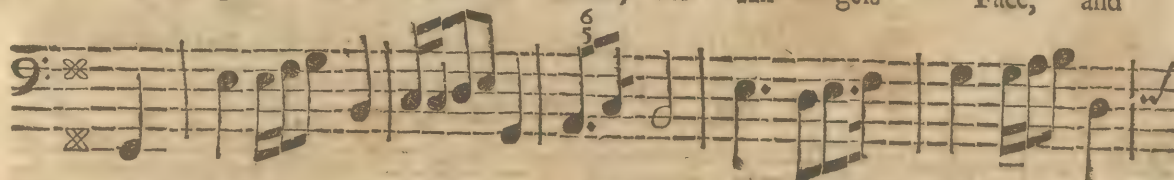
Sin ——— g fair Nymph,



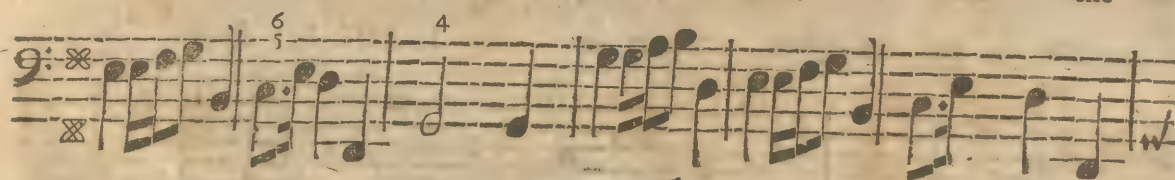
fin ——— g fair Nymph and let your Rays up—on—



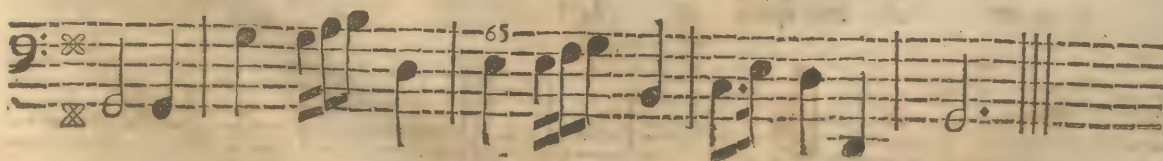
your pro—strate slave be sheed, for An—gels Face, and



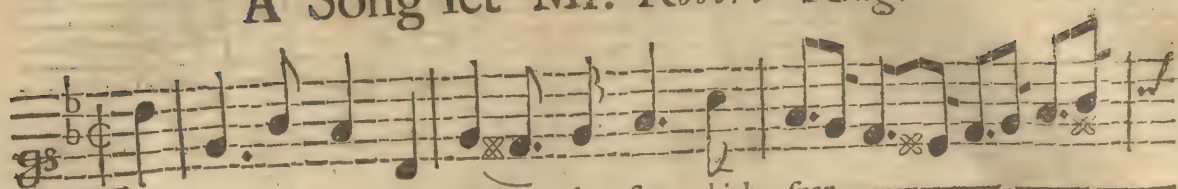
An—gels Voice, when-e're they please can raise, can raise the



dead, can rai ——— se the dead.



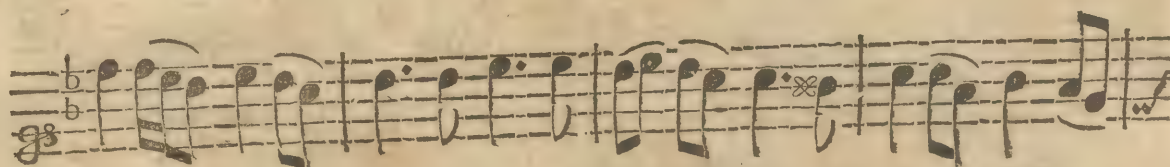
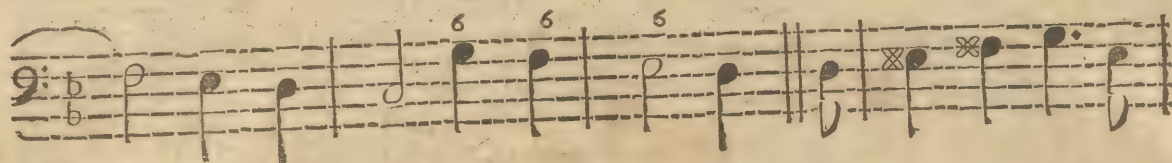
A Song set Mr. Robert King.



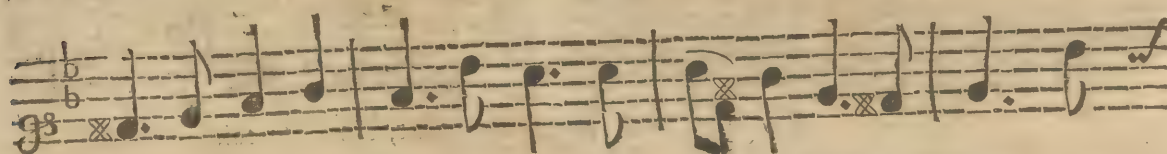
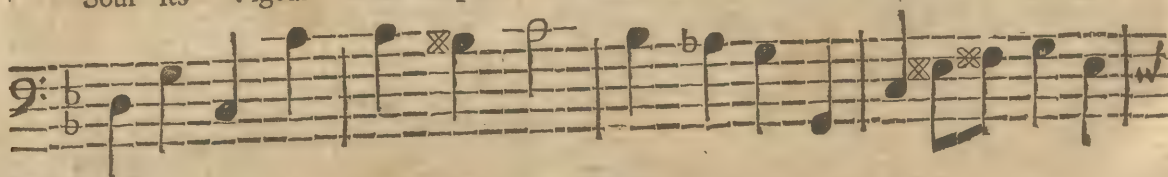
Tis Love that al-ways strikes the fire, which spar-



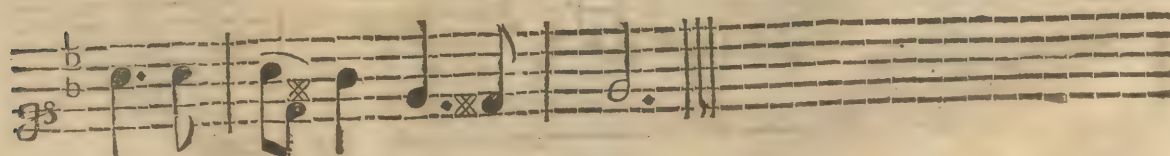
— kles in our hearts, which sparkles in our hearts: A Soul its Vigour, a



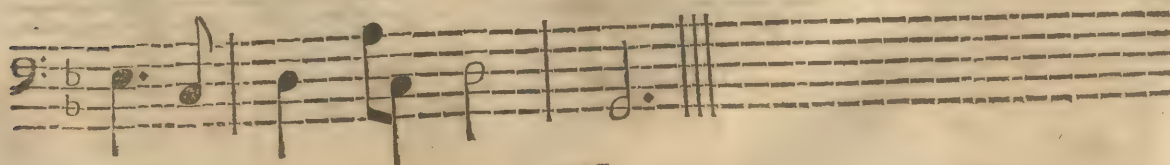
Soul its Vigour don't inspire, re-mains like o-ther parts; And Po-ets



still in Wit im--prove, as more or less in-spir'd by Love, as



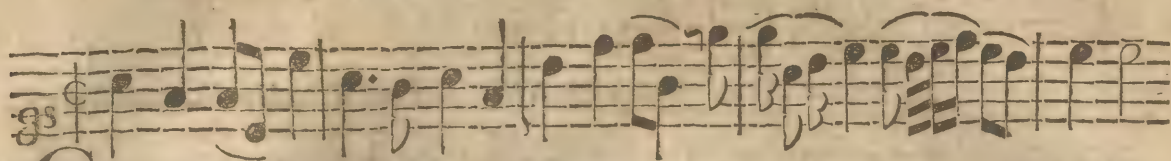
more or less in-spir'd by Love.



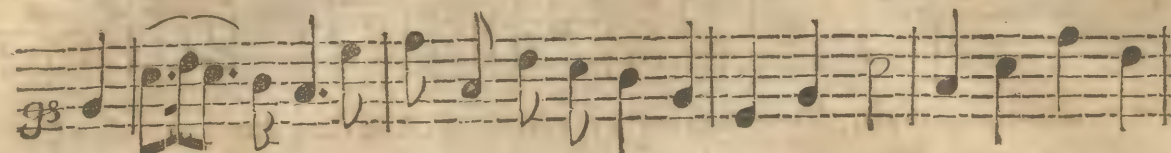
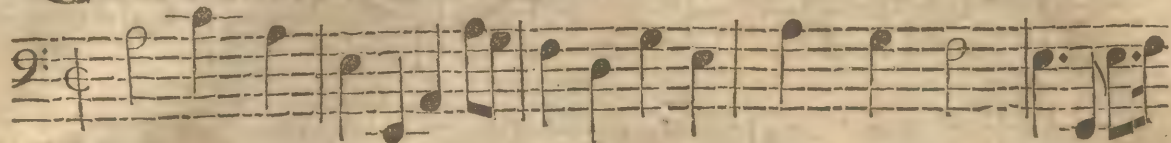
II.

If this be true, as sure it is,
Can I remain so poor,
And of its Portion ever miss,
Who with such Zeal adore?
Of all thy Bards, Love, tell me why
Must only *Strephon's* Fleece be dry?

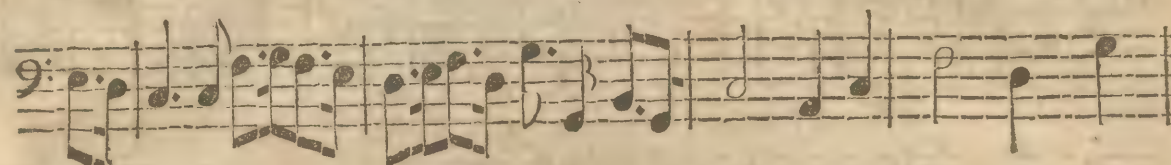
A Song in the Double-dealler, Sung by Mrs. Aylyff, Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



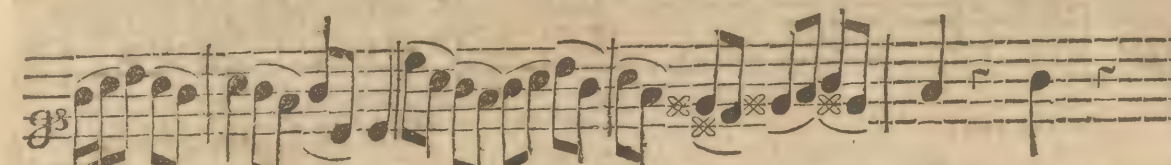
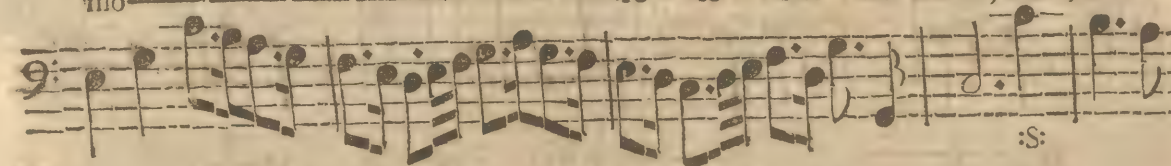
Cynthia frowns when e're I Woe her, yet she's vex'd, she's vex'd if I give o—ver;



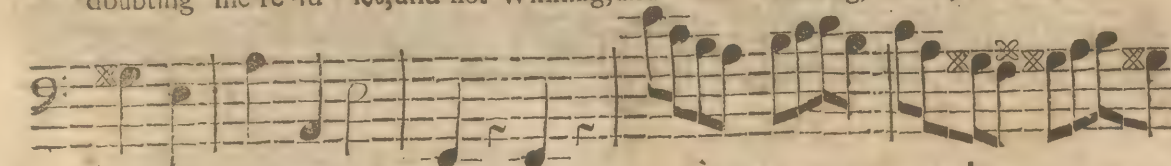
much, much she fears I shou'd, I shou'd undoe her, but much more, but much more, much



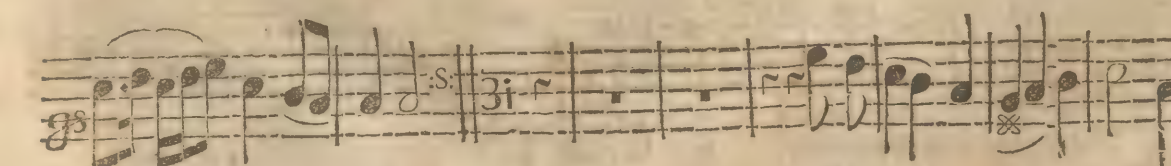
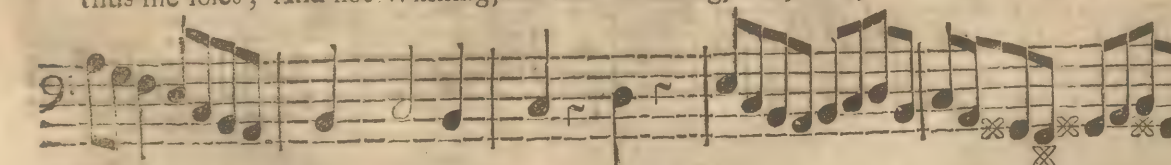
mo—re to lose her Lover; Thus, thus in



doubting she re-fu—ses, and not Winning, and not Winning, thus, thus,

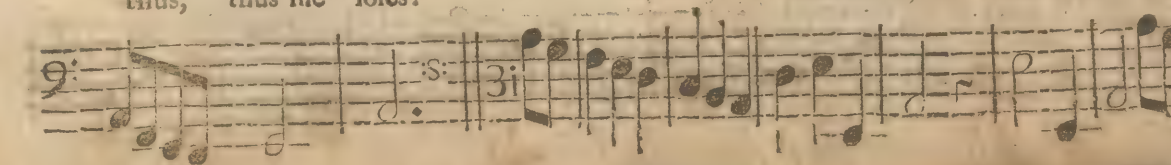


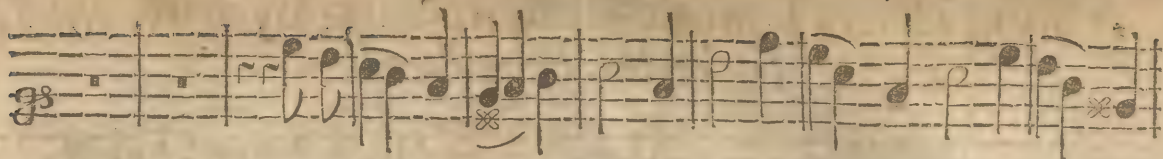
thus she loses; And not Winning, and not Winning, thus, thus, thus, thus,



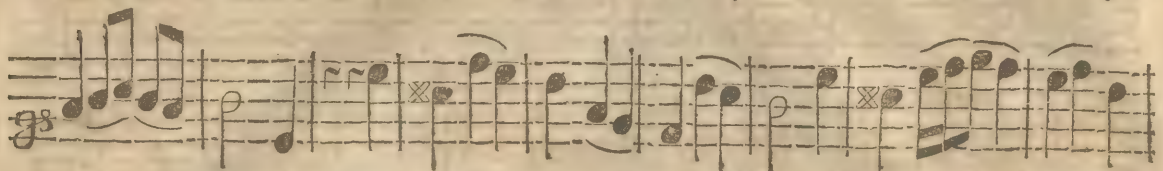
thus, thus she loses:

Prethee Cynthia look behind you,

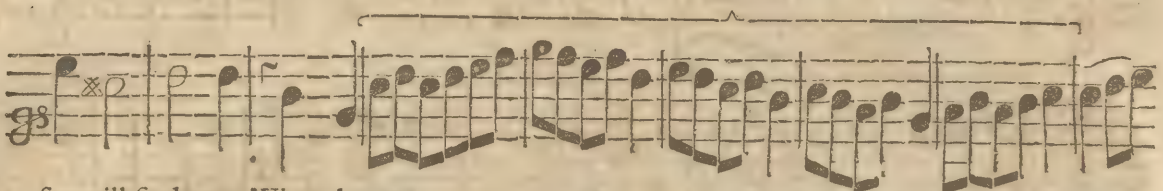




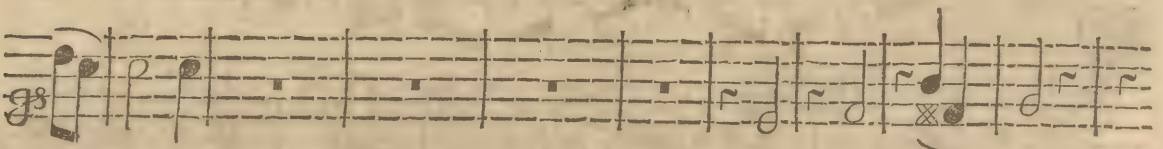
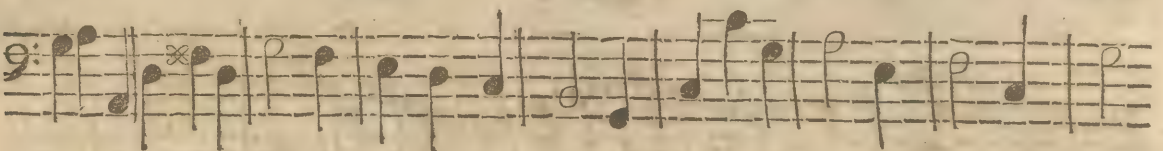
prethee *Cimbia* look behind you, Age and Wrinckles, Age and Wrinckles



will o're--take you; Then, then too late, too late, too late, then, then to late De--

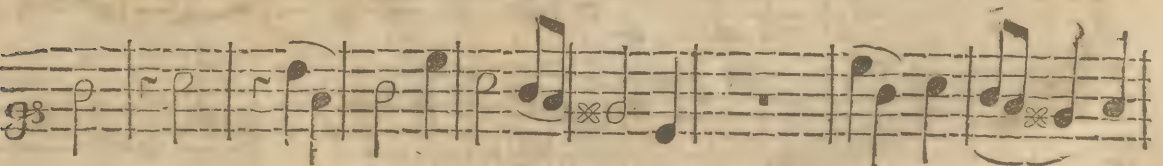


—fire will find you; When the po— w'r does

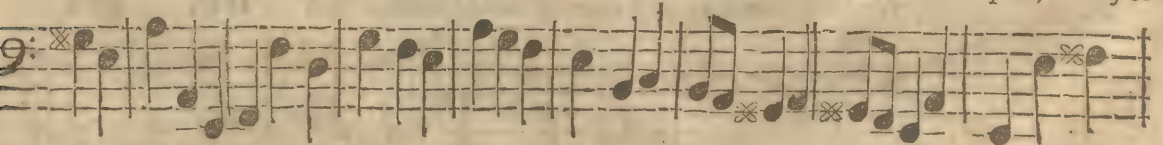


forfake you;

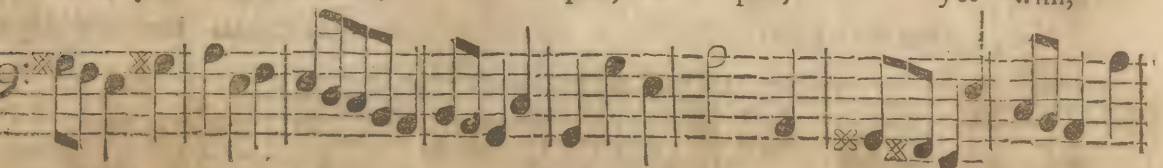
Think, think, oh! think,

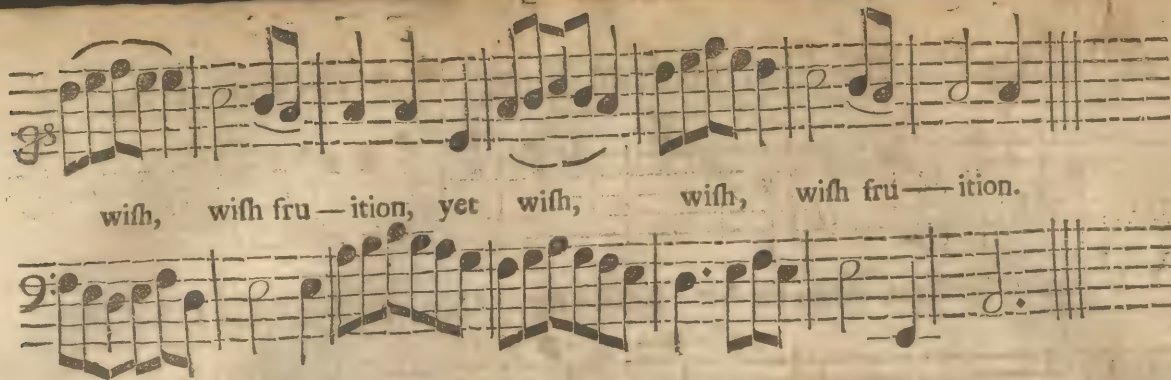


think, think, oh! think, oh! sad con—dition to be past, yet

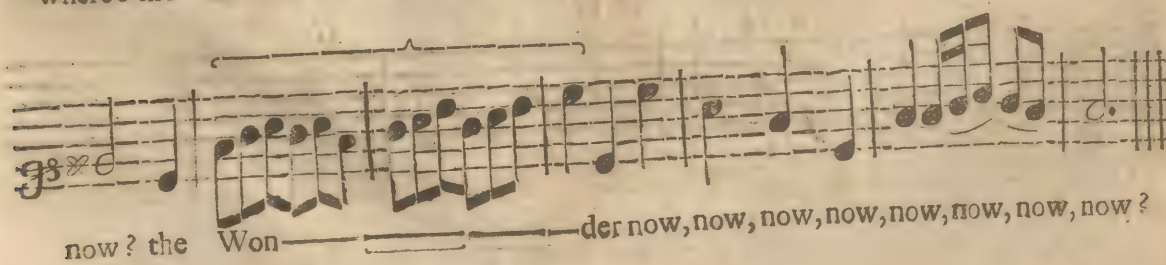
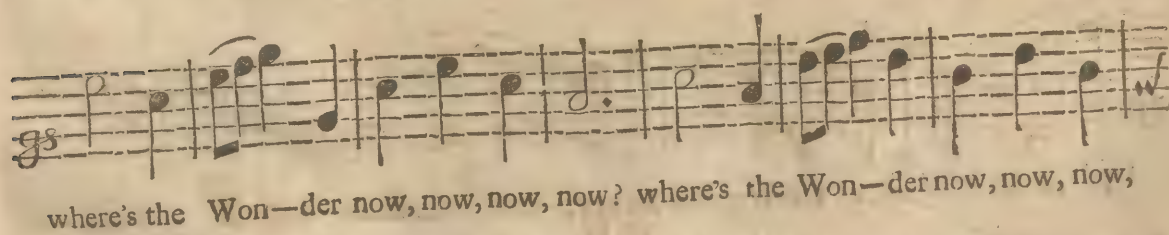
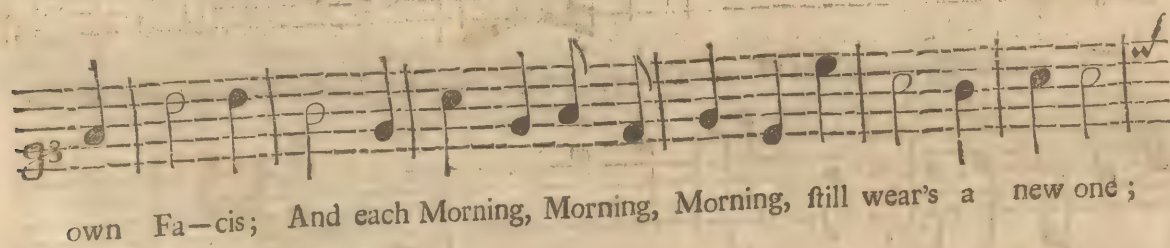
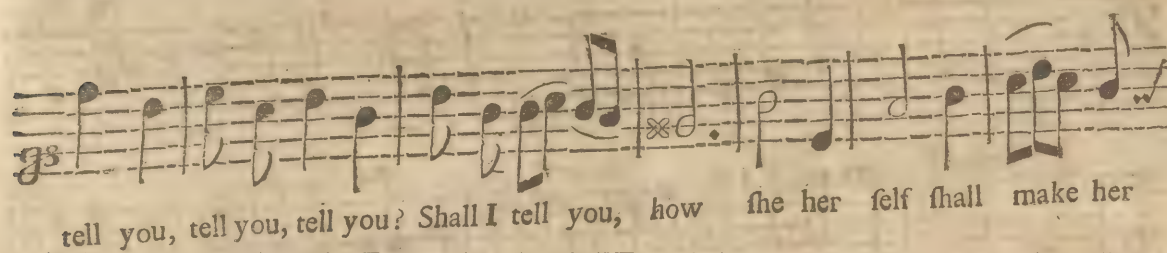
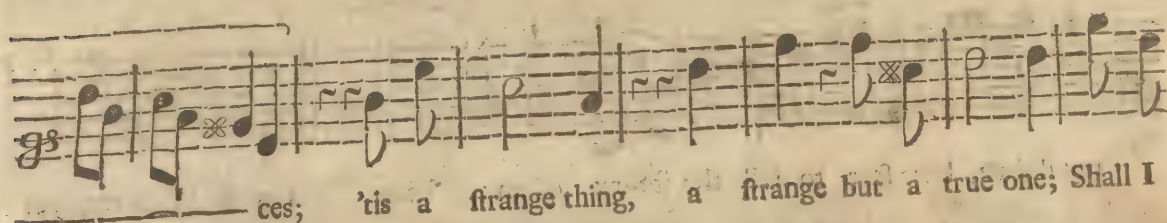
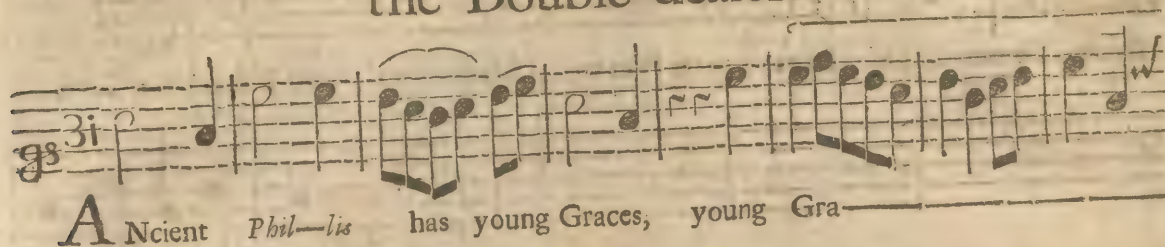


with, yet wish fru--ition; to be past, be past, yet wish,

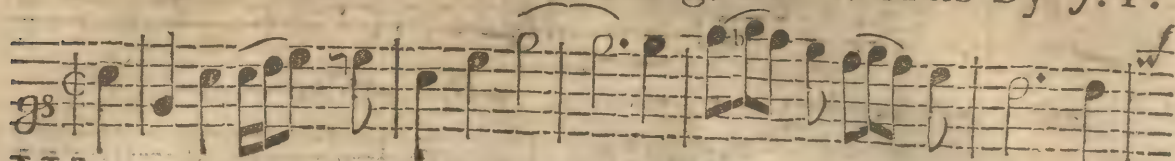




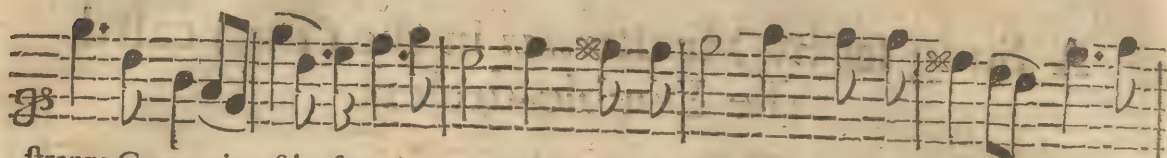
A Song set by Mr. Bowman in the Comedy call'd
the Double-dealer.



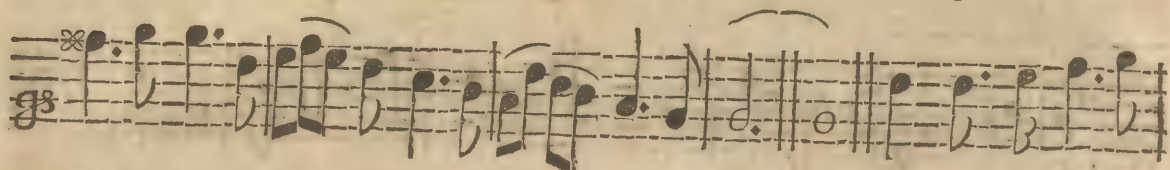
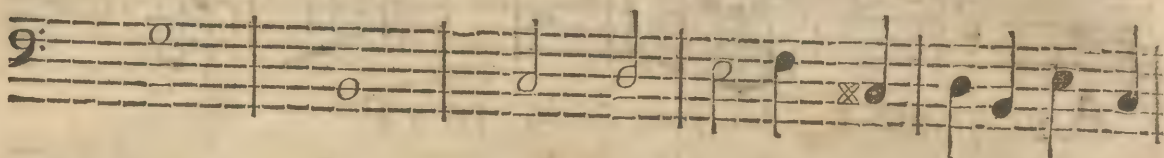
A Song set by Mr. Robert King, the Words by J. F.



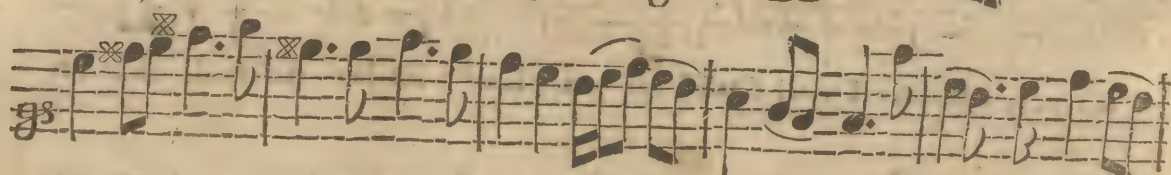
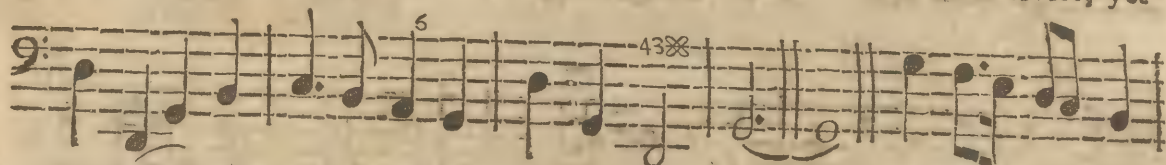
When on her Eyes, when on her Eyes, my hap-py Star I gaze; A



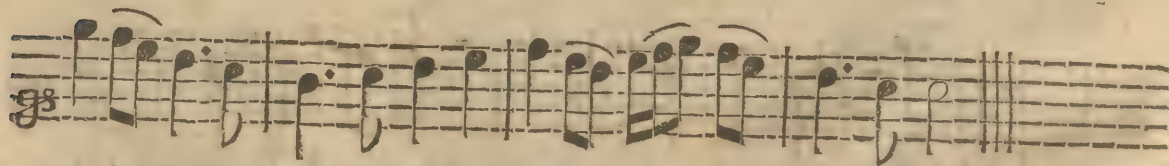
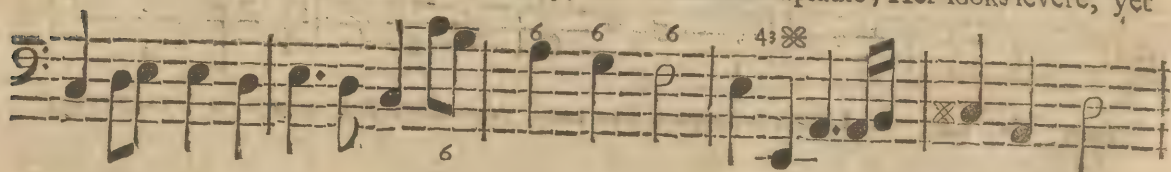
strange Commotion sei-fes ev'ry part; Fain wou'd I speak, fain wou'd I speak the Cause of



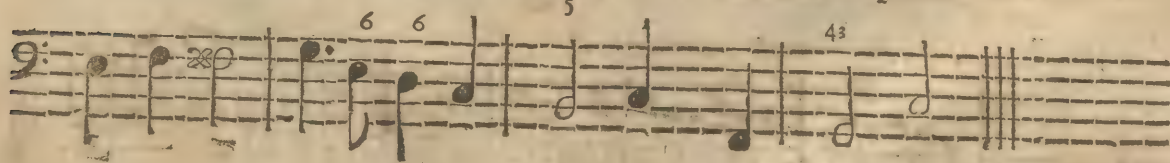
my diseafe, but fear to tell the sto-ry of my heart. Her looks severe, yet



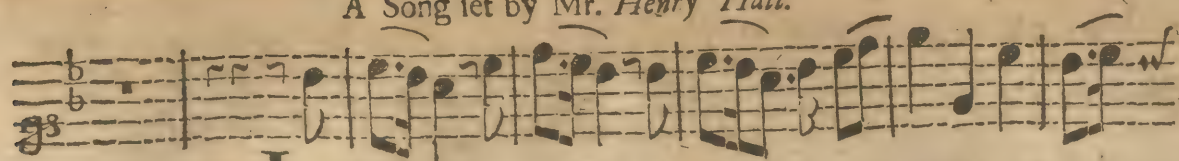
fo endearing awes; The Womens Envy, but Mankinds aplause; Her looks severe, yet



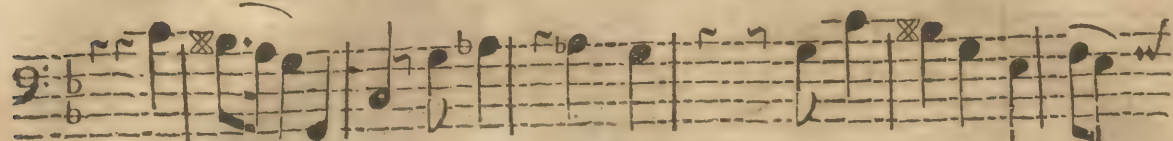
fo en-dear-ing awes; The Womens En-vy, but Mankinds aplause.



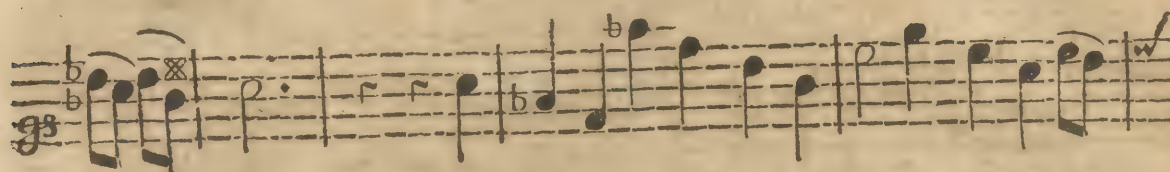
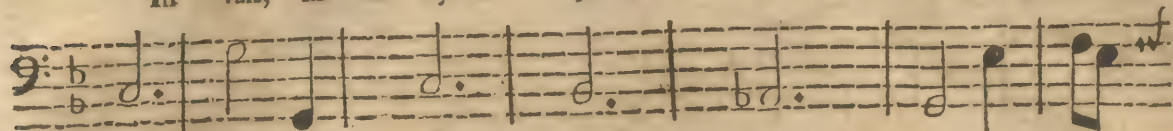
A Song set by Mr. Henry Hall.



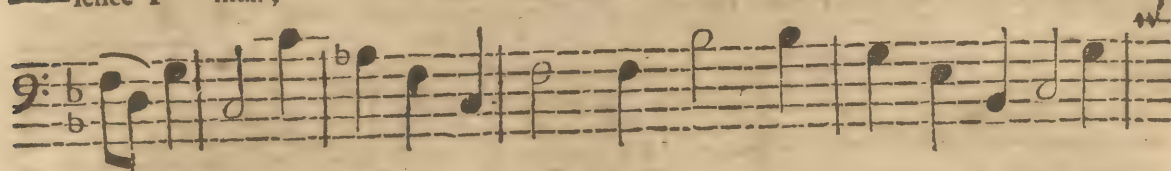
IN vain, in vain, in vain my fair Sylvia your pre—



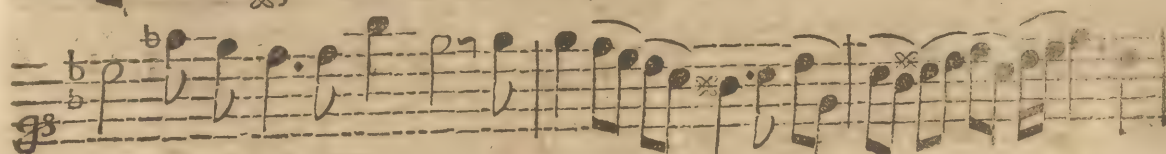
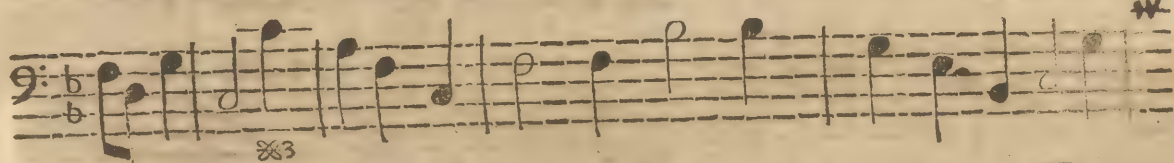
In vain, in vain my fair Sylvia, my fair Sylvia your pre—



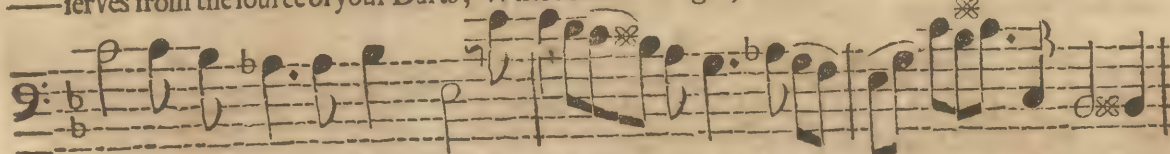
—fence I shun; No distance, no distance preserves, no distance pre—



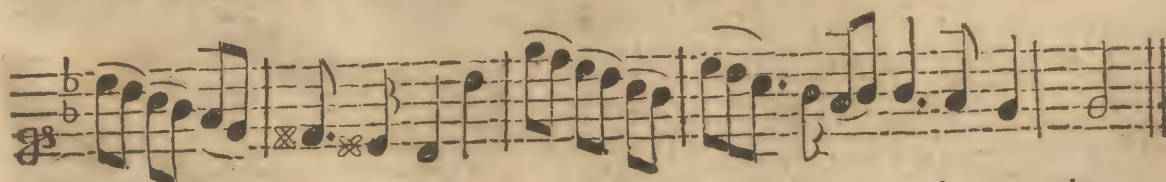
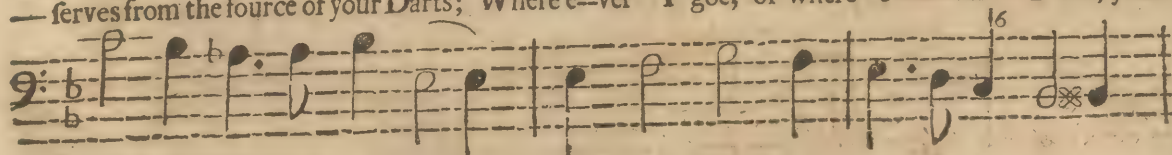
—fence I shun; No distance preserves, no, no, no distance preserves, pre—



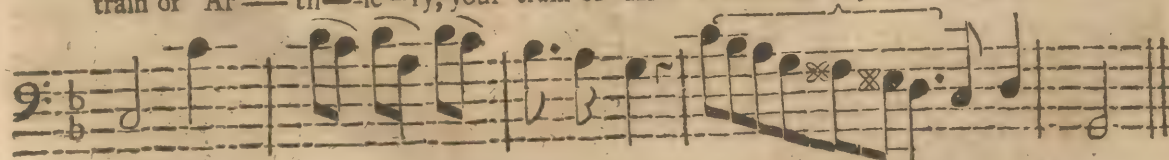
—serves from the source of your Darts; Where e—ver I goe, or where e—ver I run, your



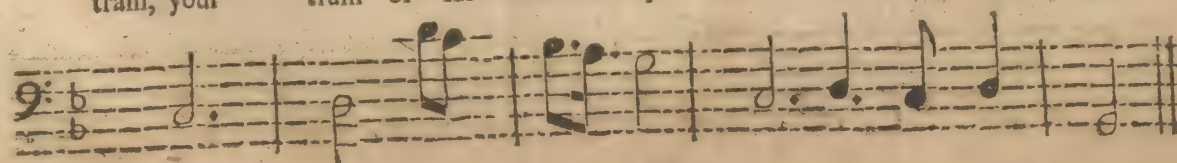
—serves from the source of your Darts; Where e—ver I goe, or where e—ver I run, your



train of Ar—til—le—ry, your train of Ar—til—le—ry reaches my heart:



train, your train of Ar—til—le—ry rea—ches my heart:



And a—las!

a—las 'tis a fol—ly all the World must needs

And a—las!

a—las 'tis a fol—ly all the World must needs

own, the in--fec-tion once ta--ken to fl

y, to fl

own,

the in--fec-tion once ta--ken to fl

y from the Town; And a—las 'tis a

y from the Town; And a—las 'tis a

y from the Town; And a—las 'tis a

fol—ly all the world must needs own, the in--fec-tion once ta--ken to fl

fol—ly all the world must needs own, the in--fec-tion once ta--ken to fl

fol—ly the world must needs own, the in--fec-tion once ta--ken

fol—ly the world must needs own, the in--fec-tion once ta--ken

fol—ly the world must needs own, the in--fec-tion once ta--ken

fol—ly the world must needs own, the in--fec-tion once ta--ken

fol—ly the world must needs own, the in--fec-tion once ta--ken

fol—ly the world must needs own, the in--fec-tion once ta--ken

y to fi

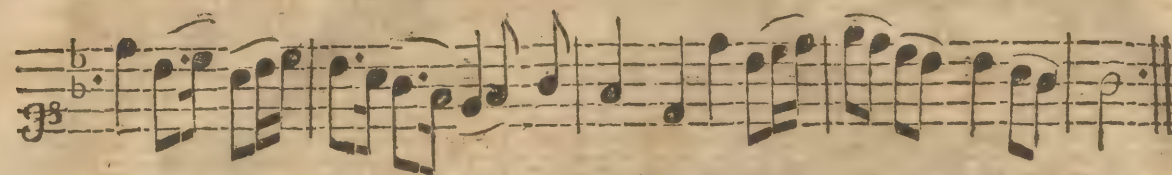
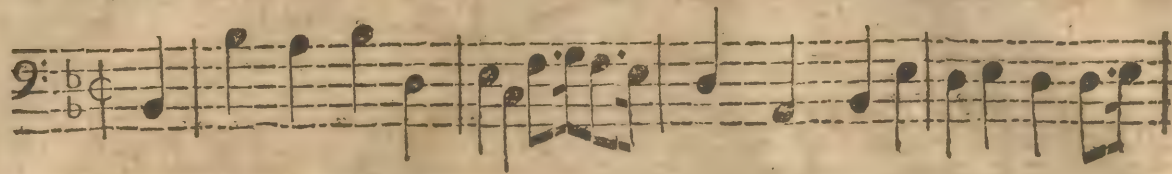
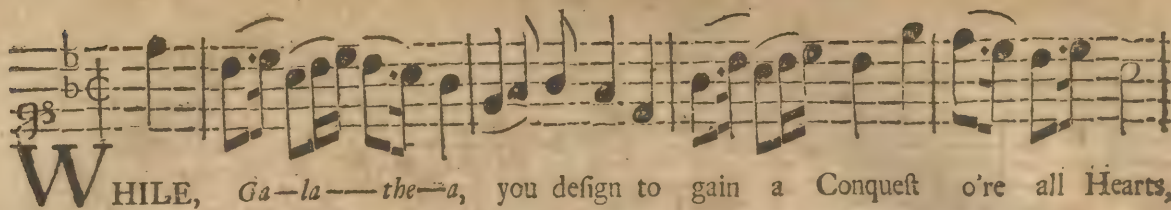
to fi y, to fi

y, to fi y from the

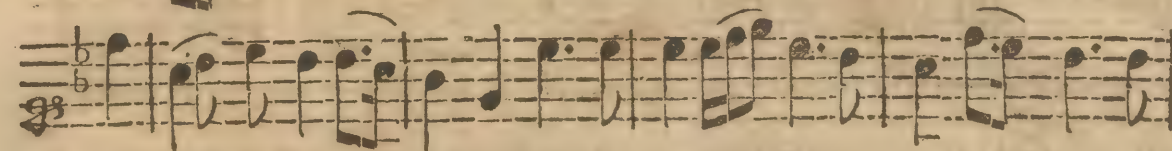
y, to fi y, to fi y from the Town, to

Town, to fi y from the Town,

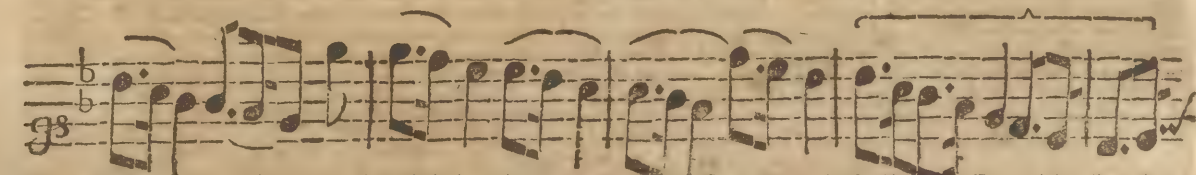
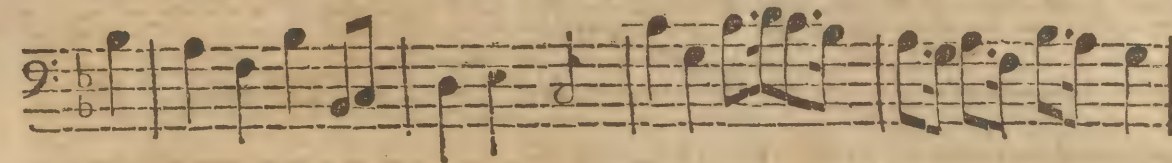
fi y from the Town.



take heed lest you your own re-sign, Love play's not id-ly with his Darts.



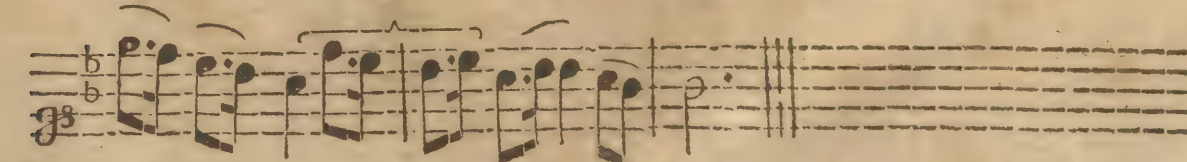
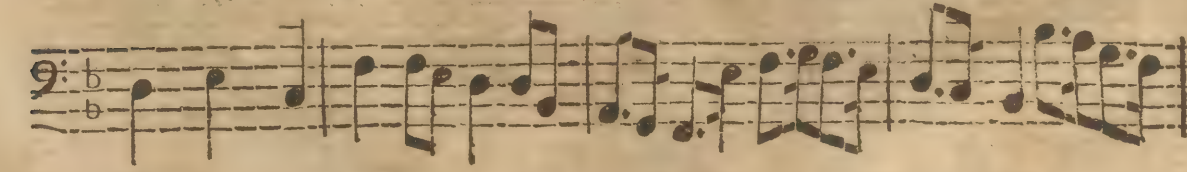
Be care-full how you fan his Fire, and while you strive to give de--fire, you



do not fall, you do not fall, fall, do not fa———ll



in—to that Snare, which for your Lo—ver, which for your Lo—ver,

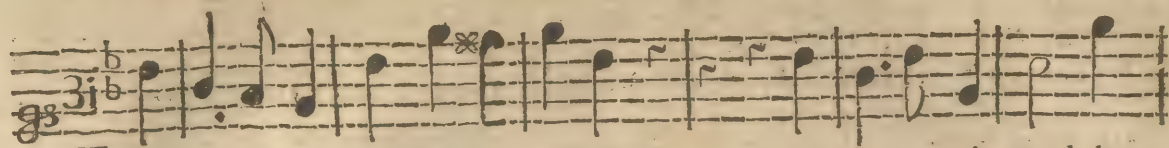


for your Lo—ver you pre-pare.

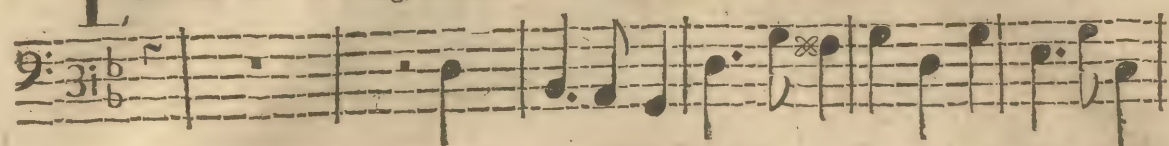
By Mr Henry Hall.



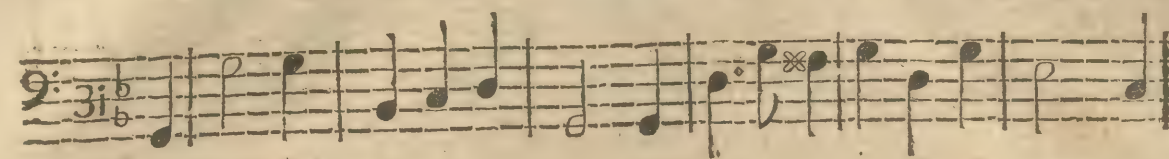
A Song for Two Voices, set by Mr. R. Courtivelle.



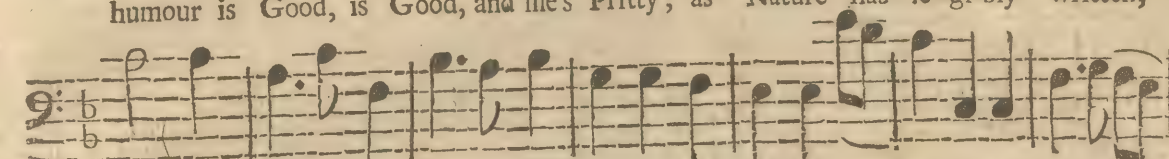
I Lu—cin—da is Young, and she's Witty; her humour is good, her



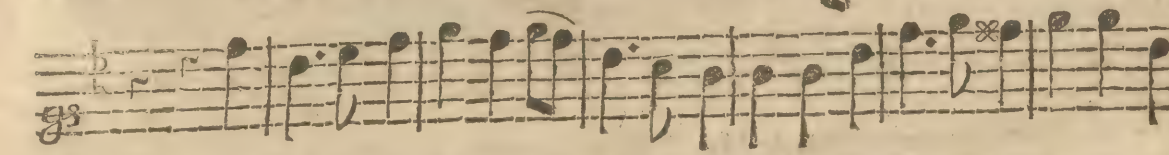
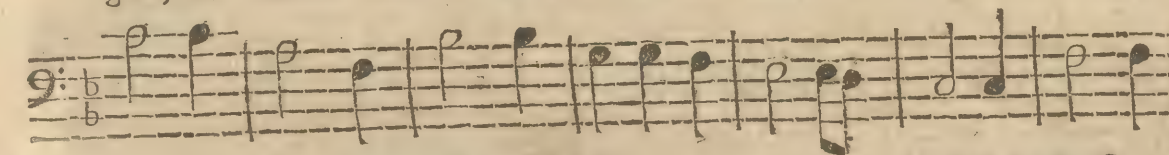
Lu—cin—da is Young, and she's Witty, her humour is



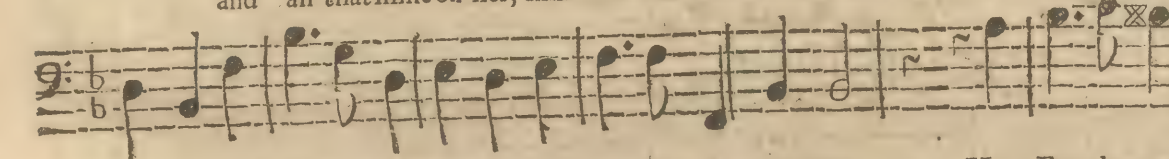
humour is Good, is Good, and she's Pritty; as Nature has le-gi-bly written,



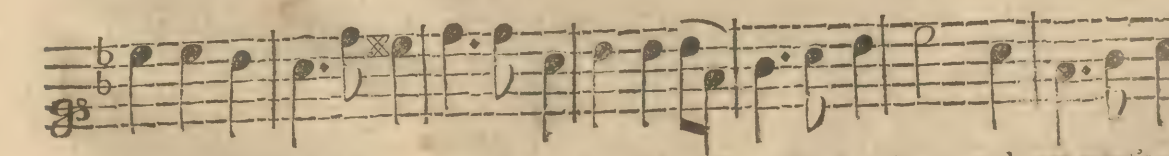
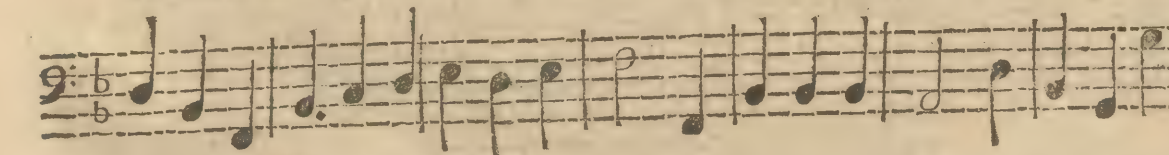
good, her humour is Good, and she's Pretty; as Nature has le-gi-bly, le-gi-bly



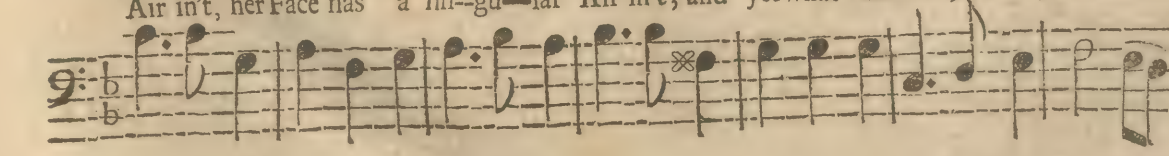
and all that smile on her, smile on her are smitten; Her Face has a fin-gu-lar



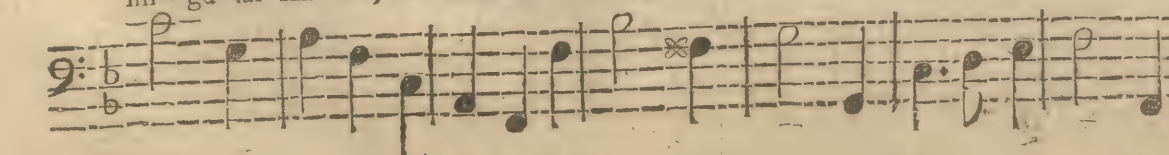
written, and all that smile on her, smile on her are smitten; Her Face has a

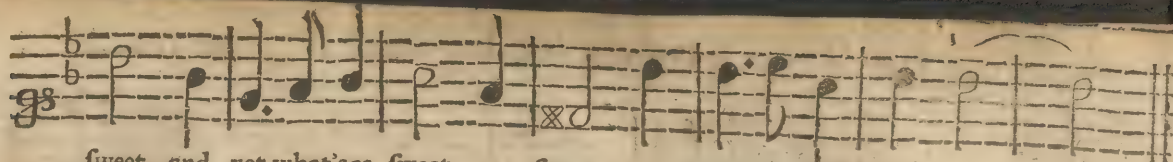


Air in't, her Face has a fin-gu-lar Air in't, and yet what's as sweet, and yet what's as

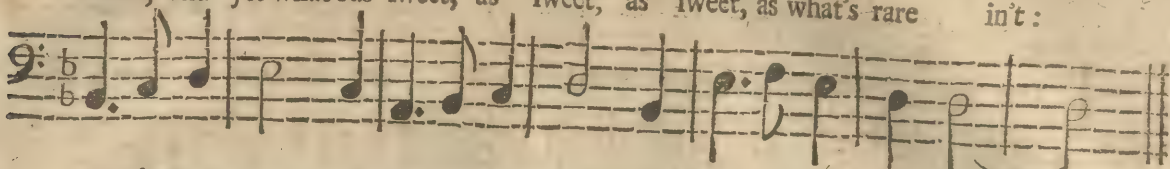


fin-gu-lar Air in't, her Face has a fin-gu-lar Air in't, and yet what's as sweet, and

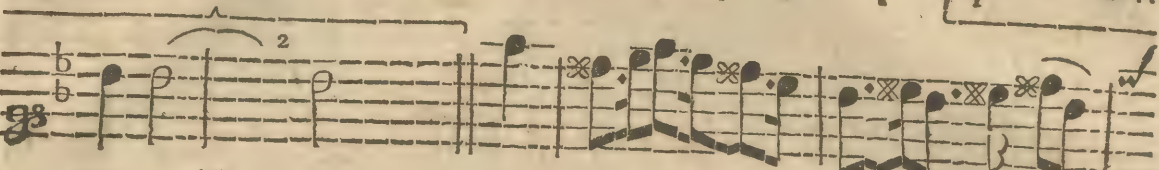
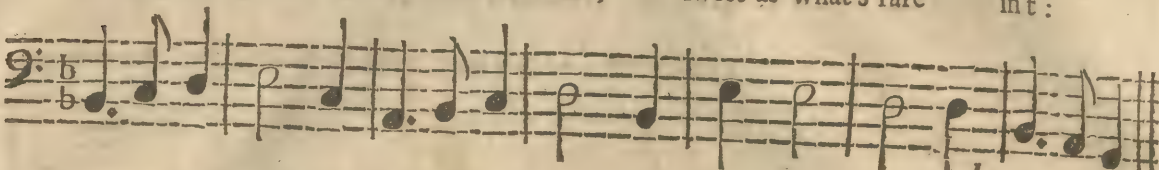




sweet, and yet what's as sweet, as sweet, as sweet, as what's rare in't:



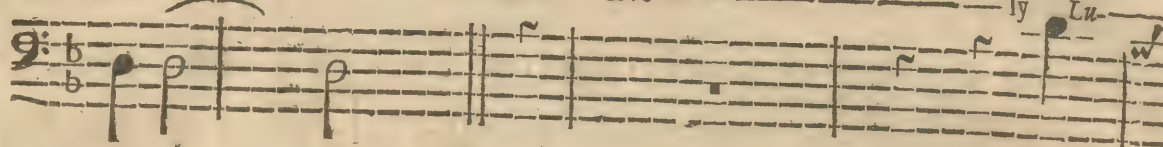
yet what's as sweet, and yet what's as sweet, as sweet as what's rare in't:



rare in't.

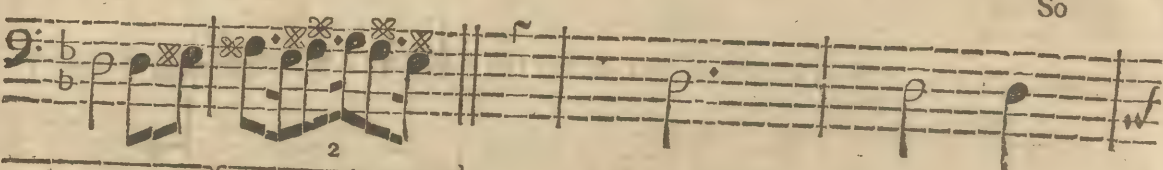
So love

ly Lu-



rare in't.

So



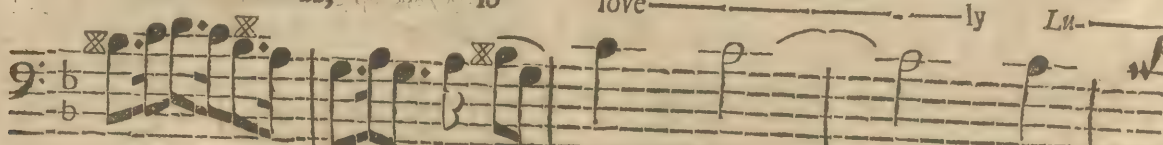
cin da,

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love

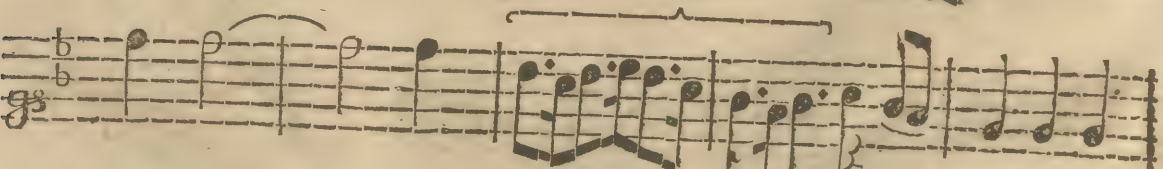
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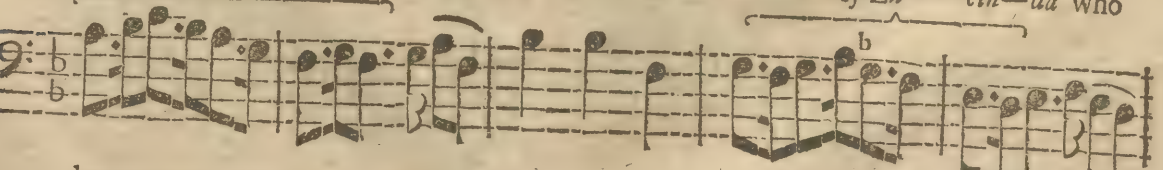
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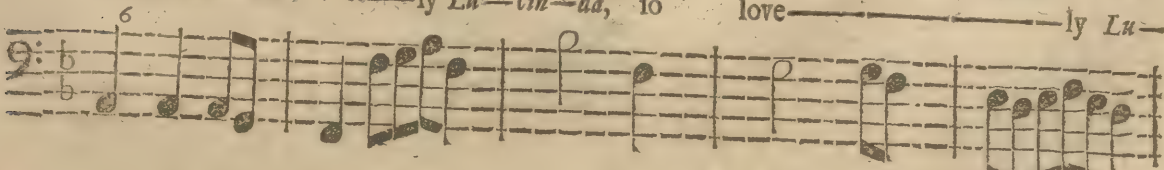
da,

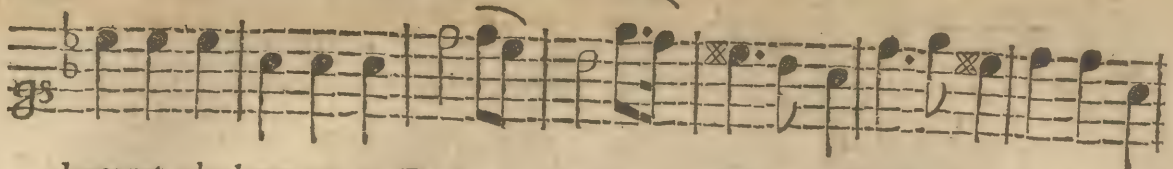
fo

love

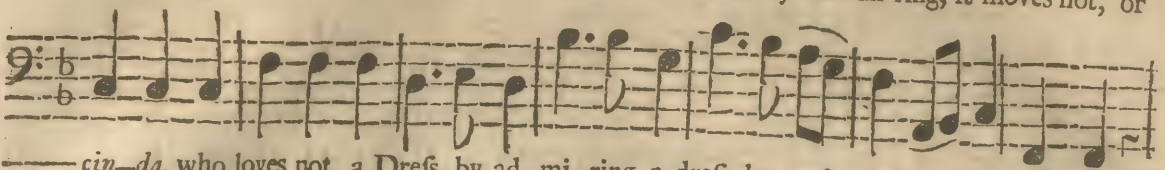
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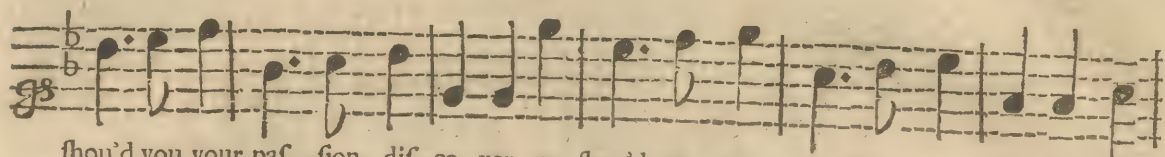
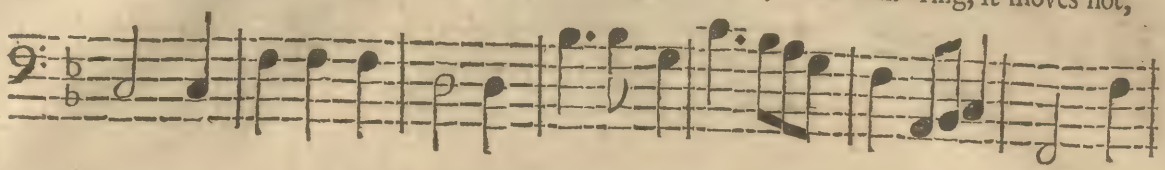




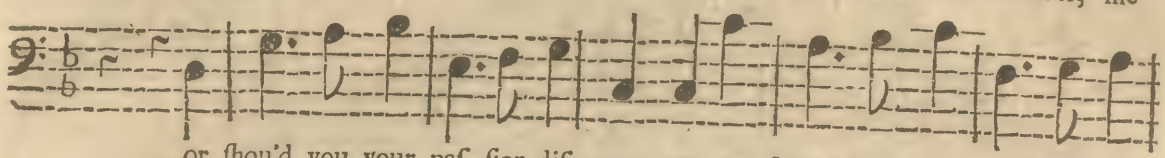
loves not, who loves not a Dress, a drefs, a drefs by ad-mi-ring, it moves not, or



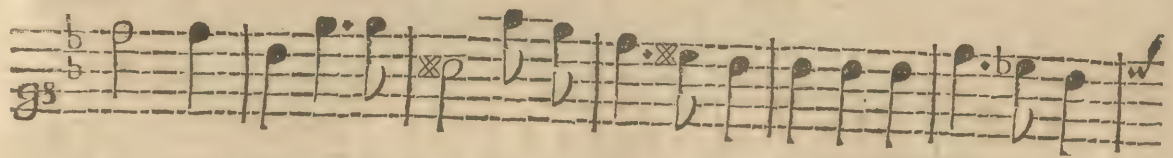
—cin-da, who loves not a Dress, by ad-mi-ring, a drefs by ad-mi-ring, it moves not,



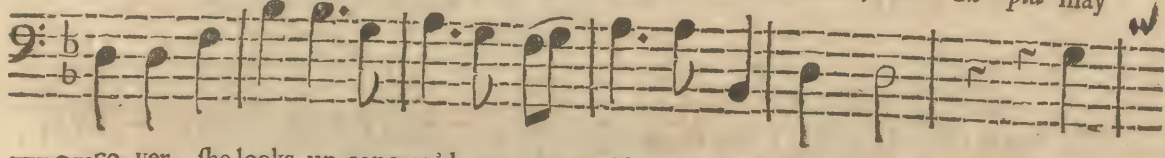
thou'd you your pas-sion dif-co-ver, or thou'd you your pas-sion dif-co-ver, she



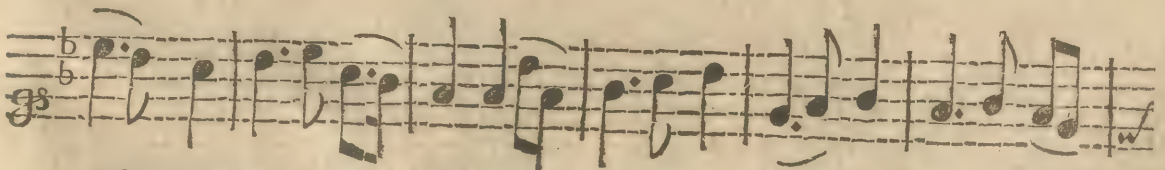
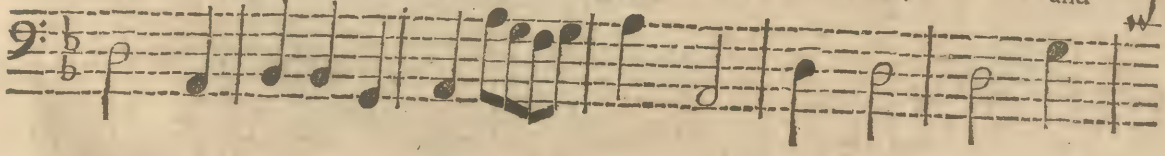
or thou'd you your pas-sion dif-co-ver, or thou'd you your pas-sion dif-



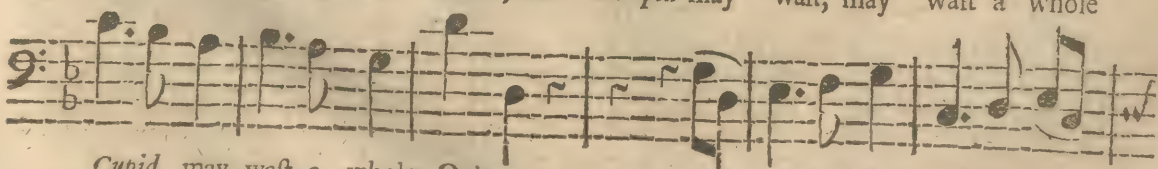
looks, she looks uncon-cern'd, unconcern'd on the Lo-ver; and Cu-pid may



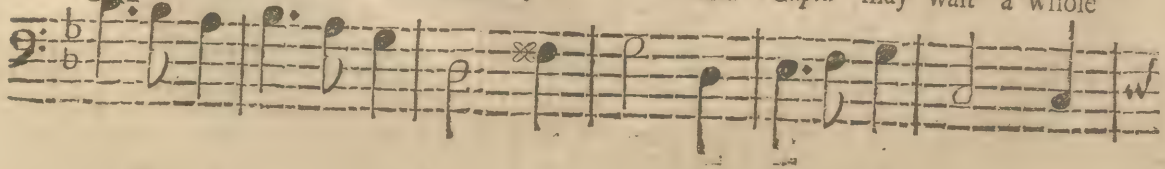
—co-ver, she looks un-concern'd, un-concern'd on the Lo-ver; and



wast, may wast a whole Quiver, and Cu-pid may wast, may wast a whole



Cupid may wast a whole Quiver, and Cupid may wast a whole

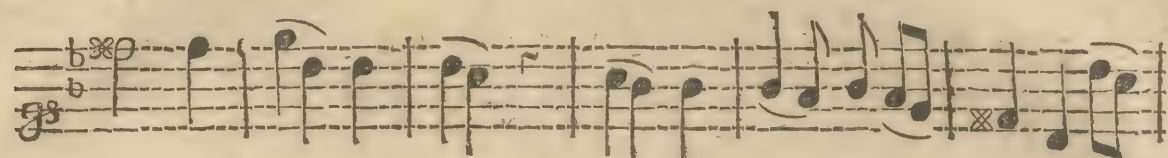




Quiver; I fear, I fear, I fear she'll re—sist him for e—ver, I



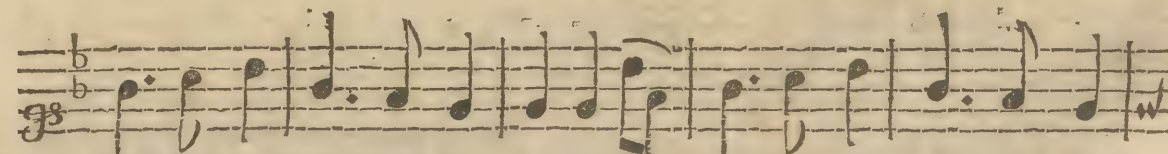
Quiver; I fear she'll re—sist him for e—ver, I fear she'll re—sist him, I



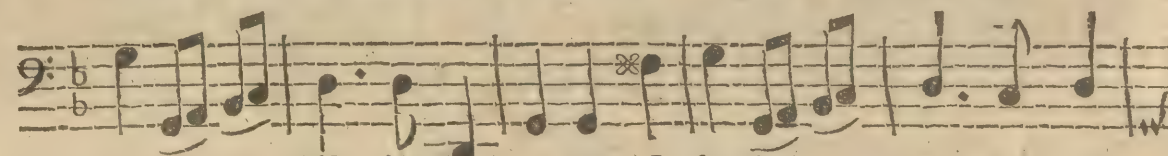
fear, I fear, I fear, fear, I fear she'll re—sist him, I



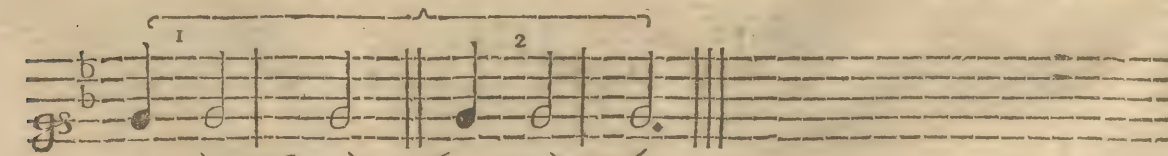
fear, she'll re—sist him, I fear she'll re—sist him, I fear she'll re—sist him for



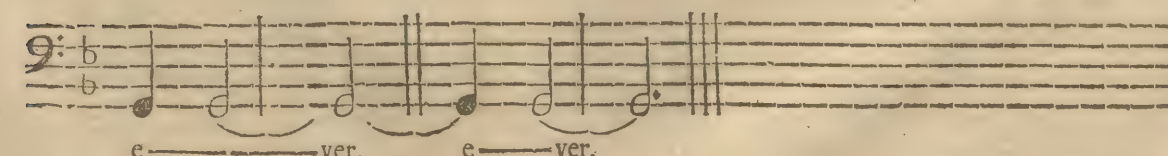
fear she'll re—sist him for e—ver I fear she'll re—sist him for



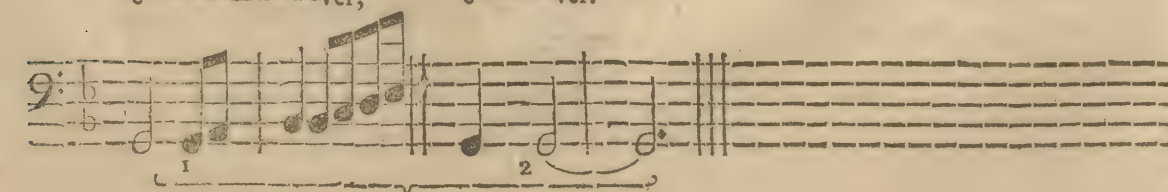
e—ver, re—sist him for e—ver, I fear she'll re—sist him for



e—ver, e—ver.



e—ver, e—ver.



A Song set by Collonel Pack.

That your Beauty may be lasting, to the Man you have al-low'd your

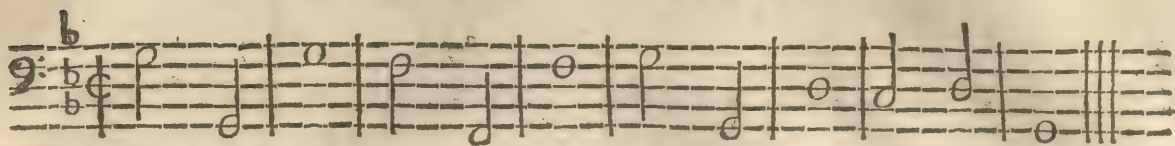
Charms, the li-ber-ty of tasting, li-ber-ty, li-ber-ty of tasting; let your

fighs, your fighs, your fighs not make him proud; sometimes keep your Beggar fasting, and

by neither want, by neither want or store; Save his Ap-petite, save his Ap-petite

from waisting; He will always, always, always, always, always you a-dore.

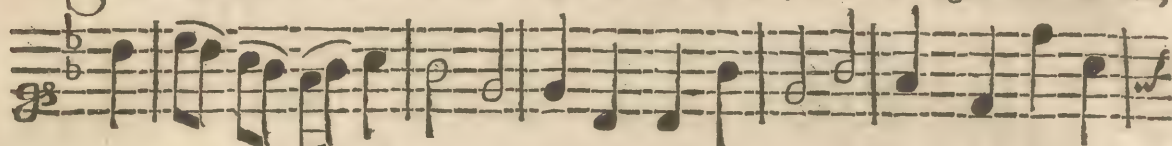
**A New Song in the *Richmond-Heiress*, the Words by
Mr. Dufey, to a Ground of Mr. Solomon Eccles.**



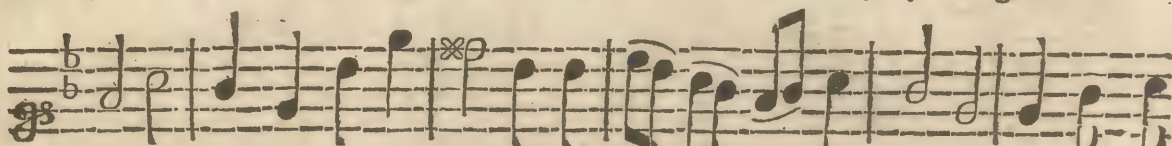
The Ground Bass.



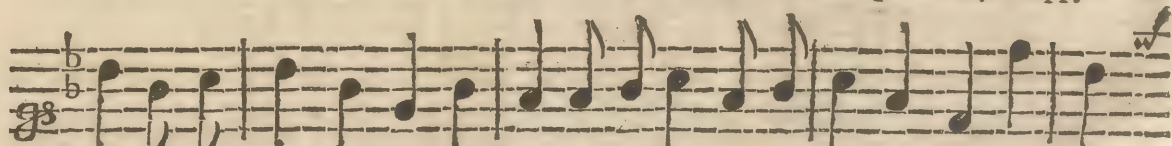
Stubborn Church-di-vi—sion, Fol-ly and Am-bi-tion, caus'd with great De-ri-sion,



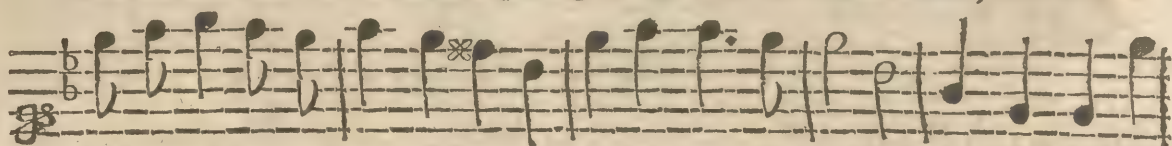
poor *England's* sad con-di-tion; *Princes* leave their Stations, by strange Ab-di—



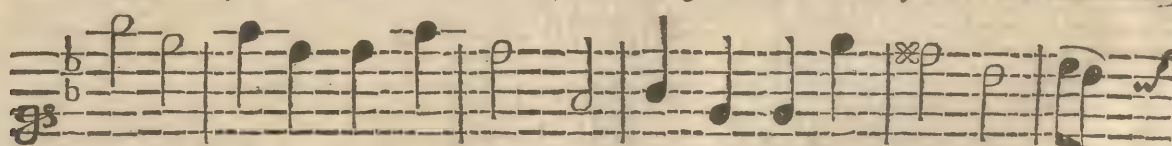
—ca-tions: New ones come to ease us, yet no—thing e're can please us, happy's the



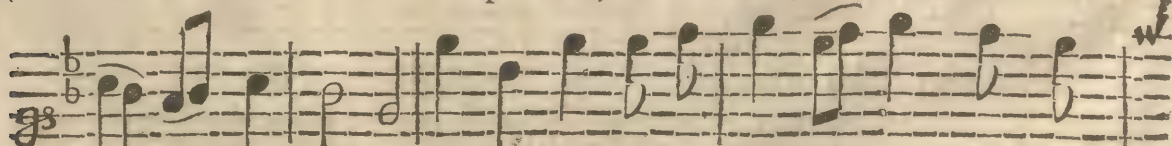
Man then that shun's the Great, that pleasing himself in a Ru--ral State, with ease



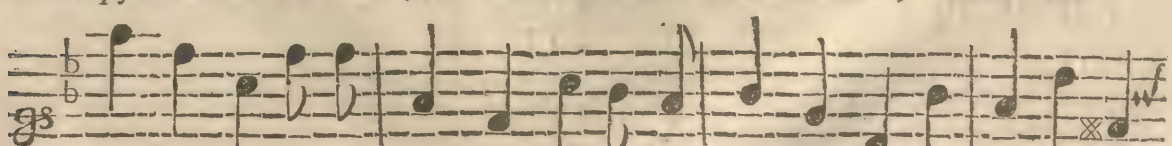
and content; In a sweet retreat a--voids all Jar's and Faction, in his small Do-



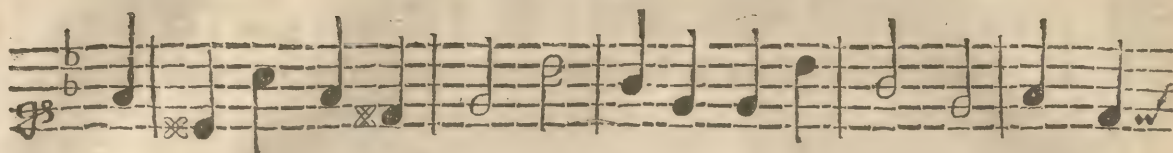
minions vents no false Opi—nions, nor deserts the true for Pa—



—pist or So—ci-nian, but sits down with his Freind's around, whilst the



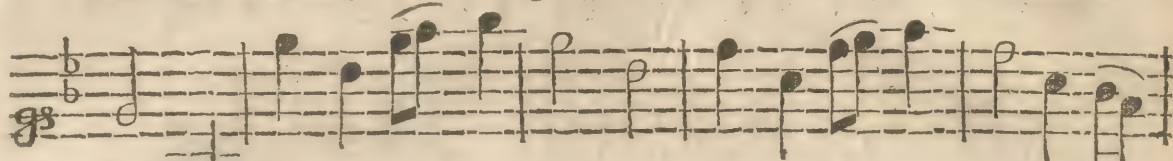
Glas is crown'd, and the health's a-bound to the King and Queen the best in town:



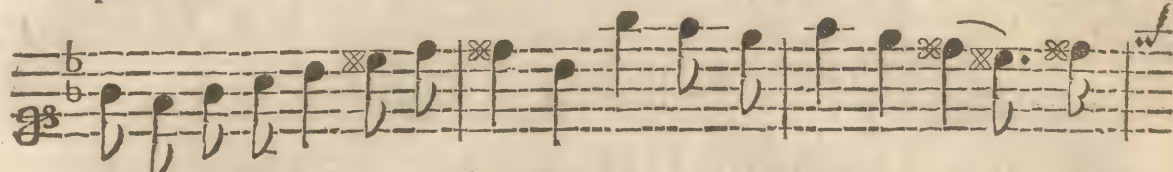
the Fleet or Ar—mies Action, ar—gues still with Rea—son, speaks nor



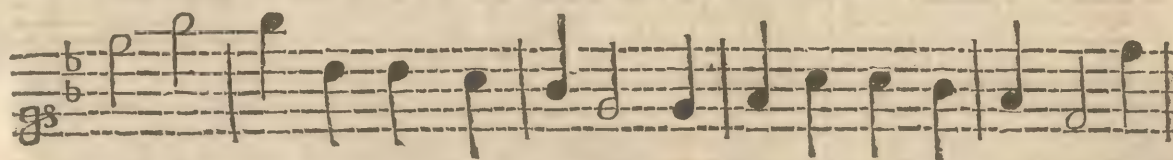
hears no Treason, nor arraigns the Sense of five hun—dred Heads to



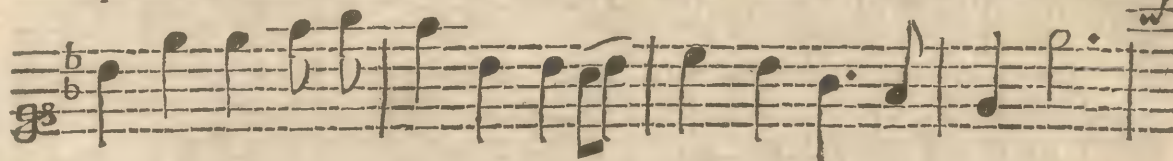
please One: Plaintiff or De—fen—dants, ne're get his at—tendance, he



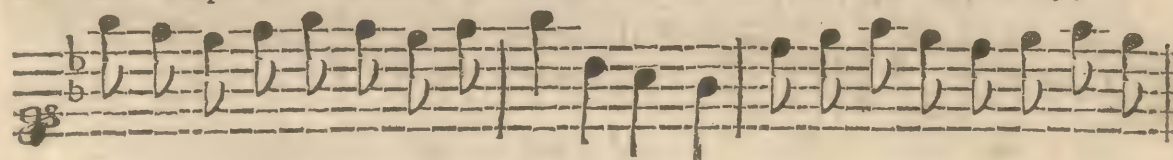
wishes well to all, that are at *White-hall*, but he loves no Court de—



—pendance; Books admires when Witty, good Musick and a Dit—ty, and



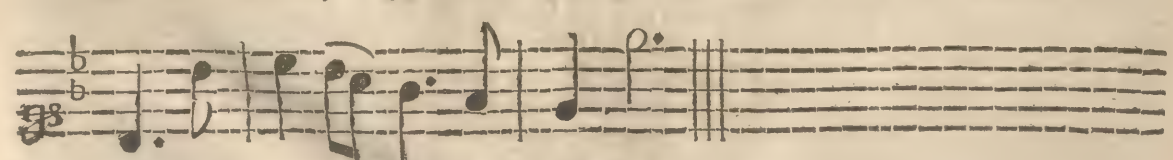
takes a Spouse to a—dorn his House that's rich and kind, and pret—ty;



merry, merry, merril—ly discards all sorrow; waril—ly does never, never



lend nor borrow, ge—ne—rouf—ly En—tert—ains his Friends to



day, and is the same to morrow.

I Never felt the pangs of Love, nor cou'd the greatest Beau — ty Charm; a

Heart so stedfast none cou'd move, till Ce — lia's brighter Eyes, till

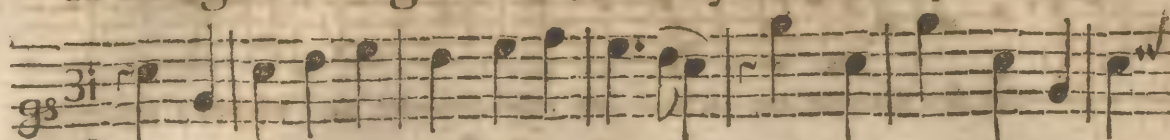
Ce — lia's brighter Eyes kind — led a flame: She has cre — a — ted

such a pain, that all the world be — sides can't cure; I still must sigh, but

sigh in vain, for no one knows the tor — ments I en — dure.

II.

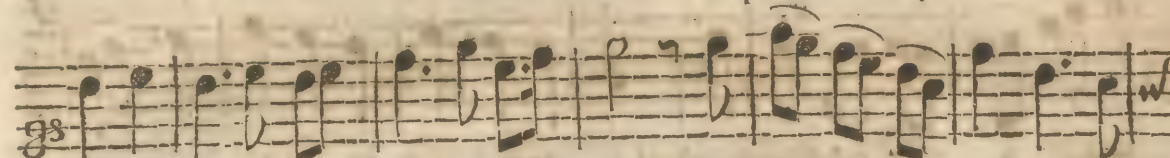
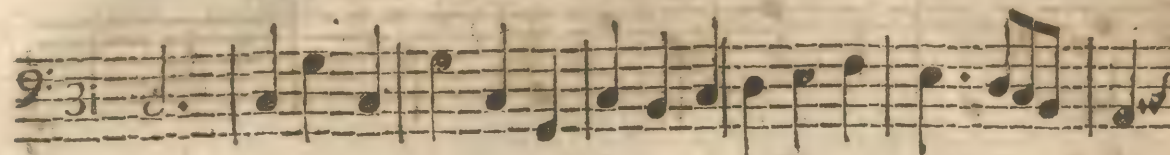
Where e're I go I view the Fair,
 But still my *Celia* does excell;
 All beauteous Objects pleasing are,
 But she the fairest, she the fairest in my heart,
 My heart doth dwell:
 Since I am wounded with a Dart,
 Shot from thy Quiver, mighty Love;
 O wound my lovely Charmer's heart,
 Or all my earthly Joys by Death remove.

A Song in King *Arthur*, set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

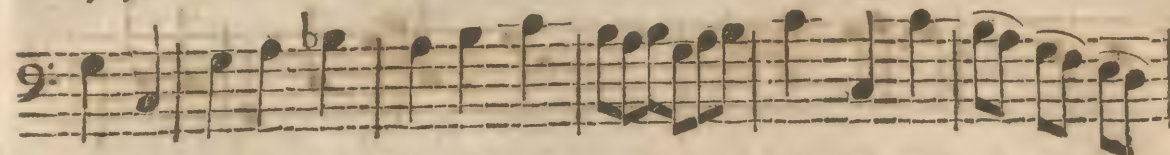
Sound a par—ly yee fair and fur—ren—der, foud, found, found, found a par—



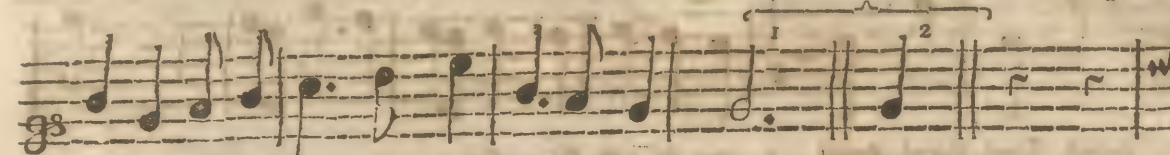
Sound, found, found, found a par—ly yee fair and fur—ren—der,



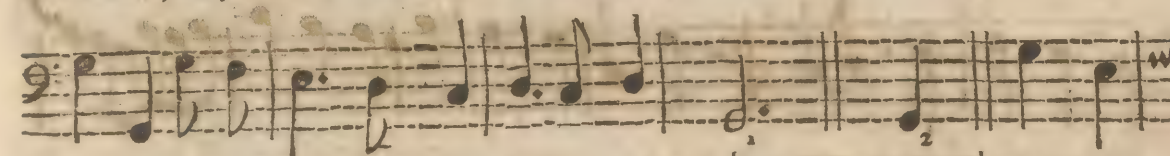
—ly yee fa—ir, a par—ly yee fair, and fur—



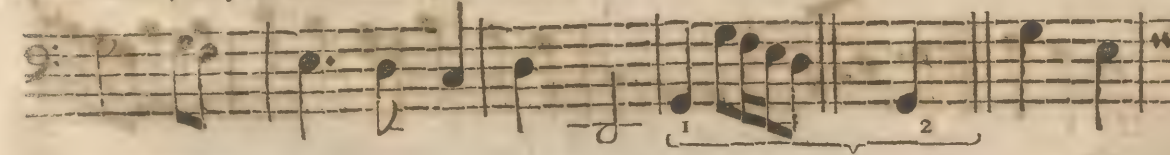
found a par—ly yee fair, found a par—ly yee fair and fur—



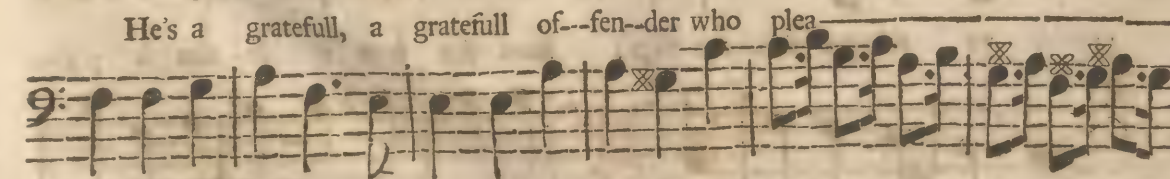
—render; set your selves and your Lover's at ease:



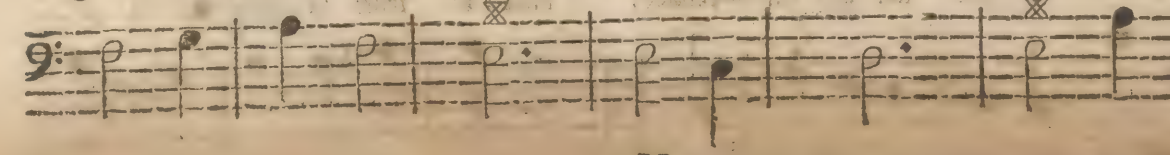
—render; set your selves and your Lover's at ease: He's a

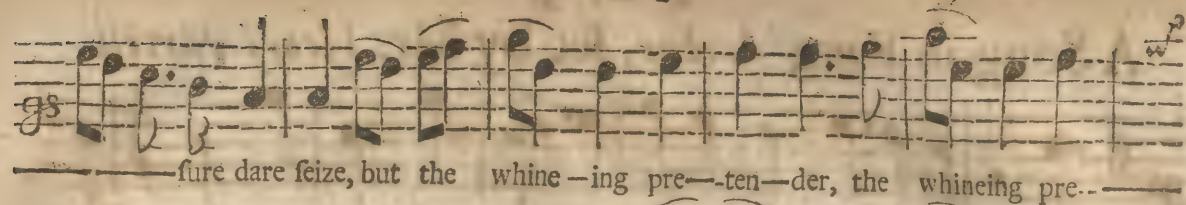


He's a gratefull, a gratefull of—fen—der who plea—



gratefull, a gratefull of—fen—der who pleasure, who plea—





—felling, 'tis un-man-ly to figh, 'tis un-manly to figh and complain; When we

—felling, 'tis un-man-ly to figh, 'tis un-manly to figh and com—plain;

kneel for re—dressing, when we kneel for re—dressing, we mo—

When we kneel for re—dressing, when we kneel for re—dressing we

—ve your dif—dain; Love was made for a blessing, a

mo—ve your dif—dain; Love was made, love was

bles—sing, Love was made, love was made for a bles—

made, love was made for a bles sing, love was made for a bles—sing, was

—sing, and not for a pain, love was made for a bles

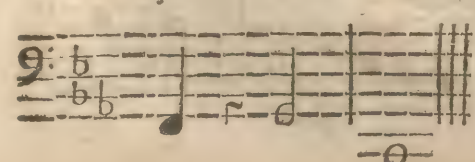
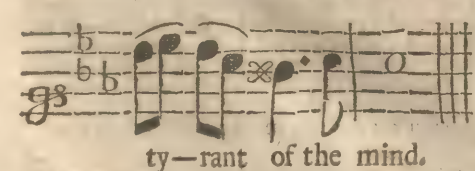
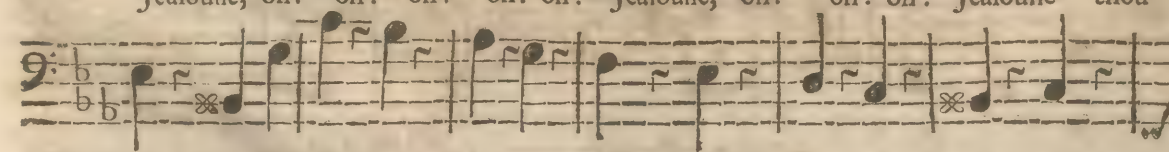
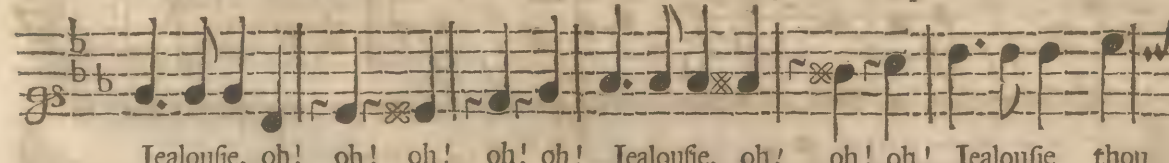
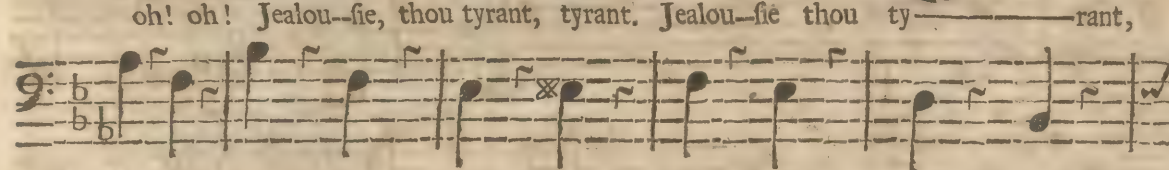
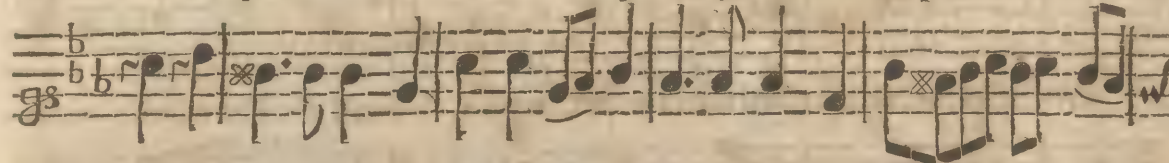
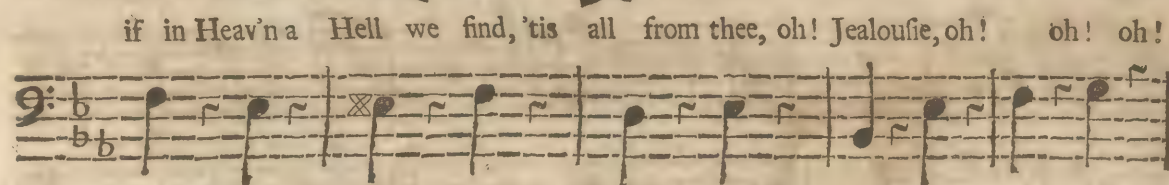
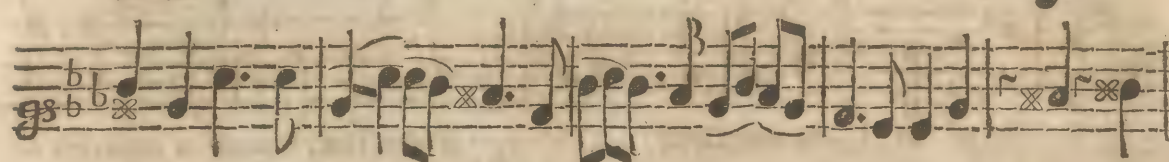
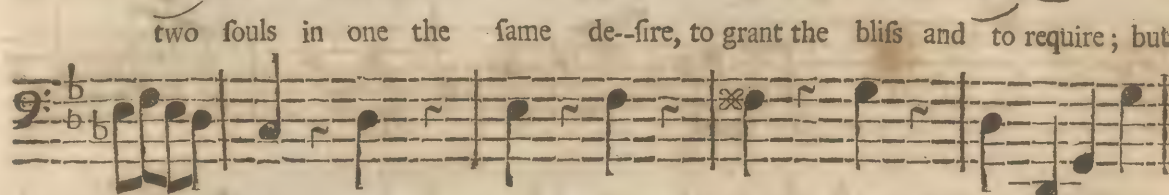
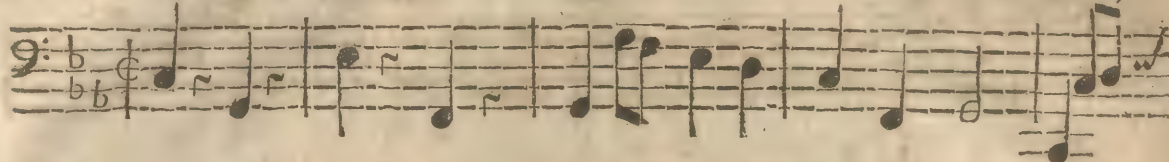
made for a blessing, and not for a pain; love was made for a

—sing and not for a pain.

blessing, was made for a blessing and not for a pain.

A Song in the last new Play call'd *Love Triumphant*, &c.

Set by Mr. *John Eccles*, and Sung by Mrs. *Hudson*.



What state of life can be so blest, as love that warms a lo—vers breast;

two souls in one the same de—fire, to grant the bliss and to require; but

if in Heav'n a Hell we find, 'tis all from thee, oh! Jealousie, oh! oh! oh!

oh! oh! Jealousie, thou tyrant, tyrant. Jealousie thou ty—rant,

Jealousie, oh! oh! oh! oh! Jealousie, oh! oh! oh! Jealousie thou

ty—rant of the mind.

II.

All other Ills tho' sharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect love;
In absence or unkind disdain,
Sweet hope relieve the lover's pain;
But oh! no cure but death we find,
To set us free from Jealousie.

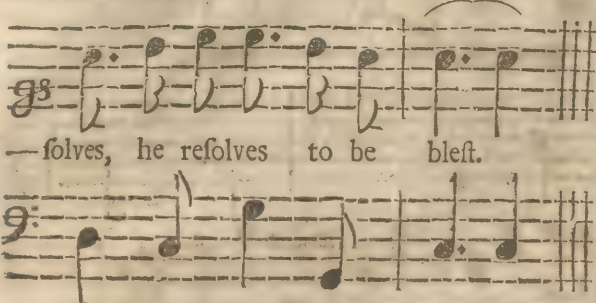
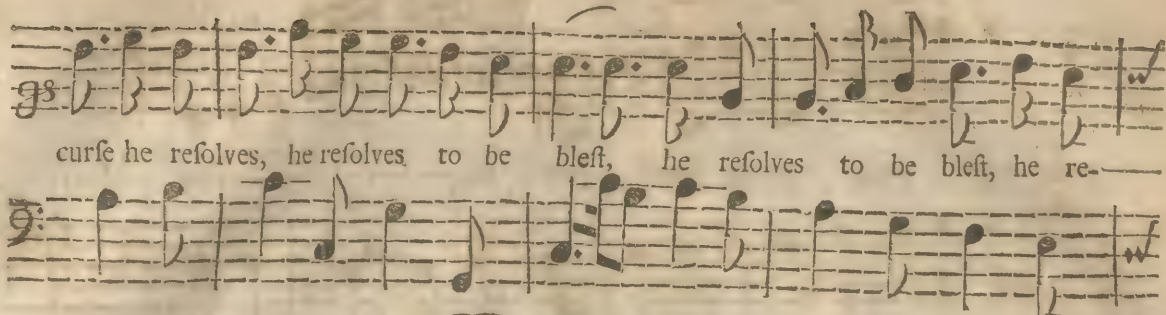
Oh! oh! &c.

II.

False in thy glass all Objects are,
Some set too near, and some too farr,
Thou art the fire of endless night,
The fire that burns, and gives no Light;
All Torments of the damn'd we find,
In only thee, oh! Jealousie

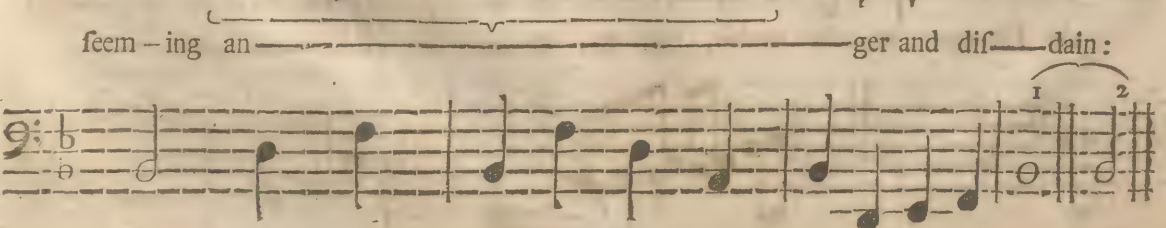
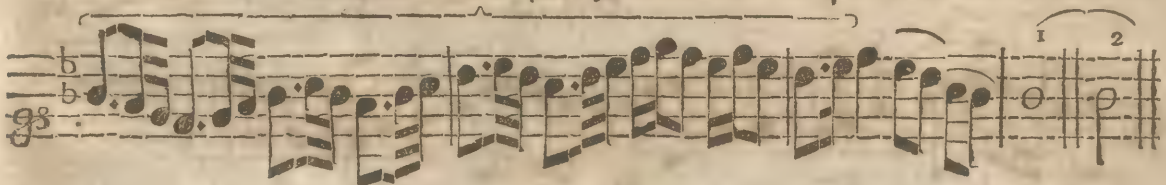
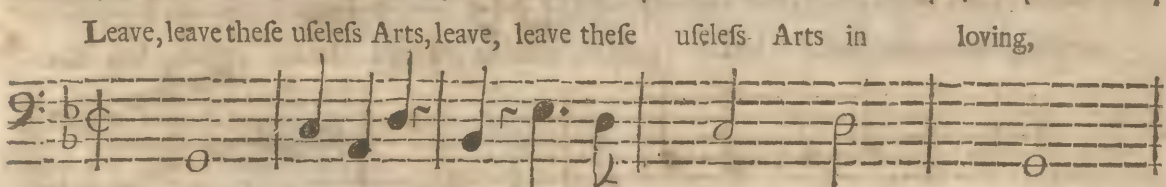
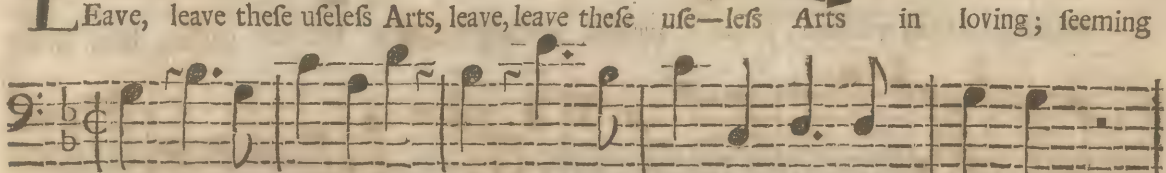
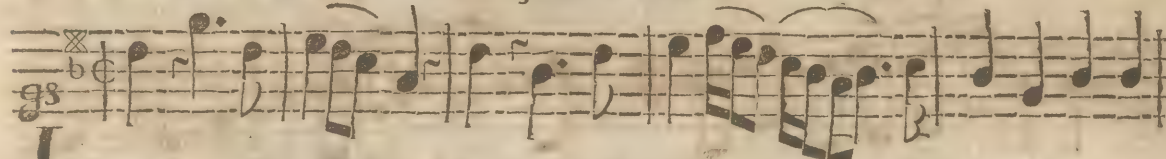
A Song in the last new Play call'd *Love Triumphant, &c.*
Set by Mr. H. Purcell, and Sung by Mrs. Ayloff.

HOW happy's the Husband, how happy's the Husband whose
Wife has been try'd, has been try'd; not damn'd to the Bed, not damn'd to
the Bed of an ig--no--rant Bride: se--cure of what's left, se--cure of what's left he
ne're misses the rest, but where there's enough, enough, enough, but where there's e--
--nough sup--poses a Feast; so foreknowing the cheat he escapes the deceit, and in
spight of the curse he resolves, he resolves to be blest; and in spight of the



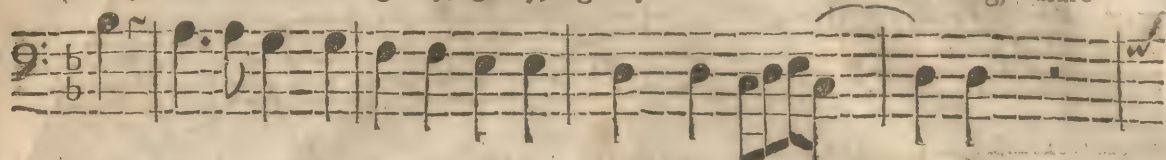
II.
If Children are blessings,
His Comfort's the more,
Whose Spouse has been known
To be fruitfull before;
And the Boy that she brings,
Ready made to his Hand,
May stand in his stead
For an Heir to his Land:
If his own prove a Sot,
When 'tis lawfully got;
As when ere it is so,
If it don't I'll be hang'd.

A New Song in *Epsome-Wells* set by Mr.
Henry Purcell.

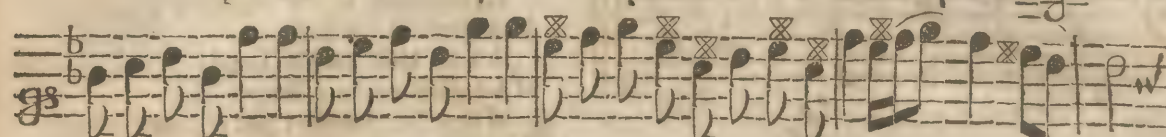




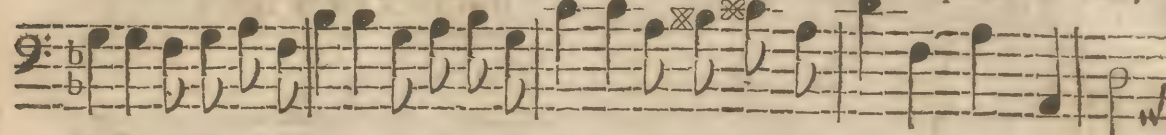
Trust, trust to nature gently, gently, gently mo—ving, nature



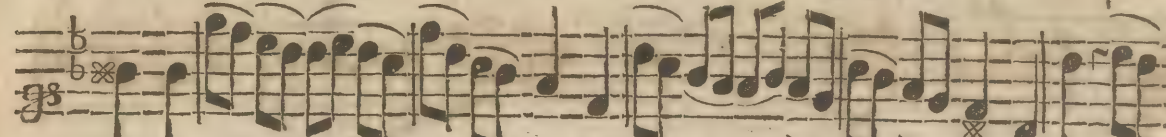
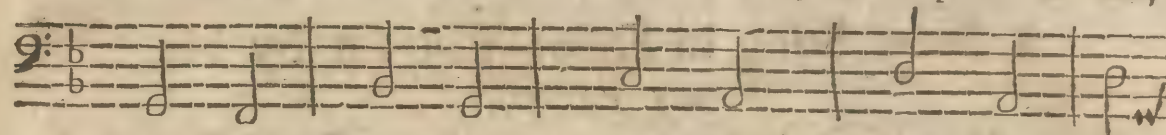
Trust, trust to nature, gently, gently, gent—ly, mo—ving,



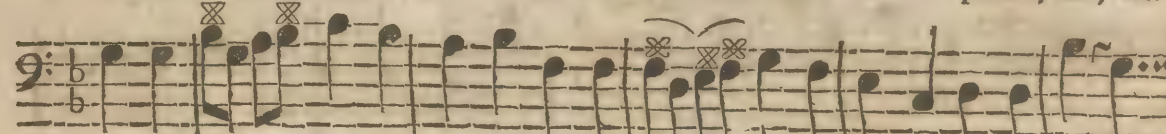
never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, ne—ver pleads in vain;



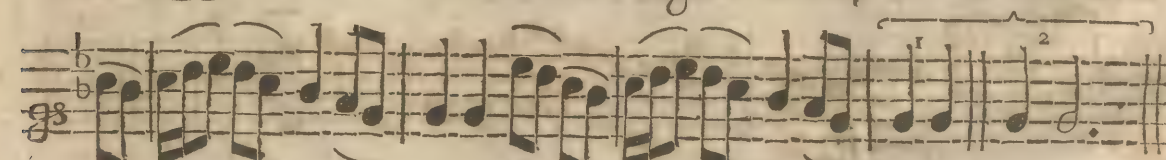
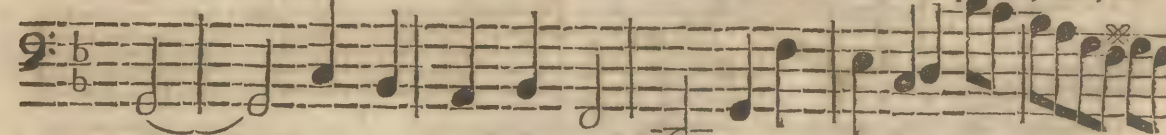
nature, never, never, never, never, never, ne—ver, never, never, ne—ver pleads in vain;



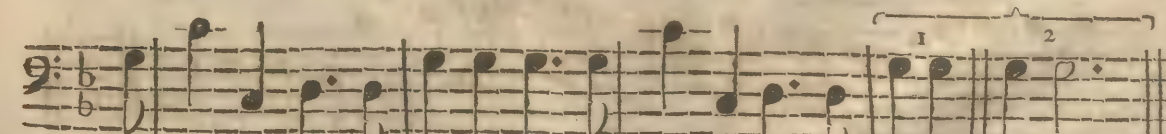
nothing, nothing guides a lo—vers passion, nothing guides a lo—vers passion, like, like



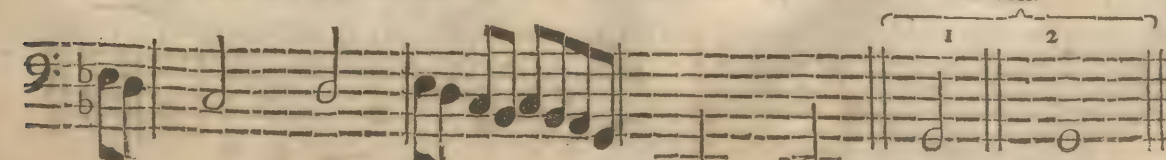
nothing, nothing guides a lovers passion, nothing guides a lovers passion, like, like



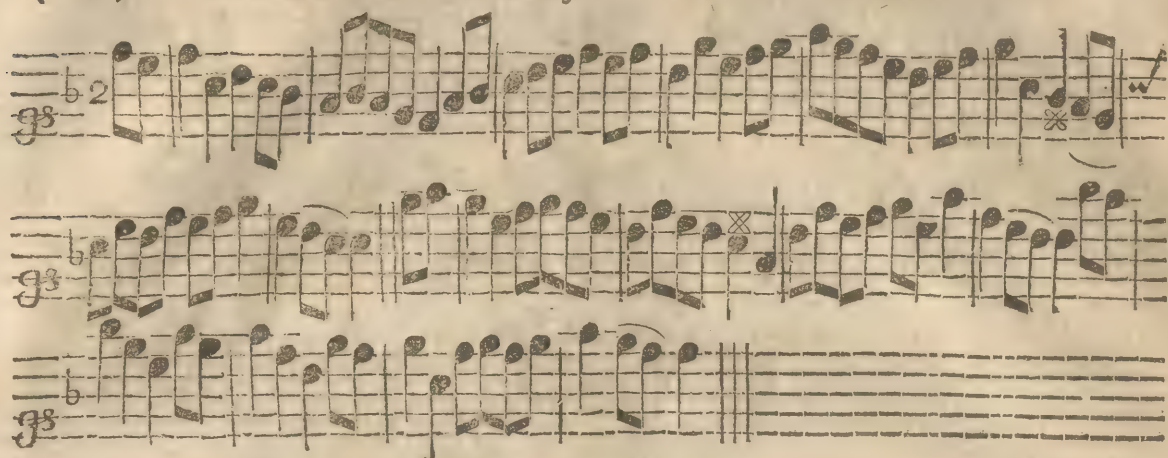
the fair ones in—cli—nation, like the fair ones in—cli—nation.



the fair ones in—cli—nation, like the fair ones in—cli—nation.



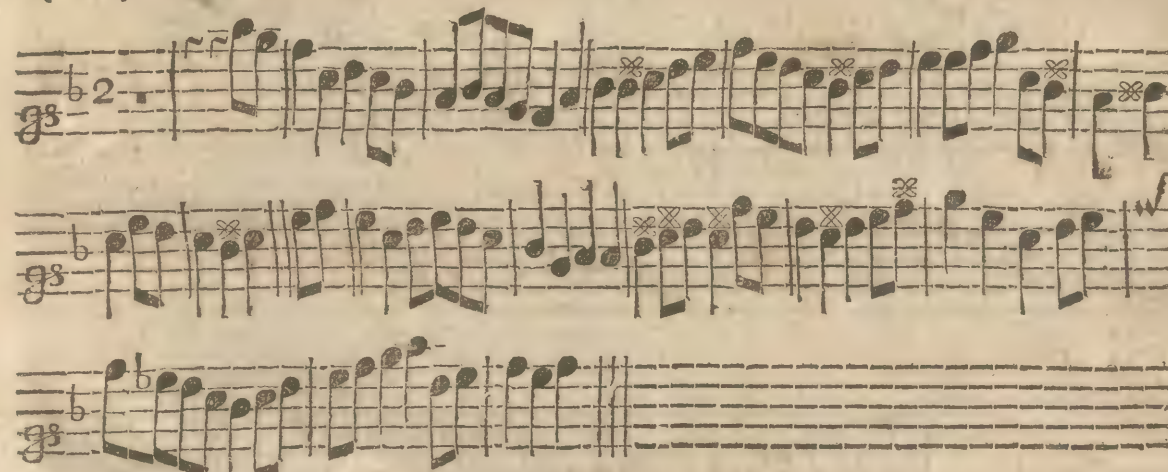
(1) Boree. Mr. Banisters First and Second Trebles.



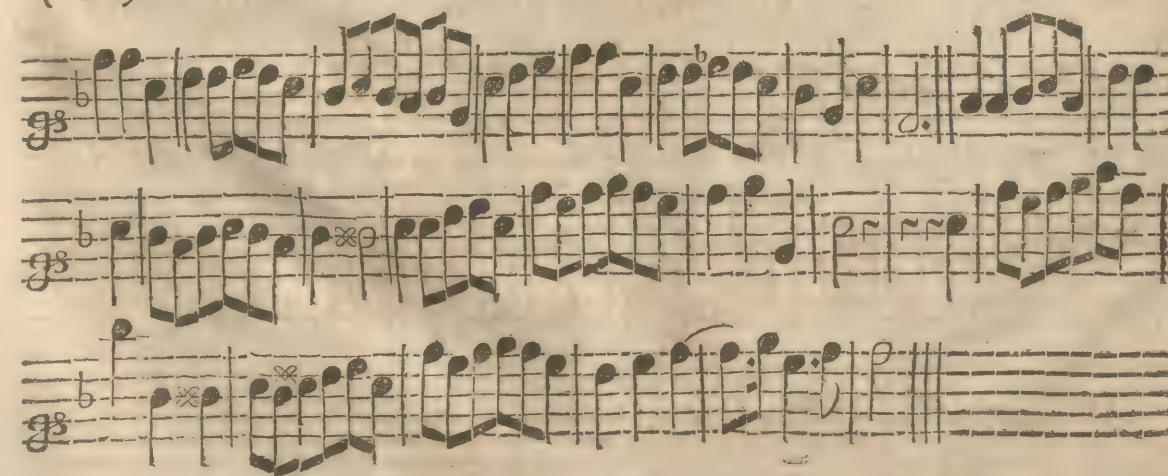
(2) Minuet.



(1) Boree.

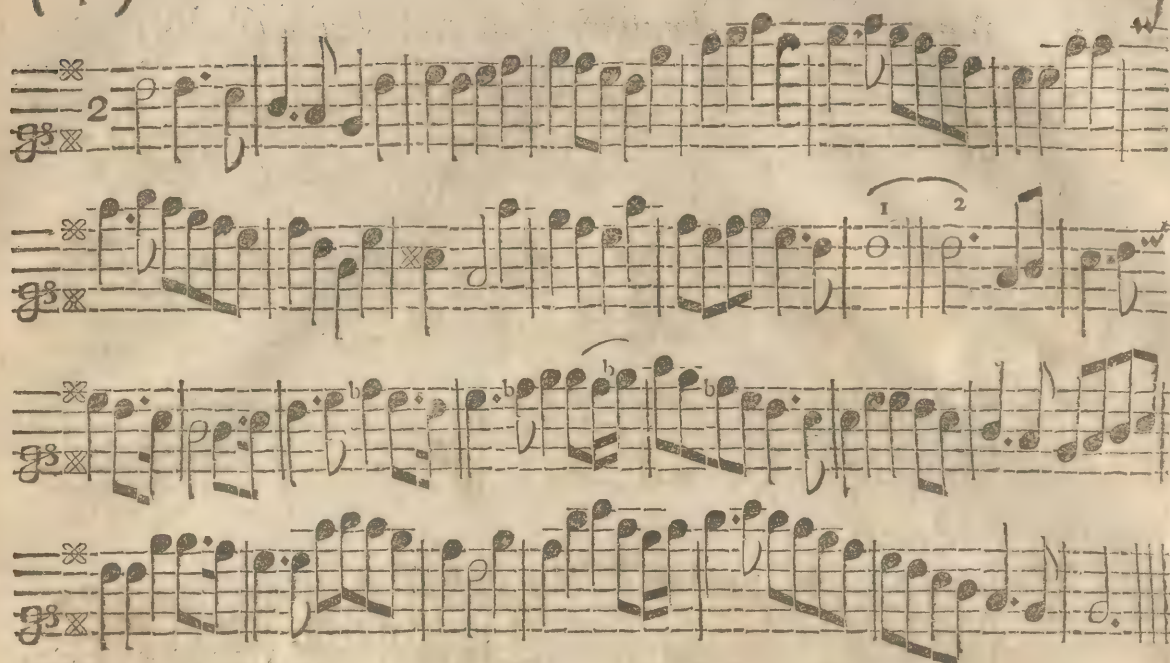


(2) Minuet.

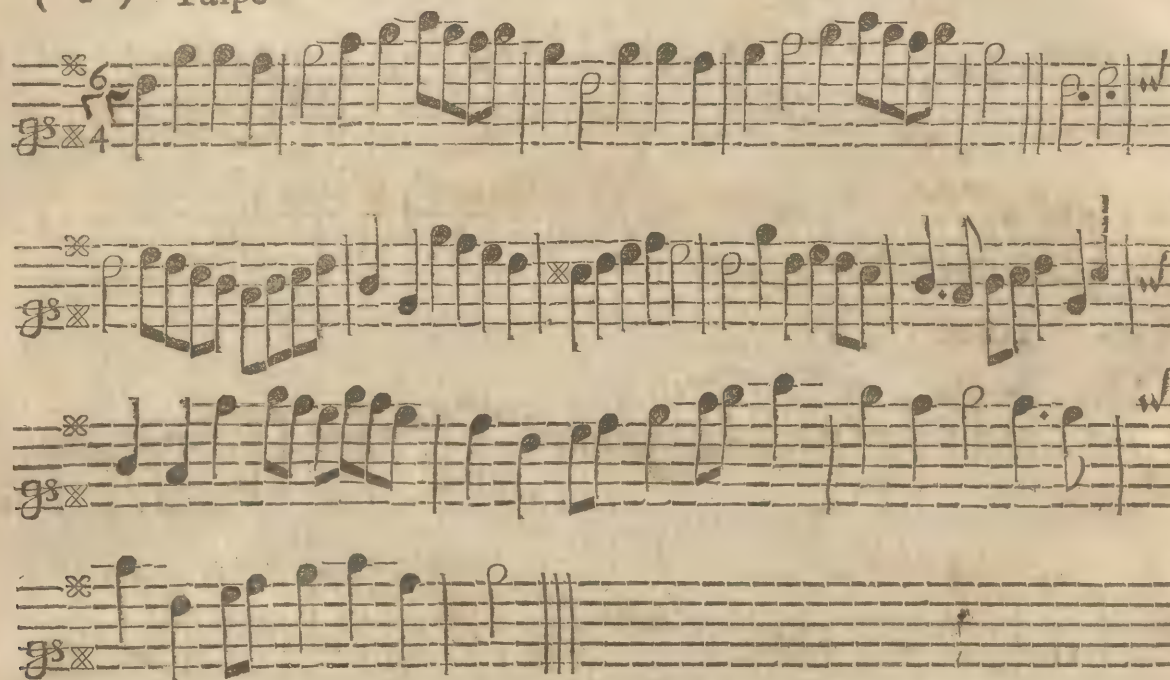


Mr. Pesable's First Trebles.

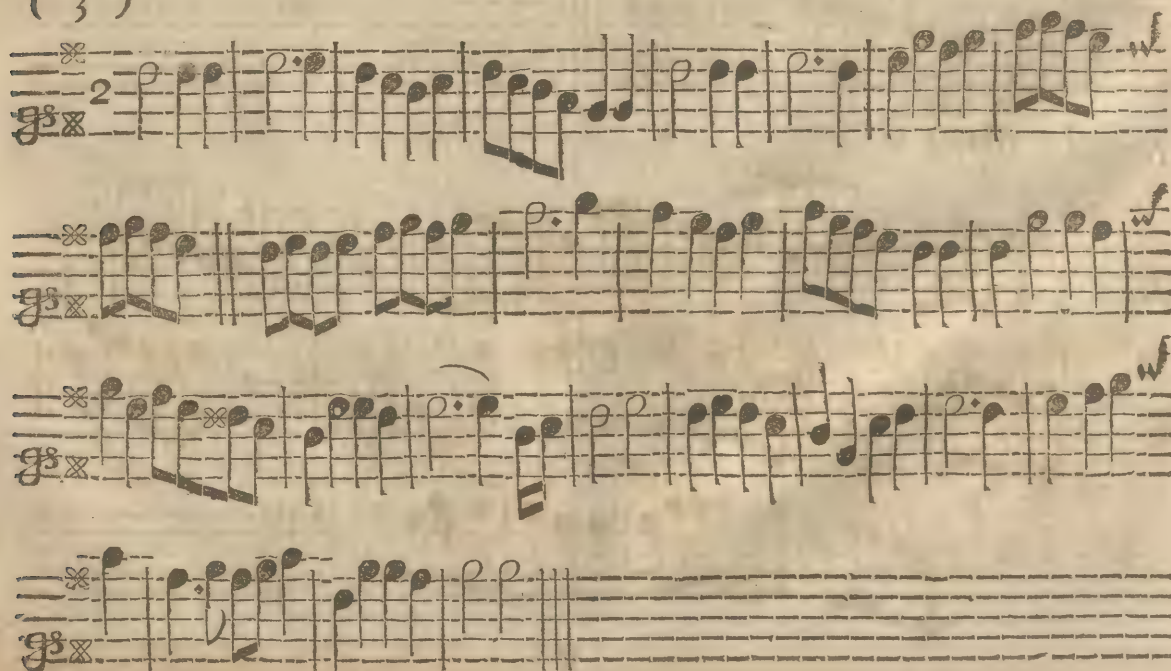
(1)



(2) Paspe.

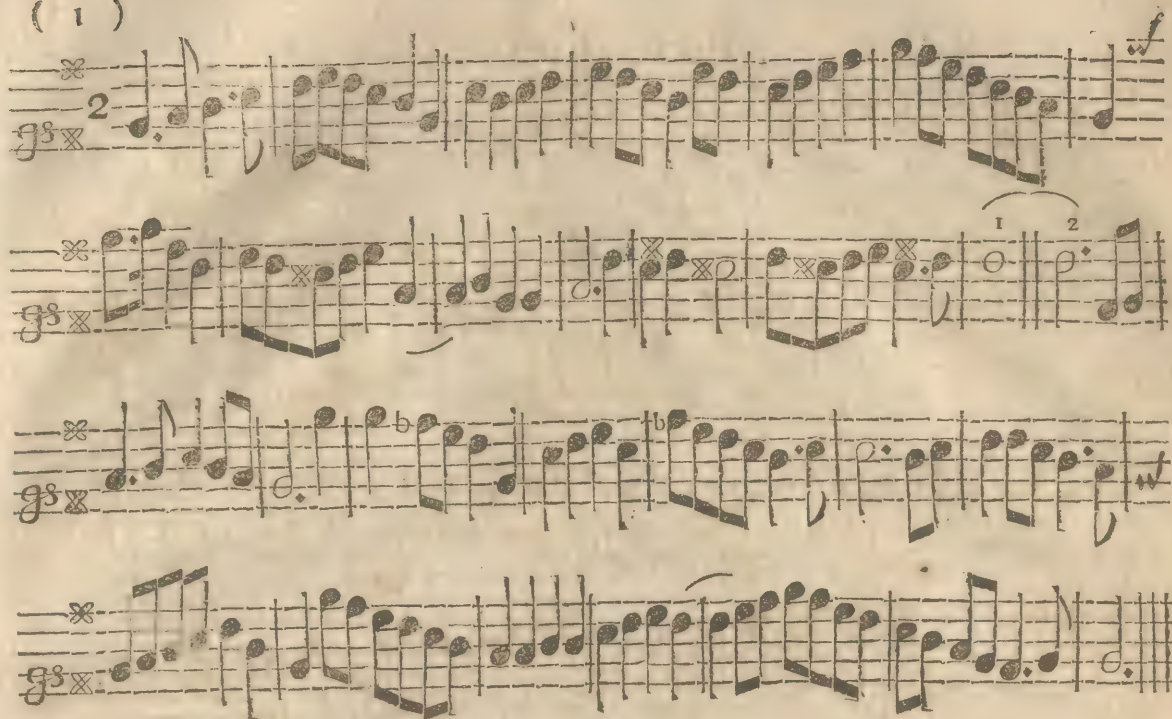


(3)

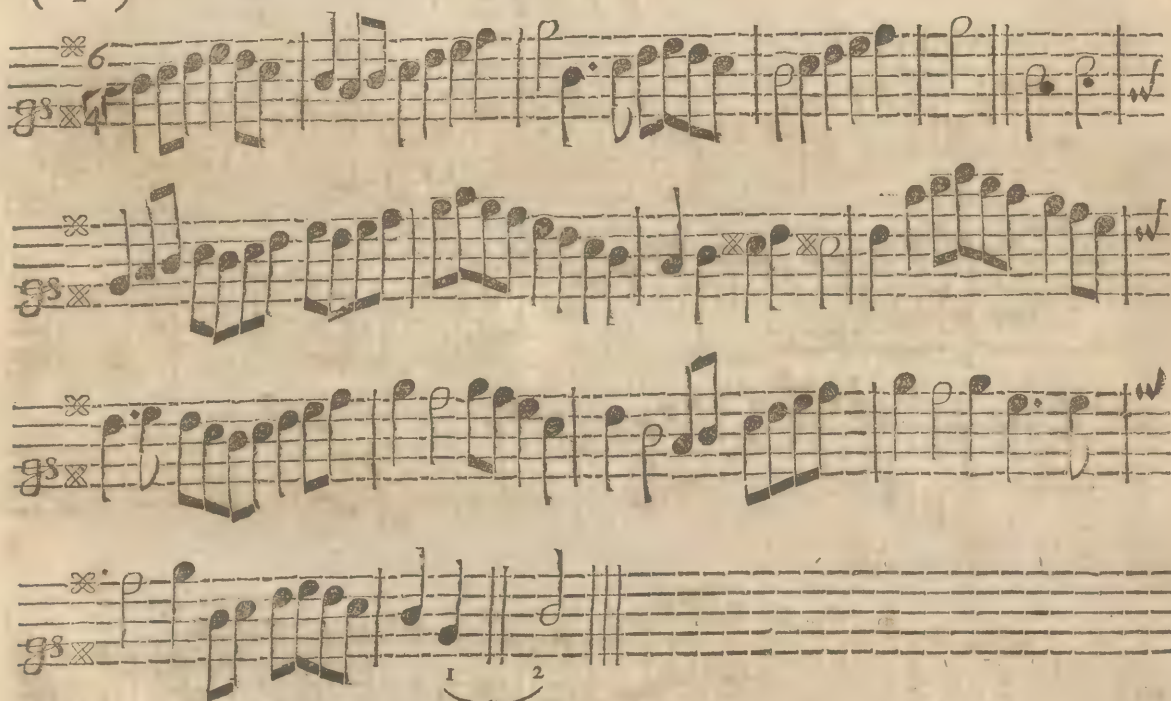


Mr. Pesable's Second Trebles.

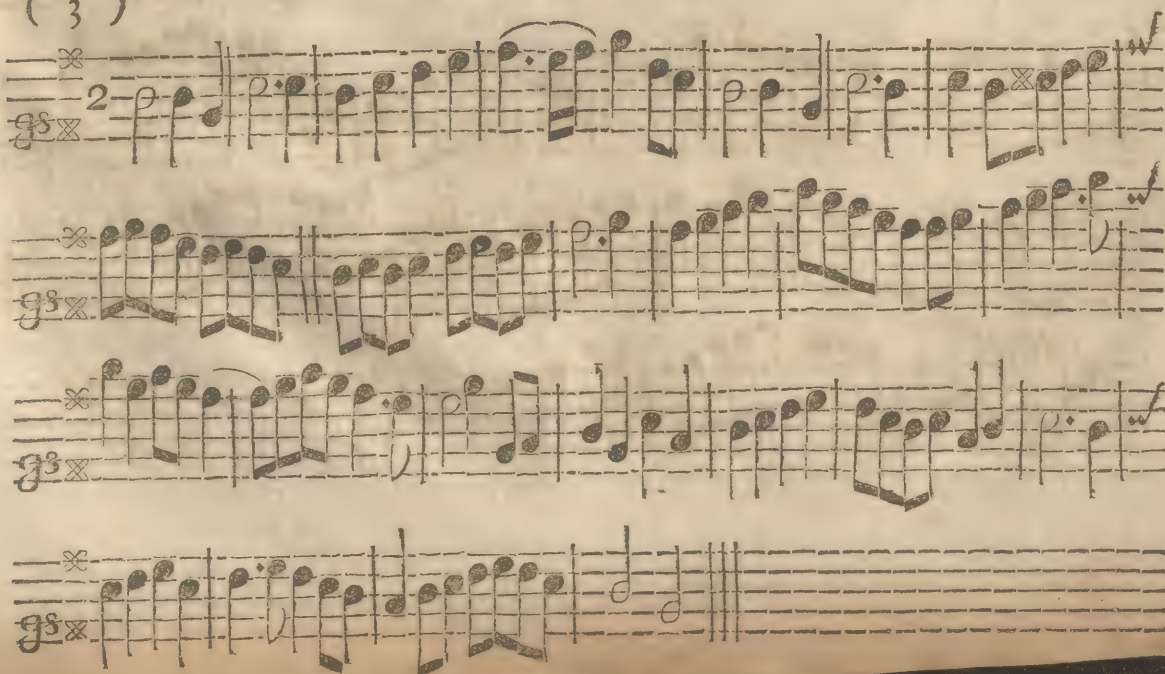
(1)



(2)

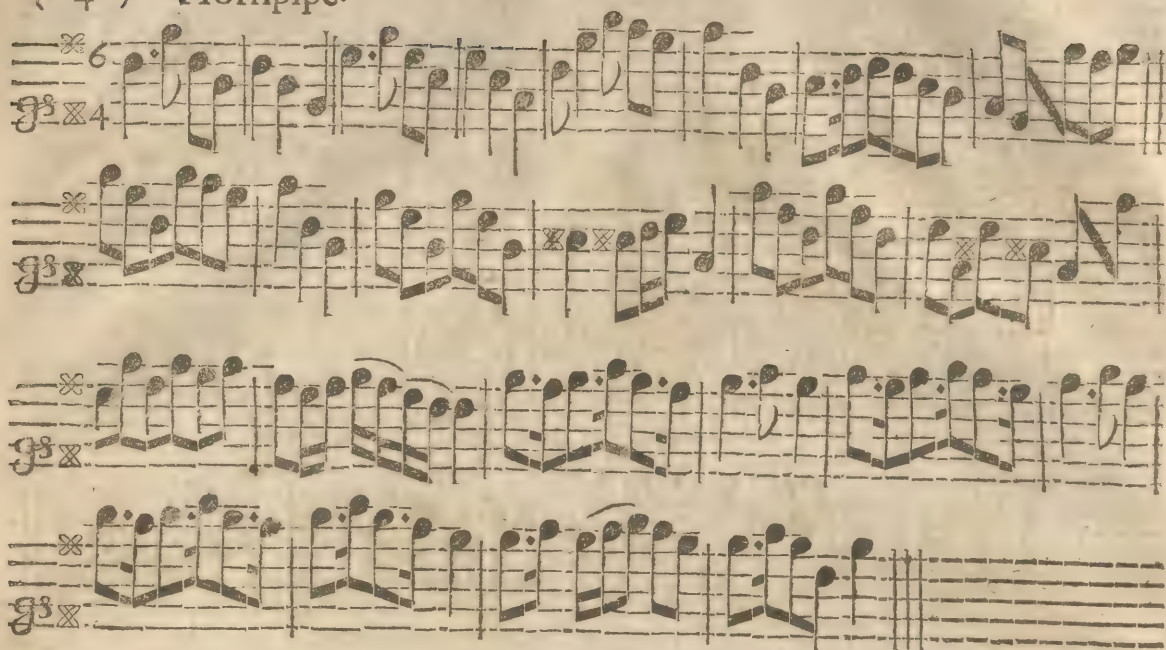


(3)



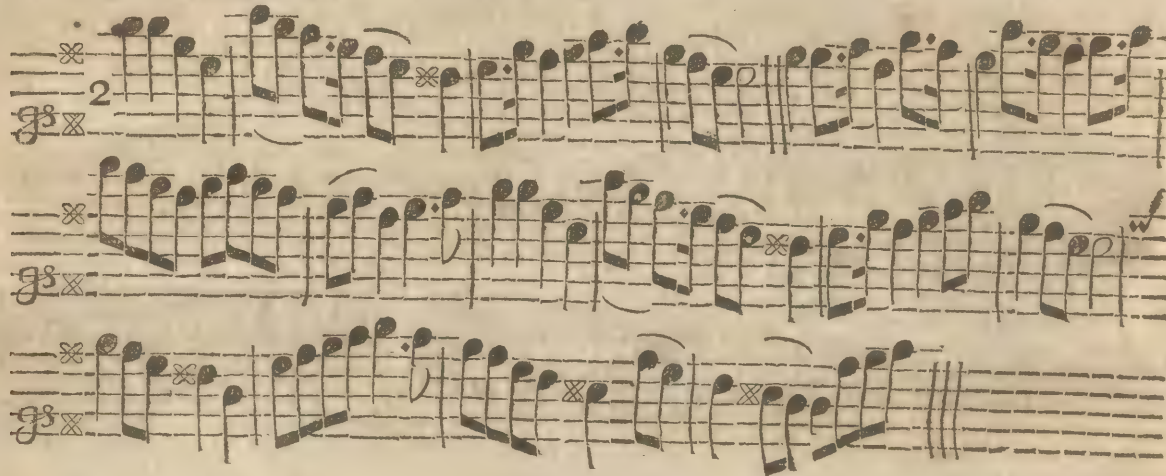
First Trebles.

(4) Hornpipe.

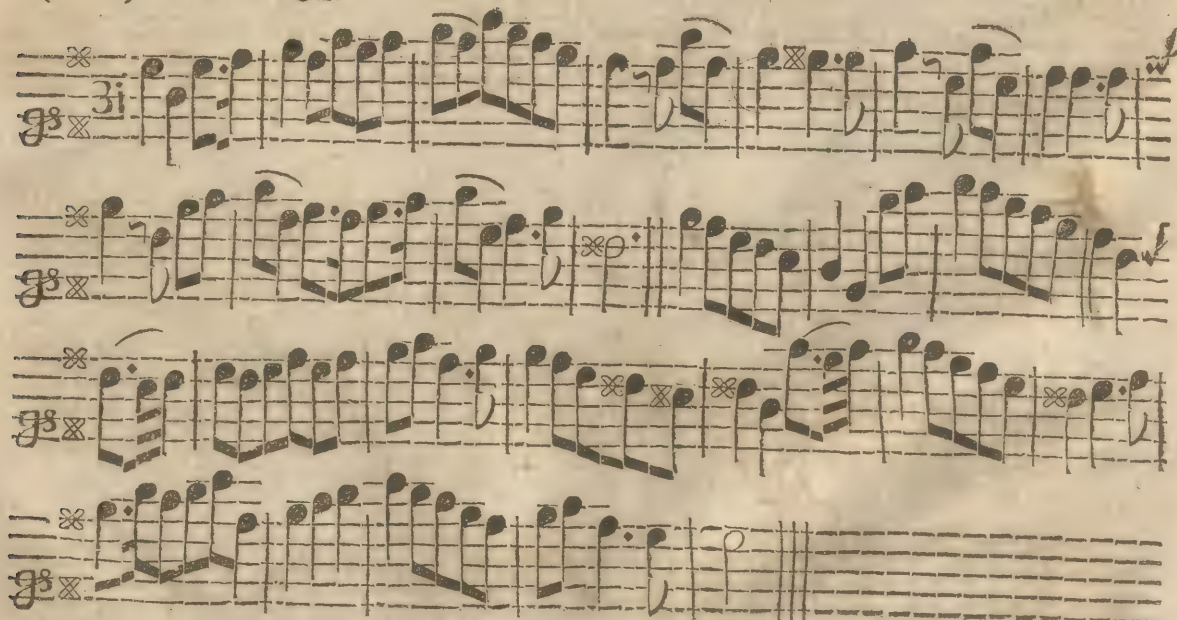


F I N I S.

(1) Round O.



(2) Slow Air.



(4) Hornpipe.

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each. The first staff of each system has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The time signature is 6/8. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. There are several repeat signs (double bar lines with dots) throughout the piece. A bracket labeled '1' and '2' spans across the third system, indicating a first and second ending. The piece concludes with a double bar line followed by the word 'FINIS.' in all caps.

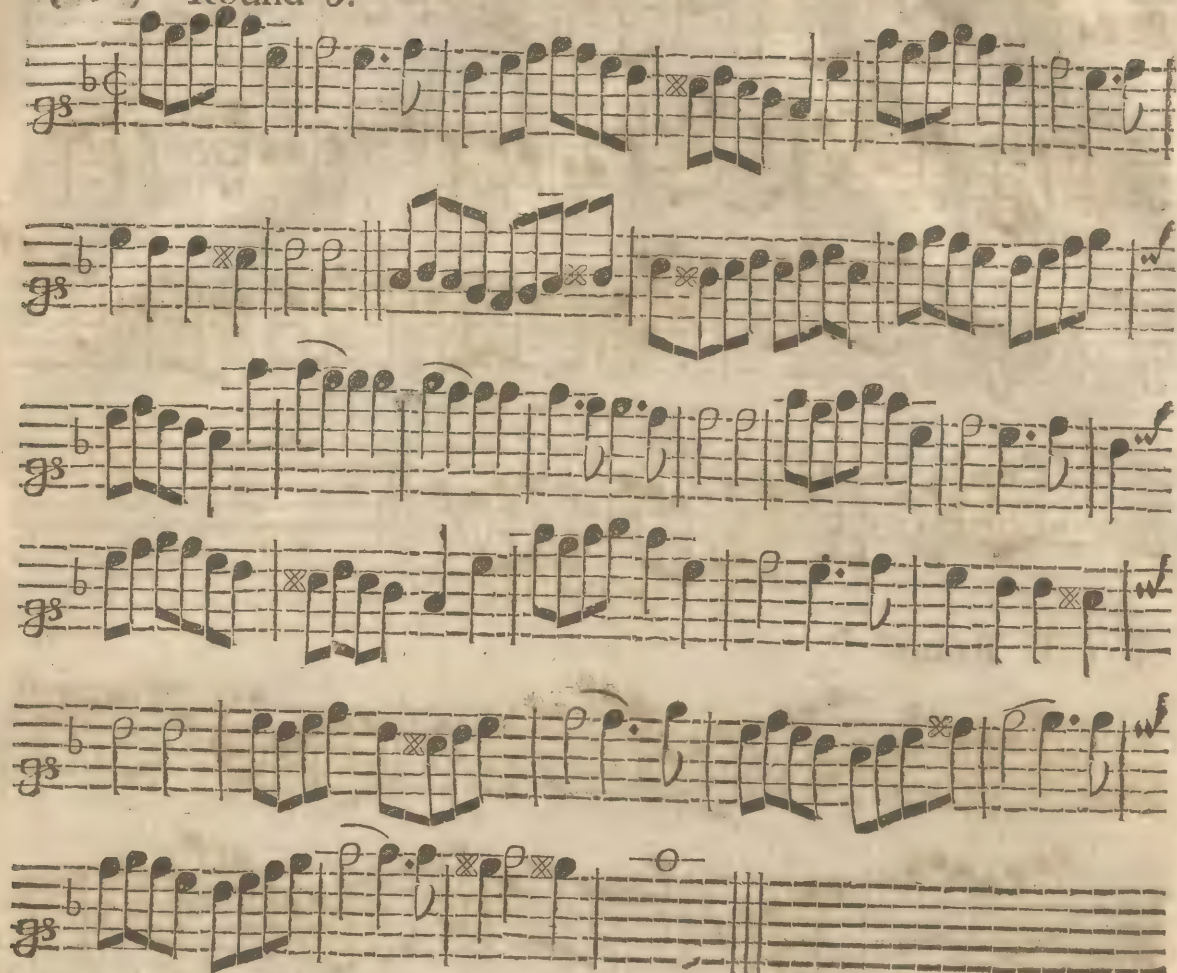
FINIS.

Handwritten musical score for three staves, likely for guitar. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and specific guitar-related markings like 'x' and '2'. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a '2' indicating a second fret. The second and third staves also feature similar notation, with the third staff showing a '2' and a '3' indicating fret positions. The music is written in a style characteristic of early 20th-century guitar tablature or notation.

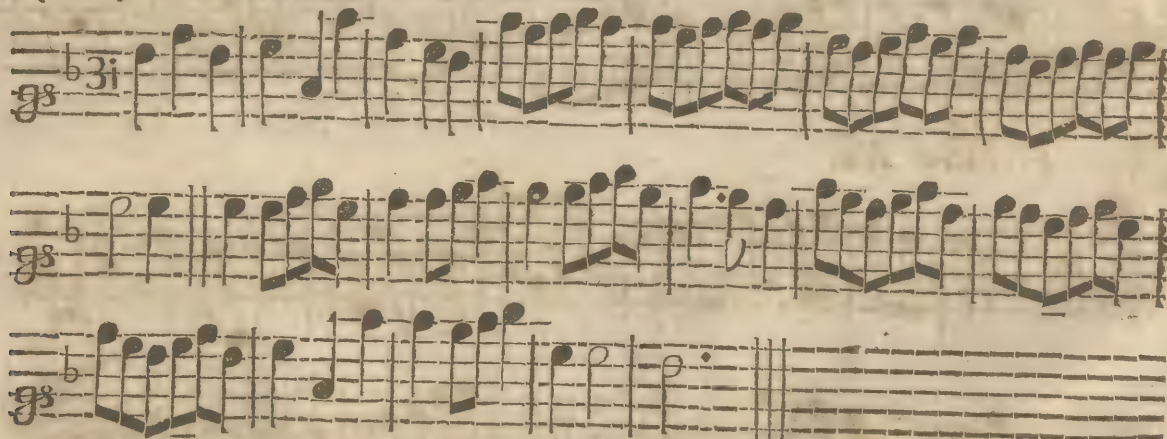
A handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on four staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature (C). The music is written in a simple, clear hand. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff continues the melody. The fourth staff continues the melody and ends with a double bar line. The paper is aged and slightly discolored.

Mr. Robert King's First Trebles.

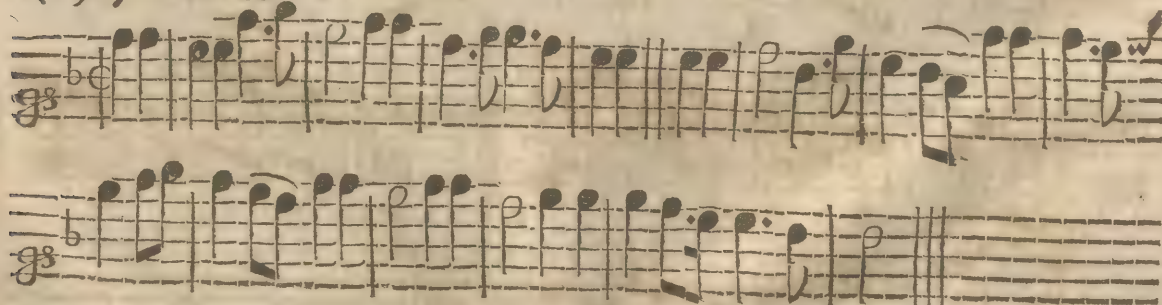
(1) Round O.



(2) Minuet.



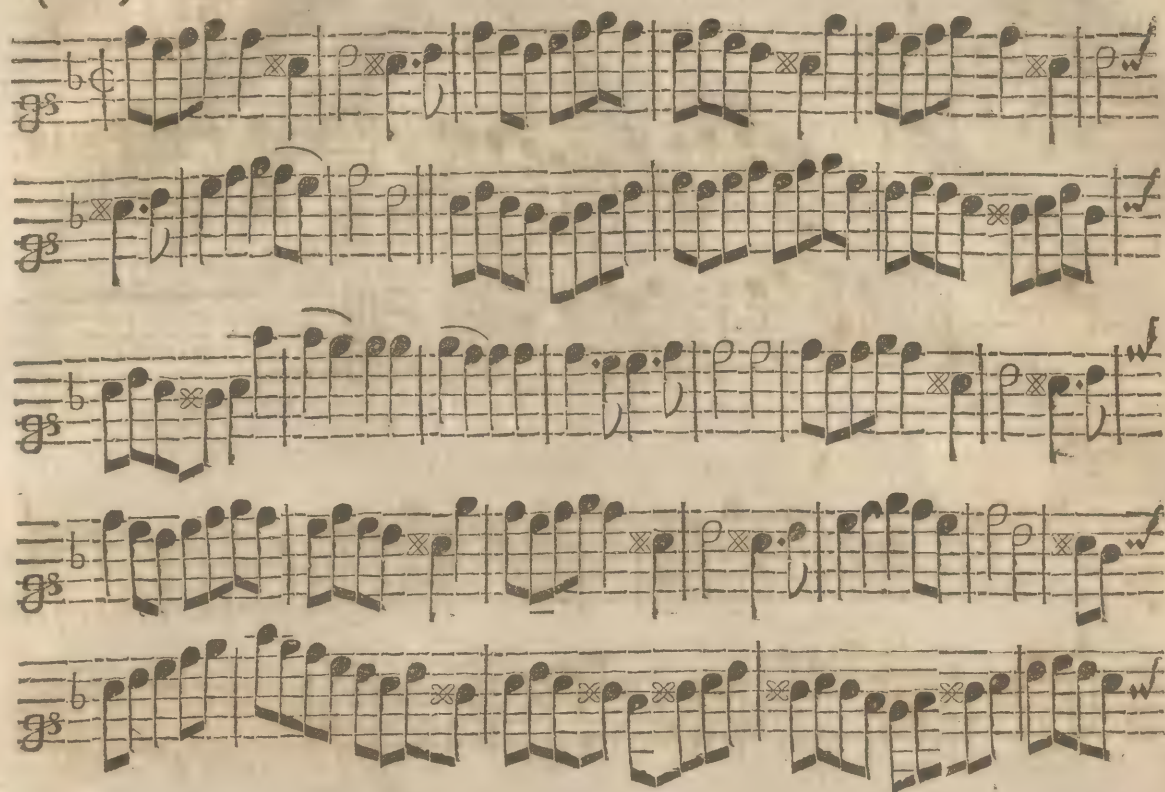
(3) Gavet



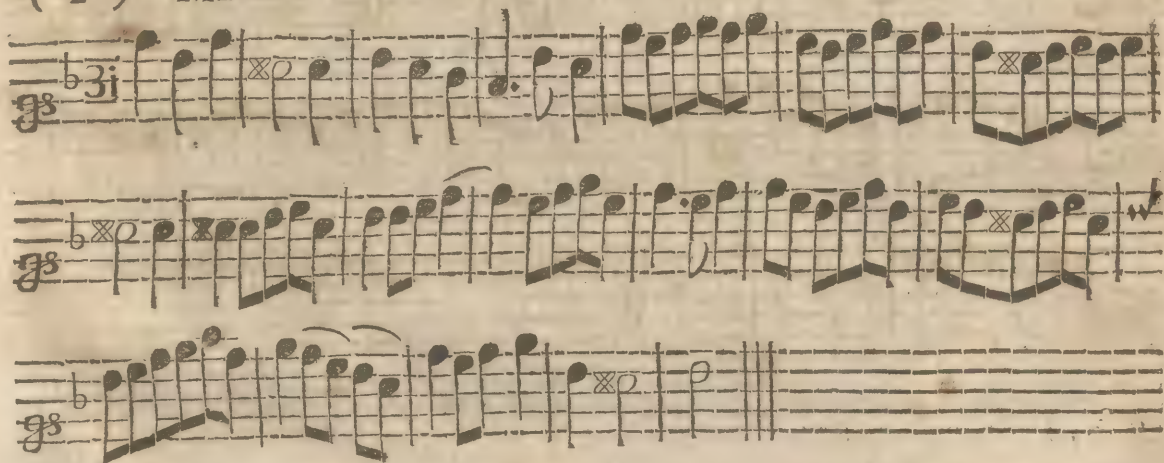
FINIS.

Mr. Robert King's Second Trebles.

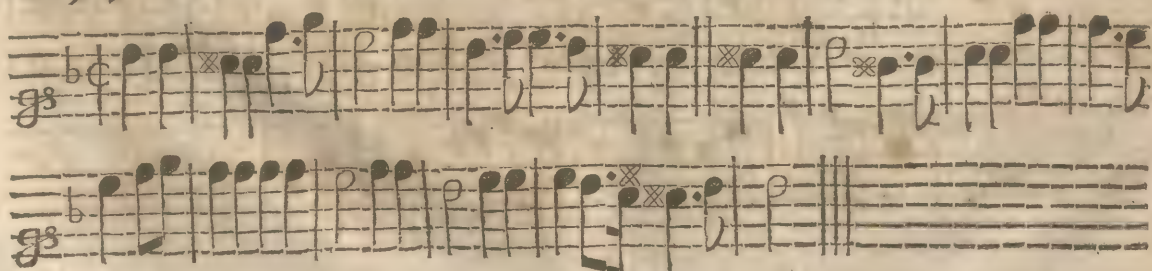
(1) Round 0.



(2) Minuet.



(3) Gavet.



FINIS.

(1) Trumpet.

First Trebles.

Handwritten musical score for three staves, likely for a guitar or similar instrument. The notation includes various notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The paper is aged and yellowed.

(2)

(I) Trumpet.

Second Trebles.

Handwritten musical score for three staves, likely for a piano and two voices. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines, written in a historical style.

(2)

THESAURUS MUSICUS:

BEING, A

COLLECTION of the Newest SONGS

PERFORMED

At His *Majesties Theatres*; and at the *Conforts* in *Viller-street* in *York-buildings*, and in *Charles-street* *Covent-Garden*. Most of the Songs being within the *Compafs* of the *Flute*.

WITH A

Thorow-Bass to each SONG, for the *Harpsicord*, *Theorbo*, or *Bass-Viol*.

Composed by most of the Ingenious Masters of the Town.

THE FOURTH BOOK.



L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Heptinstall for John Hudgebutt, And are to be sold by John Carr, at his Shop near the *Middle-Temple-Gate* in *Fleetstreet*, and Daniel Dring at the *Harrow and Crown* at the corner of *Cliffords-Inn-Lane* in *Fleetstreet*, where Masters and Shopkeepers may have them. And at most Musick-Shops in Town. Price one Shilling Sixpence. 1695.

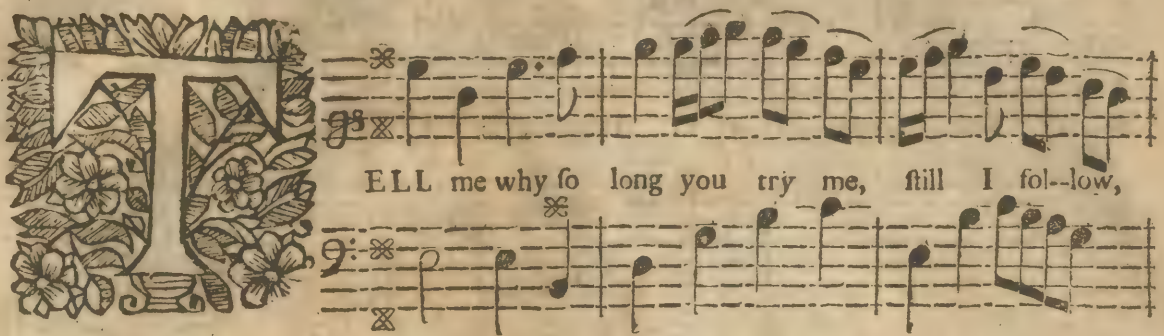
5 Aug 161
D63/10

A Table of the SONGS contain'd in this Book.

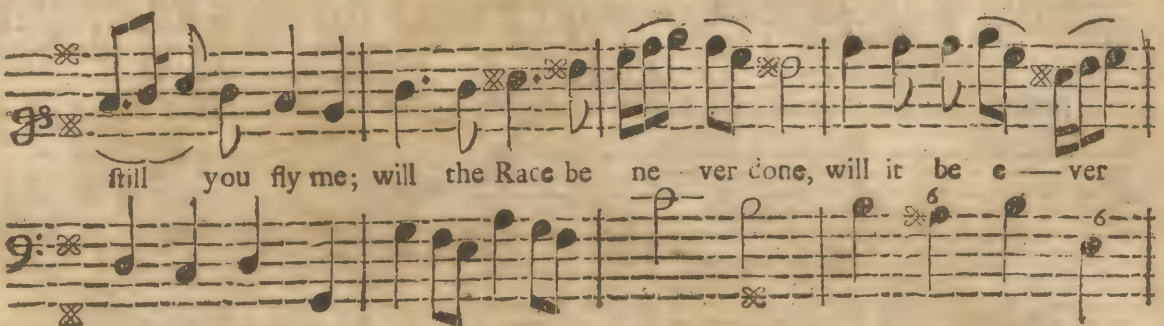
A	Page.	N	Page.
<i>Ask me not to Sing, dear creature,</i>	8	<i>None wou'd roughly keep the Field,</i>	20
<i>Ab! cruel Youth why hast thou took,</i>	23	<i>No more, no more I'll seek relief,</i>	22
<i>A Nymph and a Swain to Apollo once pray'd,</i>	25	O	
<i>A Soldier and a Saylour,</i>	27	<i>Our Hearts are touch't with sacred Fires,</i>	21
C		P	
<i>Cease, cease fond Amintas;</i>	4	<i>Pious Celinda goes to Prayers,</i>	2
<i>Celia whose Charms the ev'ry move,</i>	10	S	
H		<i>Sawney, let us gang away,</i>	13
<i>How happy are we Nymphs and Swains,</i>	9	<i>Strike up drowsie Gut-Scrapers,</i>	3
<i>Had Melanissa gently sway'd,</i>	11	<i>Strephon why wou'd you deceive me,</i>	14
<i>Hopeless I languish out my days,</i>	24	T	
I		<i>Tell me why so long you try me,</i>	1
<i>Insulting Beauty you mispend,</i>	34	<i>The lazy Sun withdraws at last,</i>	15
L		<i>Twa Daughters of this Aged stream are we,</i>	28
<i>Lucinda is bewitching fair,</i>	9	<i>The Consort of the sprinkling Lute,</i>	30
<i>Let the Women be gon,</i>	18	W	
		<i>Whilst I with grief did on you look,</i>	5
		<i>Whilst on Melanissa gazing,</i>	18

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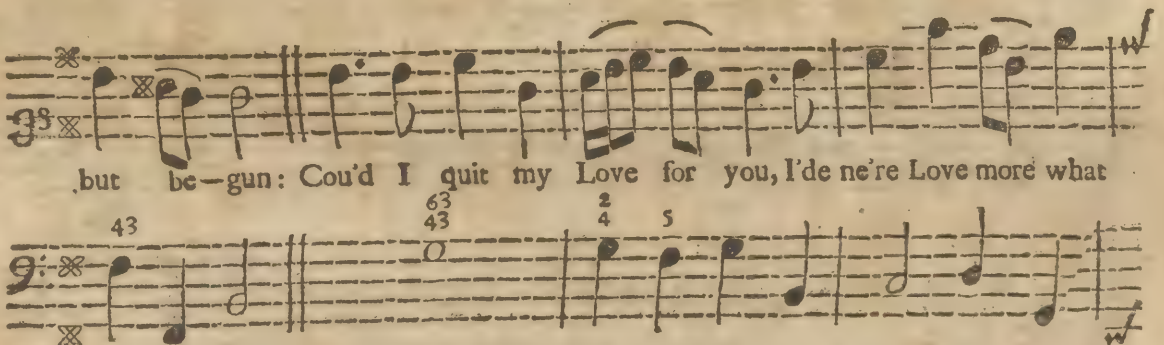
A new Song Sung at the Confort at York-
Buildings. Set by Mr. Robert King.



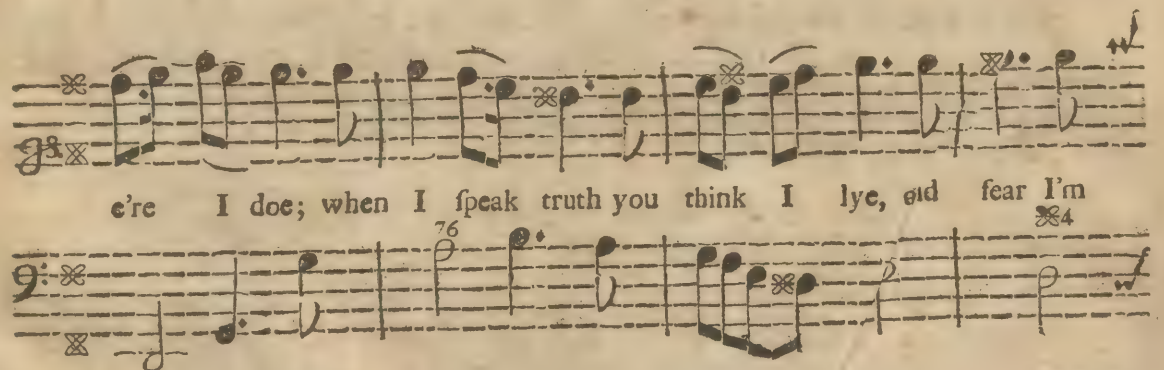
ELL me why so long you try me, still I fol-low,



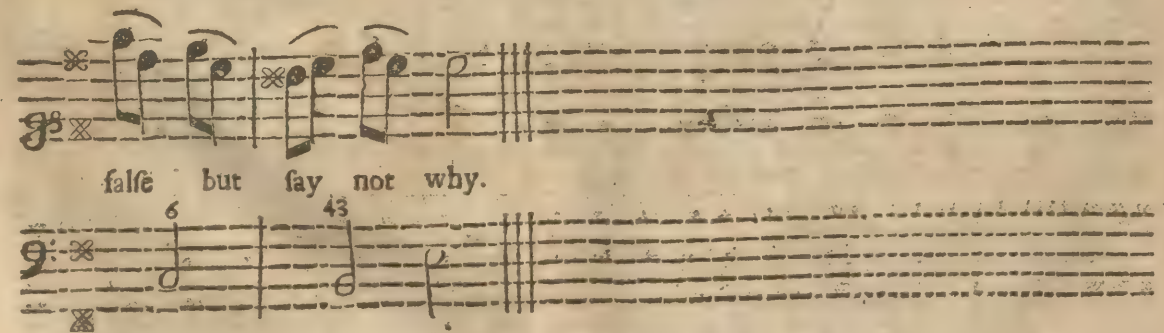
still you fly me; will the Race be ne ver done, will it be e-ver



but be-gun: Cou'd I quit my Love for you, I'de ne're Love more what



e're I doe; when I speak truth you think I lye, and fear I'm

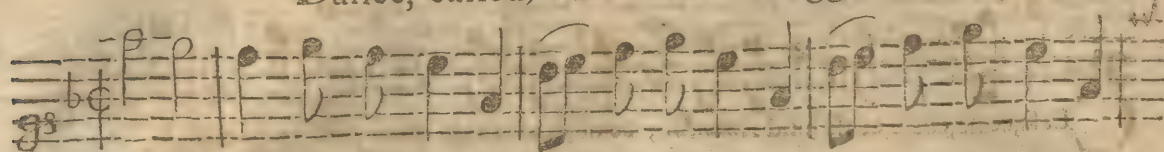


falsè but say not why.

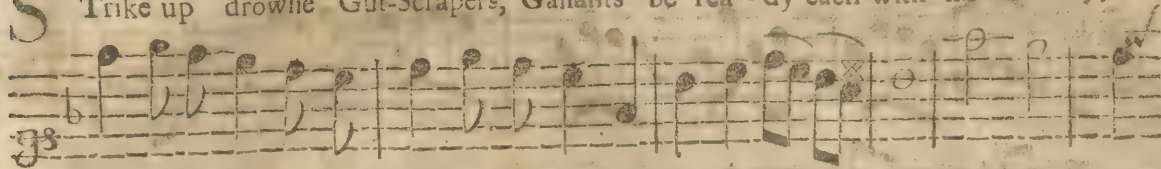
A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell. The Words by
Mr. Congreve.

Pious Ce-~~lin~~-da goes to Prayers, if I but ask, if I but ask the
favour; and yet the tender, tender Fools in tears when she believes, when
she believes I'll leave her: Wou'd I were, wou'd I were free from this restraint, or
else had hopes, or else had ho-⁴pes to win her; wou'd she cou'd, wou'd she cou'd
make of me a Saint, or I of her, or I of he-⁴r a Sinner;
wou'd I cou'd, wou'd I cou'd, oh! wou'd I cou'd make of her a Sinner.

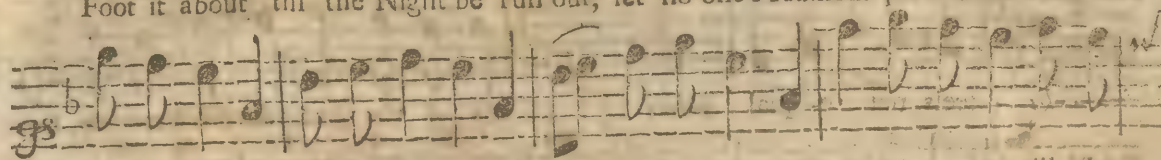
A Song made by Mr. D'urfey upon a new Country
Dance, called, Mr. Lane's Magget.



Strike up drowfie Gut-Scrapers, Gallants be rea—dy each with his Li—dy,



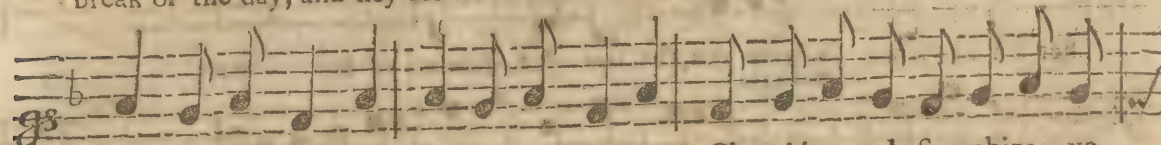
Foot it about till the Night be run out, let no one's Humour pall: Brisk Lads now



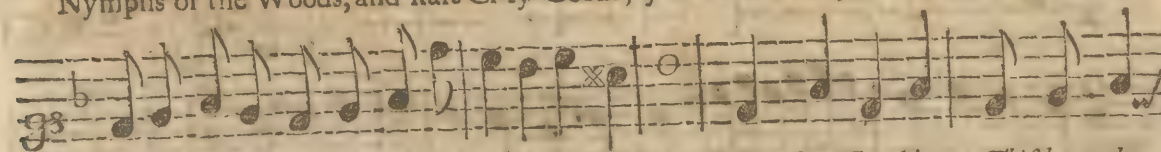
cut your Capers, put your Legs to't, and shew you can do't; frisk, frisk it away till the



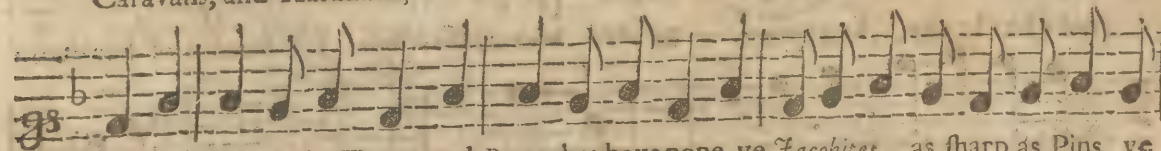
break of the day, and hey for *Richmond Ball*. Fortune-biters, Hags, Bum-fighters,



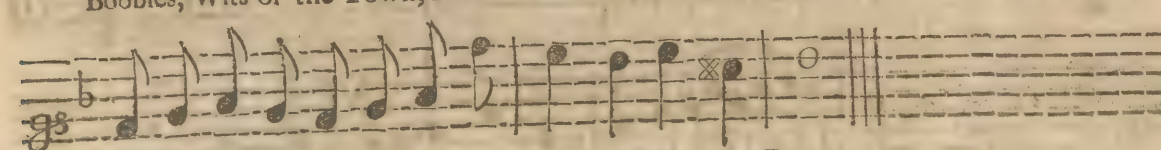
Nymphs of the Woods, and stale Ci—ty-Goods; ye Cherubins, and Saraphins, ye



Caravans, and Haradans, in order all advance; *Twittenham-Loobies*, *Thistleworth-*



Boobies, Wits of the Town, and *Beaus* that have none, ye *Jacobites* as sharp as Pins, ye



Monsieurs, and ye *Sooterkins*, I'll show you all this Dance.

II.

Cast off, *Tom*, behind *Johnny*,
Do the same *Nanny*,
Eyes are upon you;
Trip it between
Little *Dicky* and *Jane*,
And set in the second Row:
Then, then cast back you must too,
And up the first Row,
Nimbly thrust through;
Then, turn her about,
To the left, or you're out,
And meet with your Love below.

Pass, then cross,
Then *Jack's* pretty Lads,
Then turn her about, about and about;
And, *Jacky* if you can do so too
With *Betty*, while the Time is true,
We'll all your Ear commend:
Still there's more
To lead all four;
Two by *Nancy* stand,
And give her your Hand,
Then cast her quickly down below,
And meet her in the second Row:
The DANCE is at an End:

A Song set by Mr. Robert King.

The musical score is written on ten systems, each consisting of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The treble staff is marked with a G-clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bass staff is marked with an F-clef and a key signature of one flat. The music is in common time (C). The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words underlined. There are various musical notations including notes, rests, and ornaments (marked with 'x'). Some measures contain numbers like 43, 6, 7, 76, and 4x3, which likely refer to measure numbers or specific musical instructions.

Ease, cease, cease, cease fond *Amintas*; cease, cease, cease *Amin-tas* to complain, thy *Phil-*
-lis feels not e--qual pain; As if the same concern were due, from
 her in ab-sence as from you, she has suf-ficiency of her own, to
 make her happy, hap—py tho' a-lone; she has suf-ficiency of her own,
 to ma—ke her happy tho' a-lone,
 to ma—ke her happy tho' a-lone.

A Song upon Mrs. Brace-girdle's Acting Marcella,
in *Don-Quixote*, Set by Mr. Godfrey Finger.

W Hile I with wounding grief did look, when Love had turn'd your brain; from

you the dire Dis-ease I took, and bore my self your pain: Mar-cel-la

then your Lover prize, and be not too se-vere; use well the

conquests of your Eyes, for Pride has lost your Deare.

II.

Ambrosio treats your flames with scorn,
And rakes your tender mind;
Withdraw your Frowns, and Smiles return,
And pay him in his kind,

Yet Smiles again where Smiles are due,
And my true Love esteem;
For I much more doe rage for you
Than you can burn for him.

A new Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell, in the Play ca'lld
Abdelazar. Sung by the Boy.

U-cin-da is be-witch-ing fair, Lu-cin-da is be-witch-ing fair,

all o're, all o're in-ga-ning is her

Air; all o're, all o're, all o're in-ga-ning is her Air;

all o're, all o're in-gaging is her Air: In ev'ry Song Lu-

cin-da, Lu-cinda, Lu-cinda's fam'd, She is the Queen of Love pro-

—claim'd, to all, to all, She does, She does, a Flame im—part, ex—pir—ing Victims,

ex—pir—ing, ex—piring Vic—tims feel her Dart; Lu— &c. Strephon for

First Strain again.

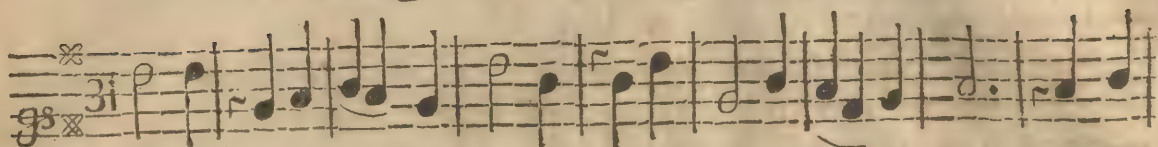
her has Love ex—prest, Philan—der sighs, sighs, sighs to with the rest;

rack't, rack't with despair each one complains, un—

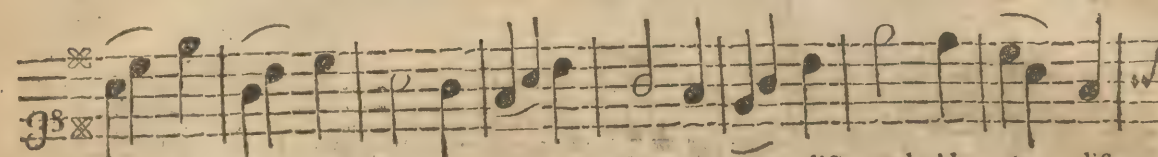
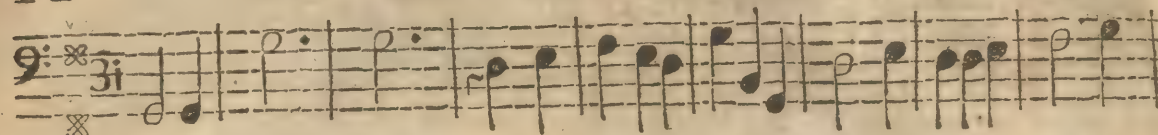
mov'd, un—touch't, She all, She all She all, dis—dains. Lu—

End with the first Strain from this mark. :S:

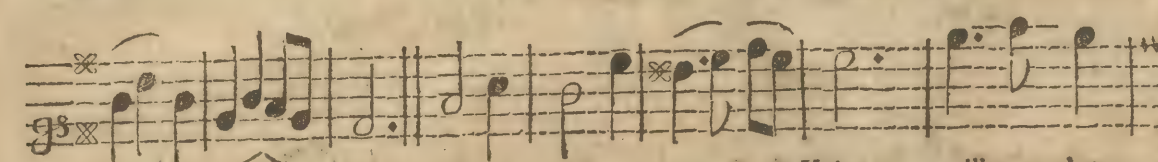
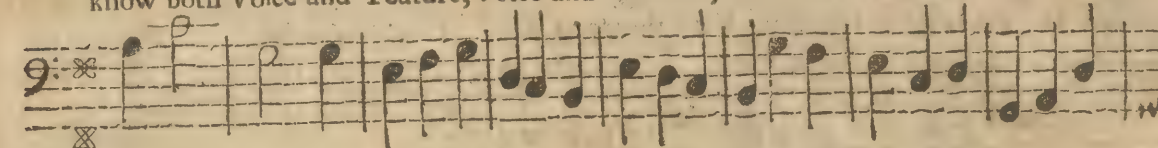
A Song set by Captain Pack.



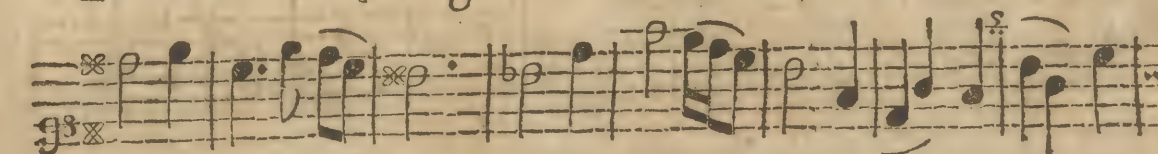
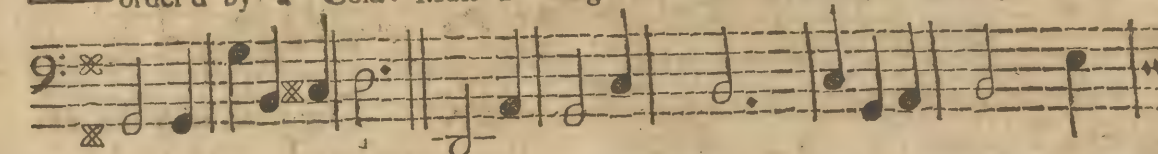
A S K me not to Sing, dear creature, nor so much my Face be—hold; since you



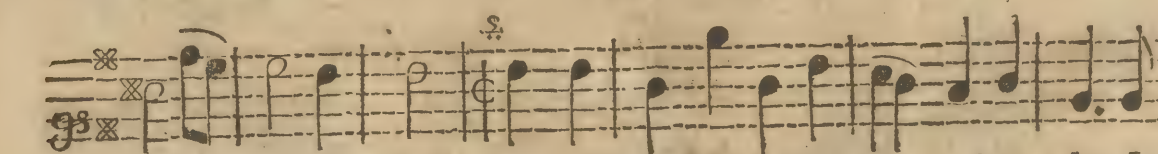
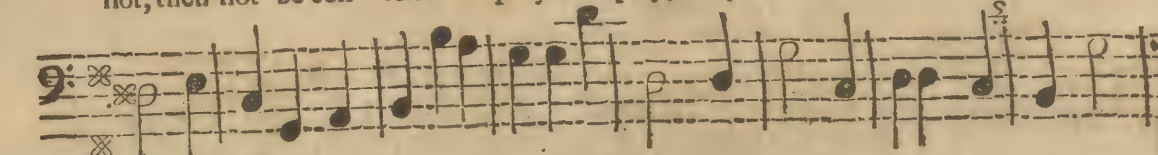
know both Voice and Feature, Voice and Feature, so dis—order'd, to dis—



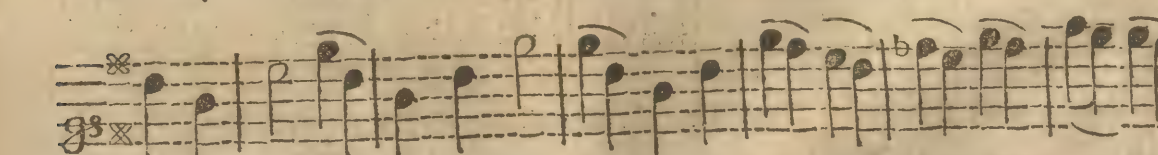
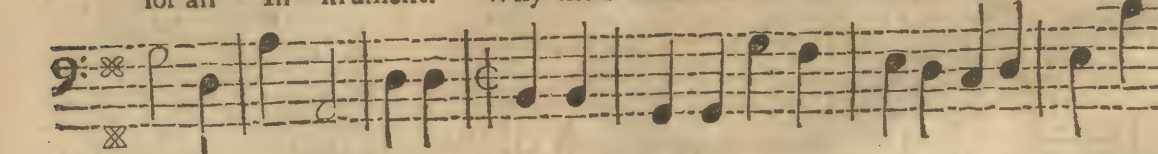
—order'd by a Cold: Must I Sing with—out a Voice, will you then



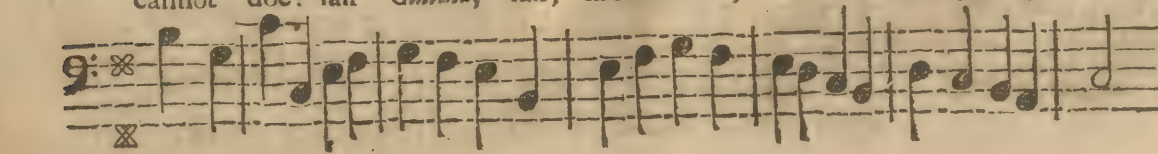
not, then not be con—tent? pray Sir play, nay be not nice, no mat—ter

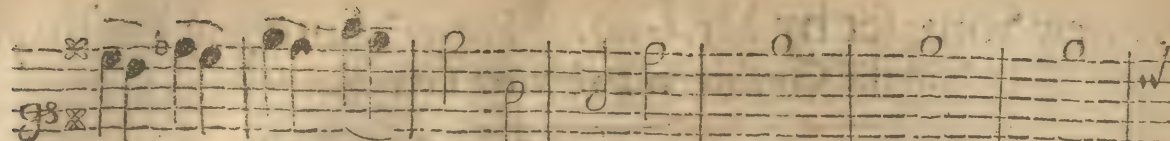


for an In—strument. Why these Reasons all in vain, must I what I

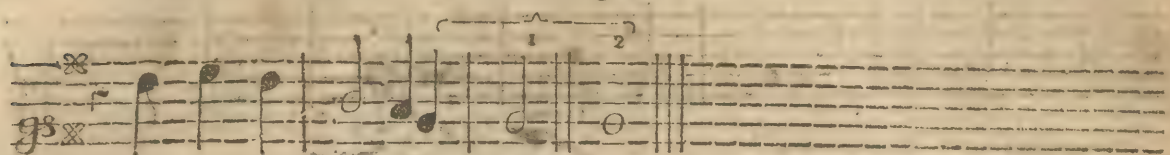
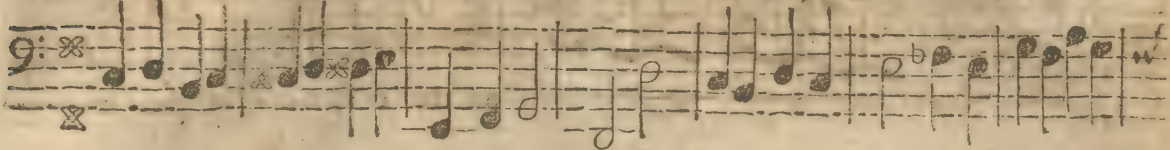


cannot doe? fair *Cynthia*, fair, fair *Cynthia*, oh I Sing, Sing in pain,

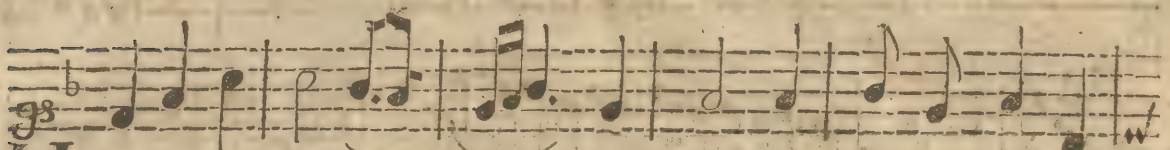
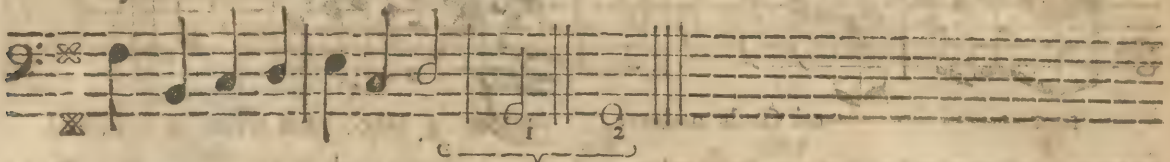




I Sing, Sing in pain, in pain, I vow,



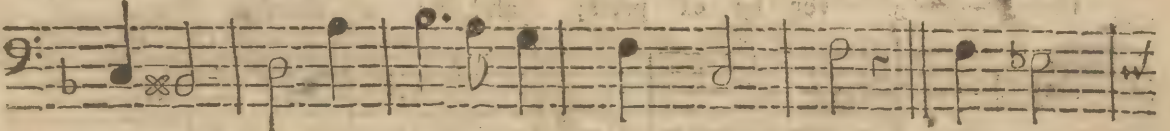
you must ex-cuse me now.



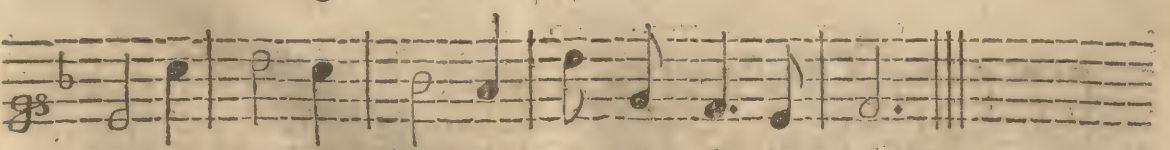
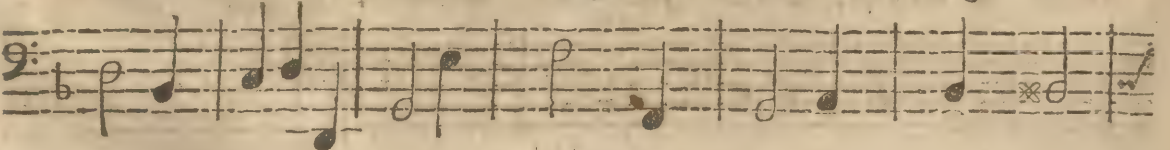
How happy are we Nymphs and Swains, here, neither Pride nor



En-vey reigns; no vain am-bi-tious thoughts mo-—lest, That qui-et



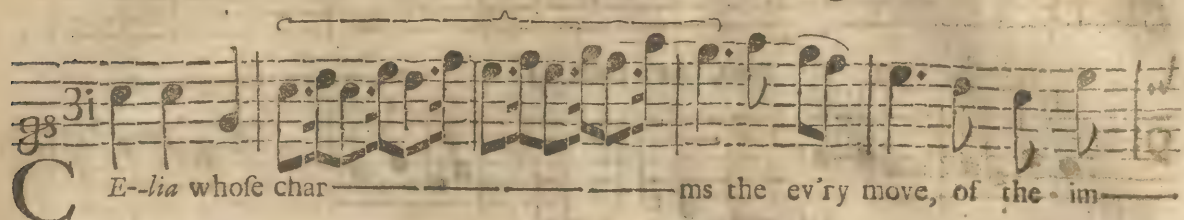
calmness of our breast; we Sing, we dance, we laugh and



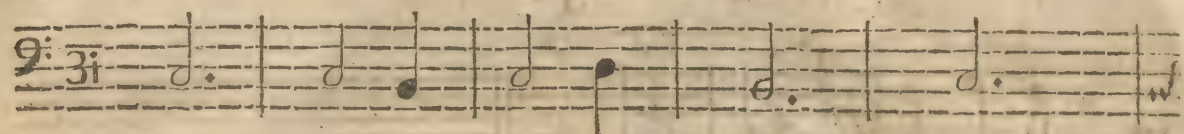
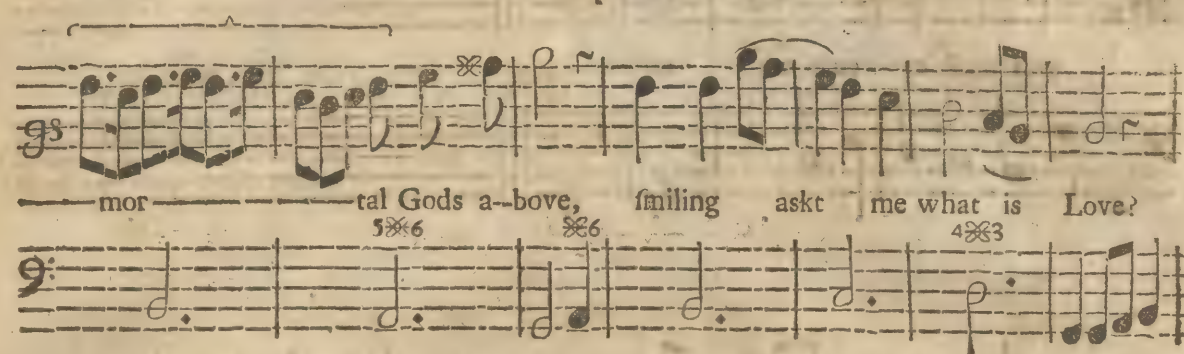
play, we sport, we sport, and re-vel all the day.



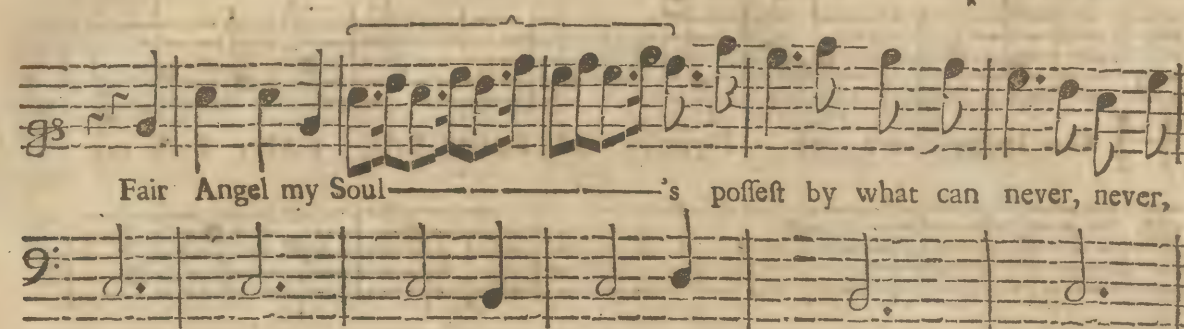
A new Song set by Mr. Godfrey Finger, Sung by the Boy
at the Confort in Dukestreet Coventgarden.



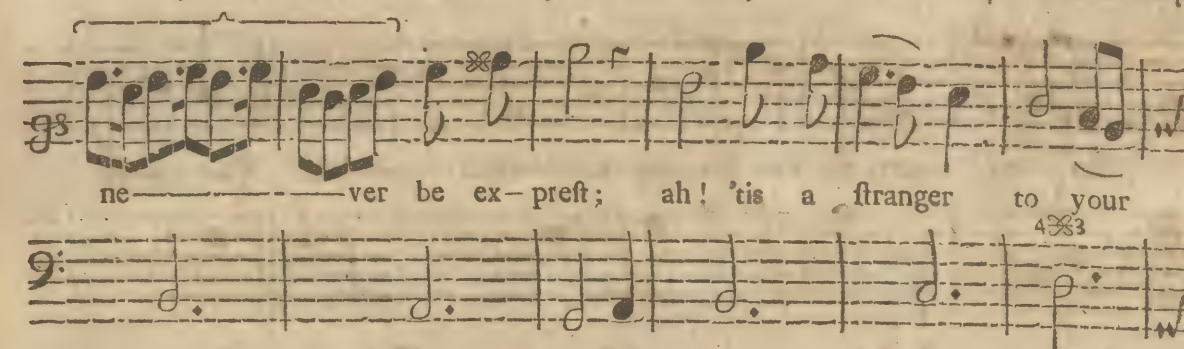
E-lia whose char—ms the ev'ry move, of the im—

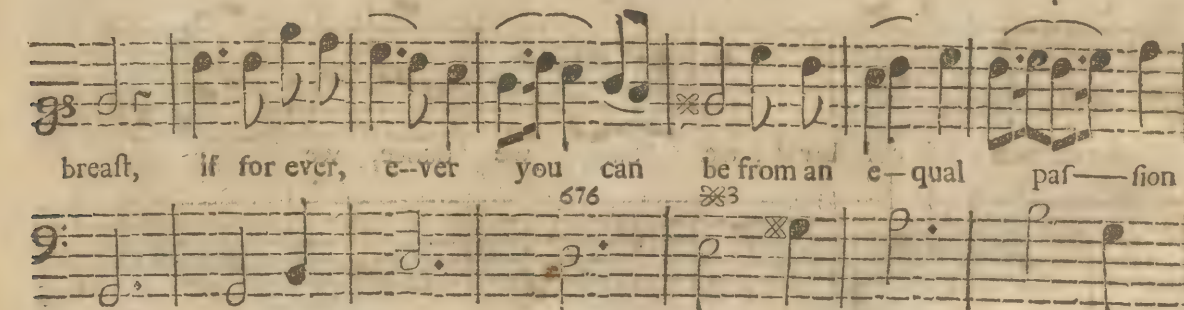
mor—tal Gods a--bove, smiling askt me what is Love?



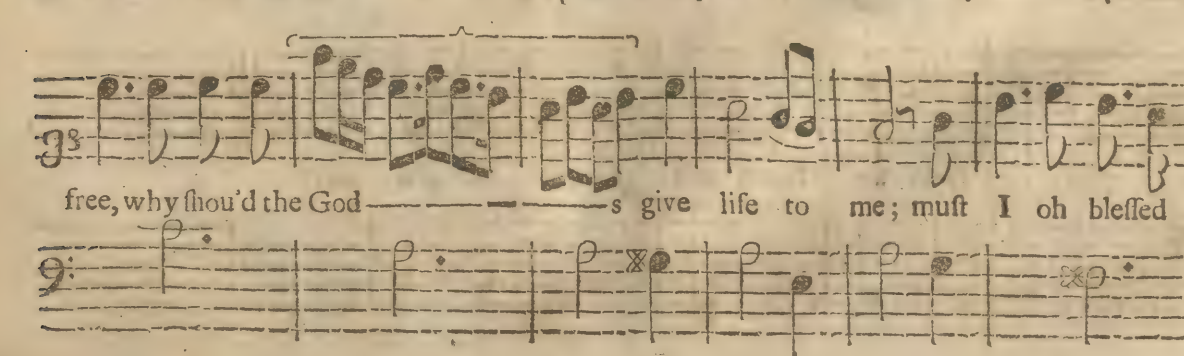
Fair Angel my Soul—'s posselt by what can never, never,



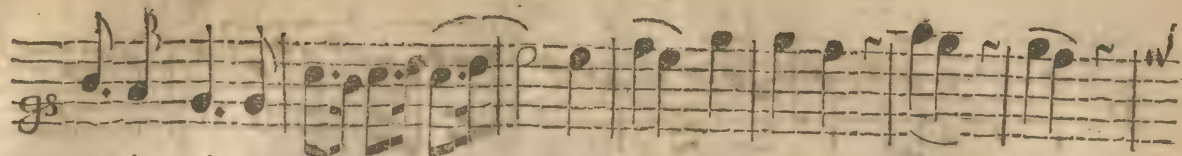
ne—ver be ex—prest; ah! 'tis a stranger to your



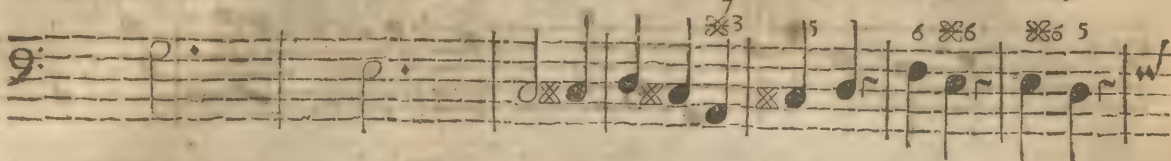
breast, if for ever, e-ver you can be from an e—qual pas—sion



free, why shou'd the God—s give life to me; must I oh blessed



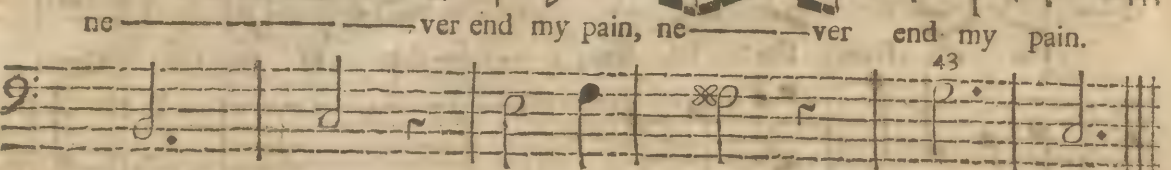
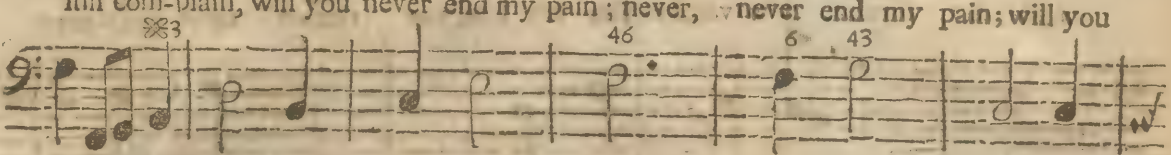
power's in vain, in vain, thus, of my Being, still, still,



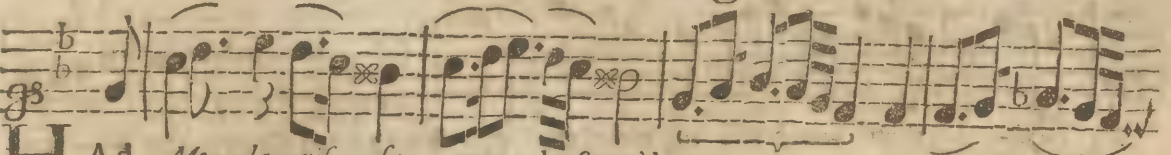
still com-plain, will you never end my pain; never, never end my pain; will you



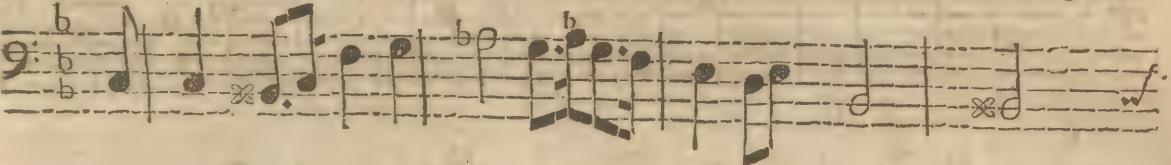
ne- ver end my pain, ne- ver end my pain.



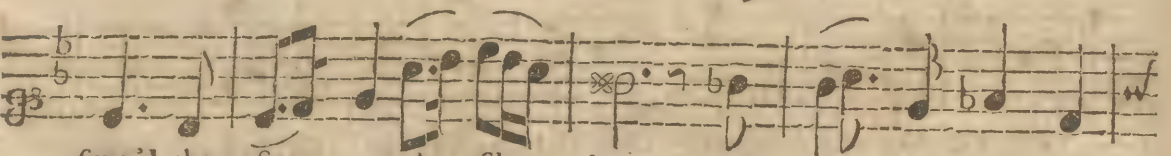
A New Song.



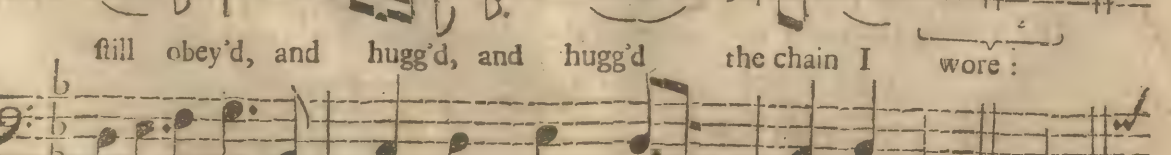
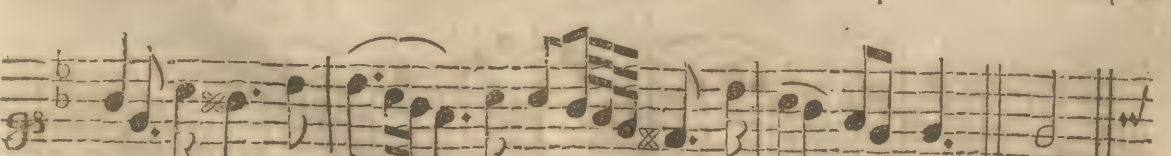
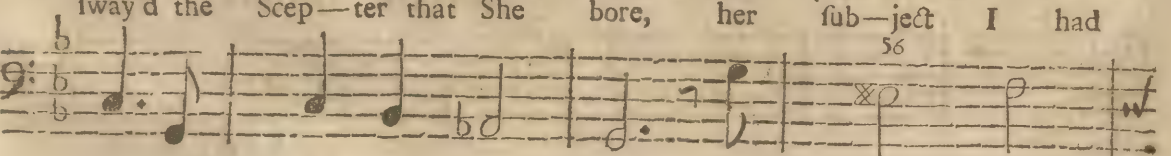
H Ad Me-la-ni-sa gent-ly sway'd, gent-ly, gent-ly



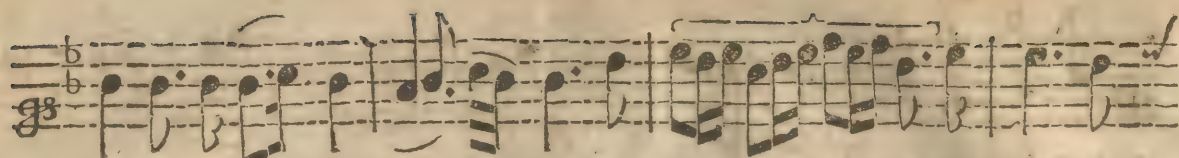
sway'd the Scep-ter that She bore, her sub-ject I had



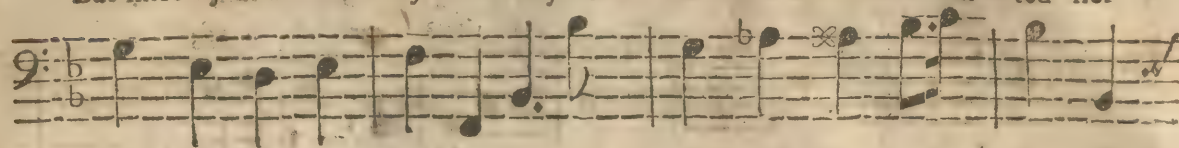
still obey'd, and hugg'd, and hugg'd the chain I wore:



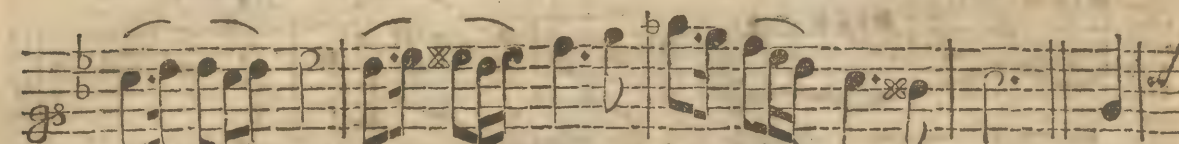
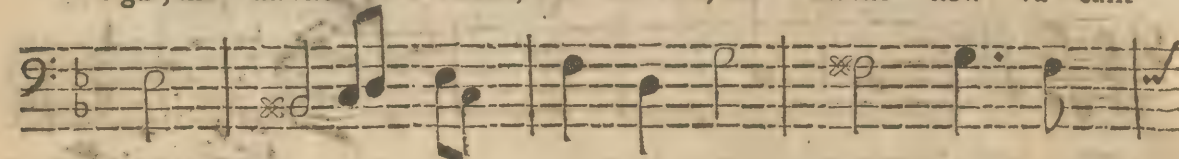
Turn over.



But since by boundless ry—ran—ny she for—fit—ted her



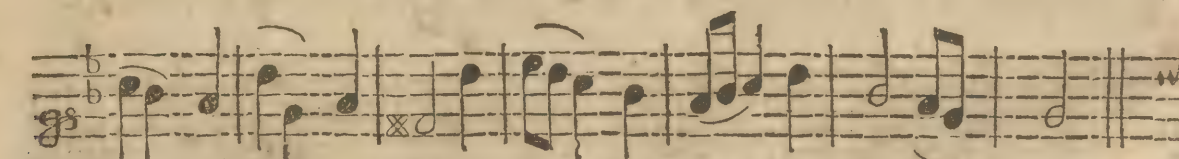
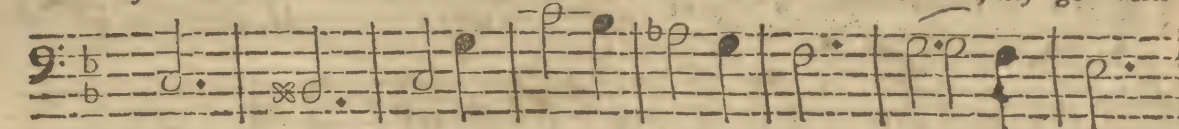
right, the throne now vacant, I'm left free, the throne now va—cant



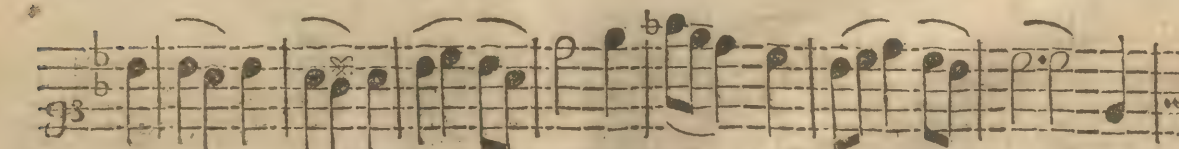
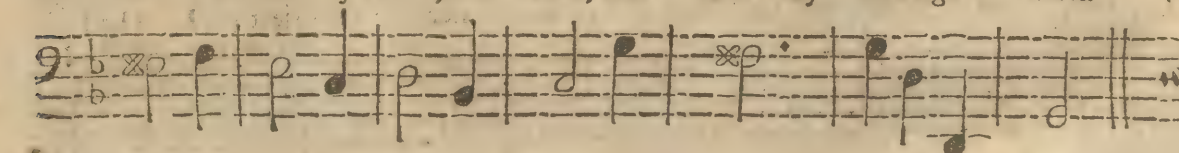
I'm left free, I'm left free, a—no—ther to in—vite: Come



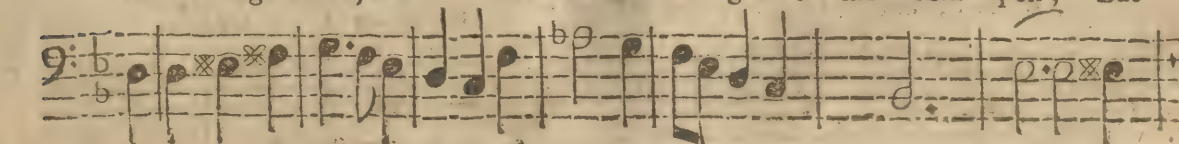
Syl—via then vouch—safe to wear the ab—di—ca—red Crown, thy go—vern—

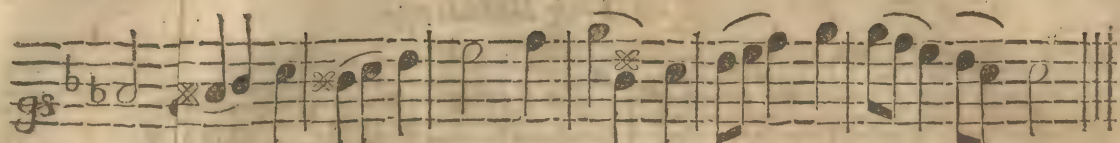


—ment I'll free—ly bear, and thee, and thee my sov'reign own.



Ill u—sage there, did to dis—cord al—le—giance me com—pell; But

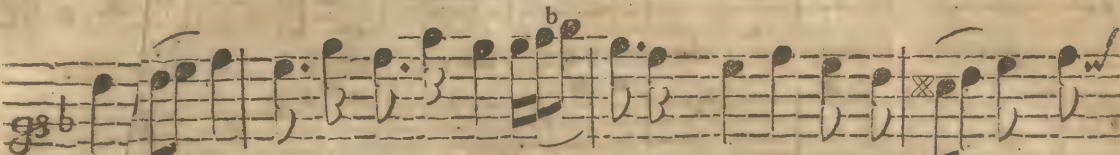




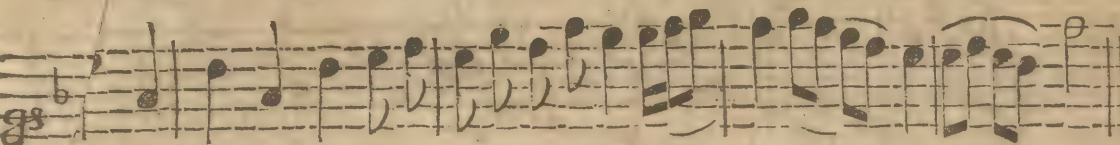
here fu Goodness stands as guard, no fear, no fear I shou'd re-bell.



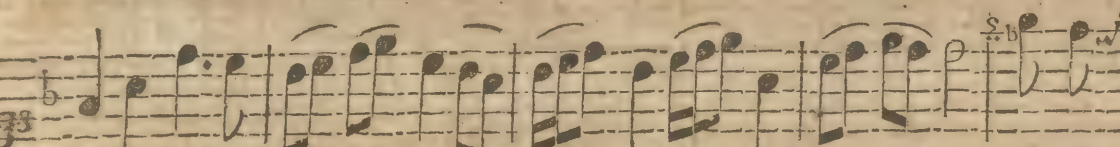
A New *Scotch* Song.



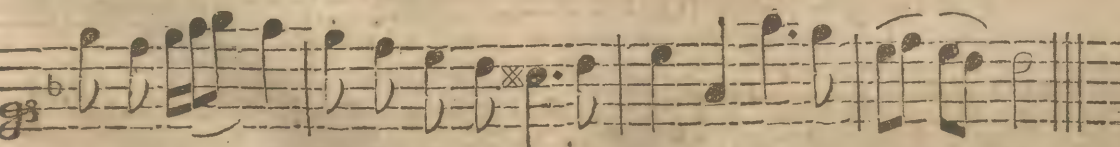
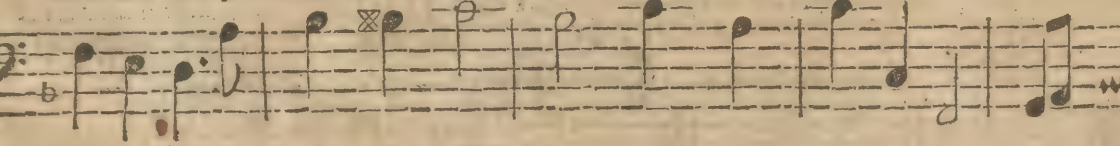
S Aw-ey, let us gang a-way, to seick with all the beau Valk, and our bift Cloathes



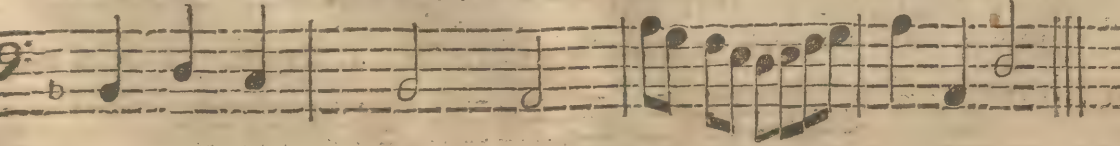
on, in troth I'll make of a bonny, bonny Lads, as blith a Mare as a-ny one:



I'll can tarry now no longer, wilt thou wed me yee or no? if yee



wou not ha me, do not say yee Love, it boots not me to dal-ly so.



A Song set by Mr. Robert King, Sung at the Confort
in York-Buildings.

S Tre-phon why wou'd you deceive me, all your lit-tle Ar are lost;

you shall if you can be-lieve me, never, nev-er in m ru-ine

boast: If you'd see my pas-sion raging, you must change your

rambling Scene; con-stant-cy is more, is more in-gaging, than your

Will, or Jan-ty Mien. But oh! constan-cy's a stranger, to your

Modish fic-kle mind; while you shew your self a Ranger, I must shew

my self un-kind; while you shew your self a Ranger, I must.

shew my self un-kind.

An Epithalamium, set by Mr. Robert King.

The la-zy Sun withdraws at last his too of-ficious light,

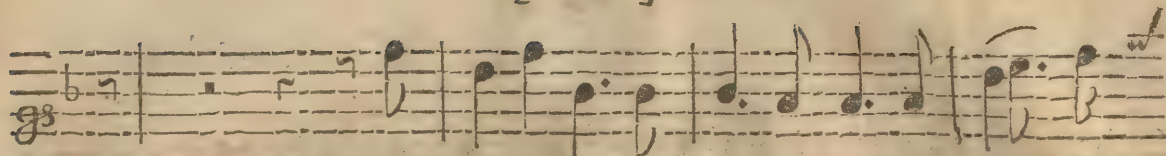
The la-zy Sun withdraws at last his too officious light, and leaves the

and leaves the Lovers now to tast the Pleasures of the Night;

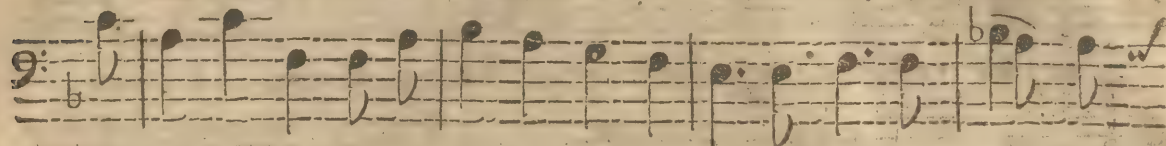
Lovers, and leaves the Lovers now to tast the Pleasures of the Night;

Lovers, and leaves the Lovers now to tast the Pleasures of the Night;

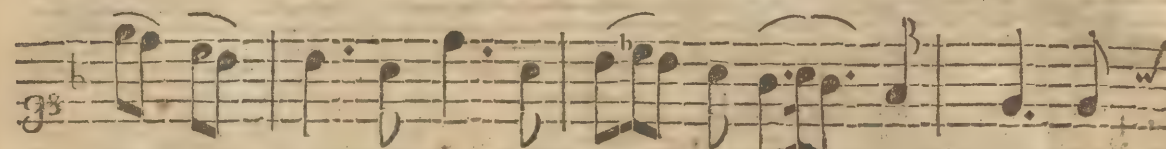
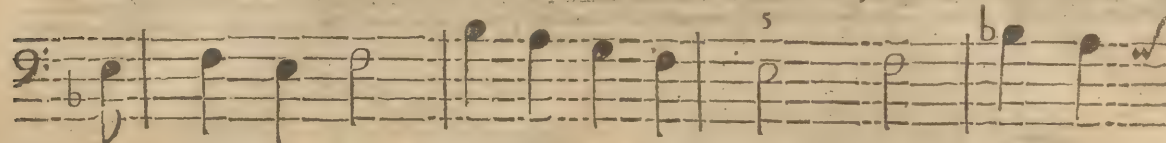
Turn over.



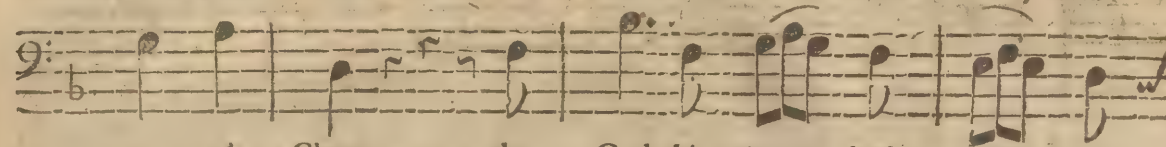
Had *Thetis*, Mistress of the Sun, half *Me-li-*



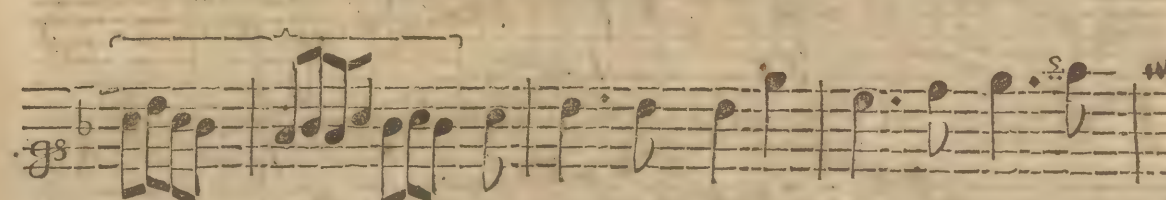
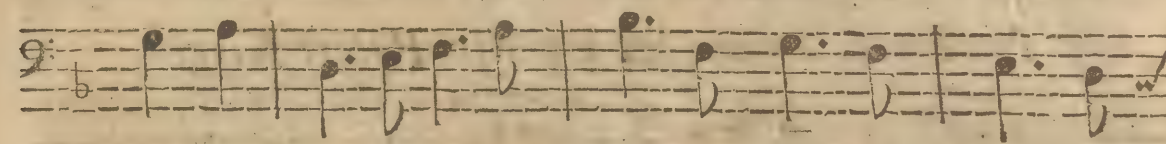
Had *Thetis* Mistress, had *Thetis* Mistress of the Sun, half *Me-li-*



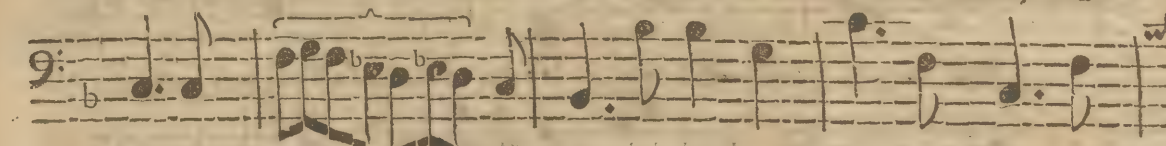
—o—ra's Charms, the God his Course had swif—ter run, had



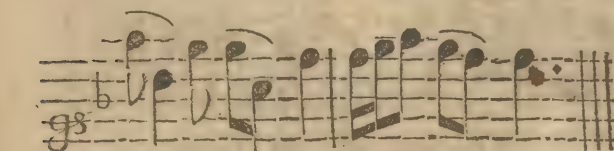
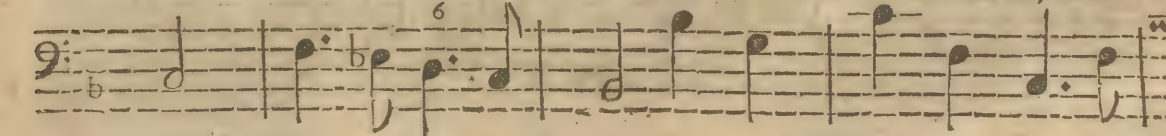
—o—ra's Charms, the God his Course had swif—ter



swif—ter run, and rush't in—to her Arms, and



run, had swif—ter run, and rush't in—to her Arms, and



rush't, and rush't in—to her Arms.



rush't, and rush't in—to her Arms.



II.

To Bed, to Bed, ye happy Pair,
The important NOW enjoy;
You'll find a thousand fond Ways there,
Each minute to employ.

Transported with too eager Bliss,
Love's mystick ways you'll try;
And in a wonderfull Abyss
Of Rapturs both will dye.

But oh! ye am-'rous pow'rs a-bove, who fill the glitt'ring Court of Jove; which of you

But oh! ye am'rous powers a-bove, who still the glittering Court of Love:

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all, which of you all, which of you all, blest as you are,

which of you all, which of you all, all, all, blest as you are, would not

4358

wou'd not be the Bridgroom here, and put off I——mor——tal-li-ty;

be, would not be the Bridgroom here, and put off I—mor—talli—ty;

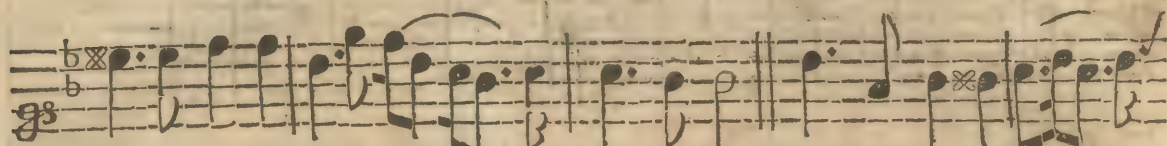
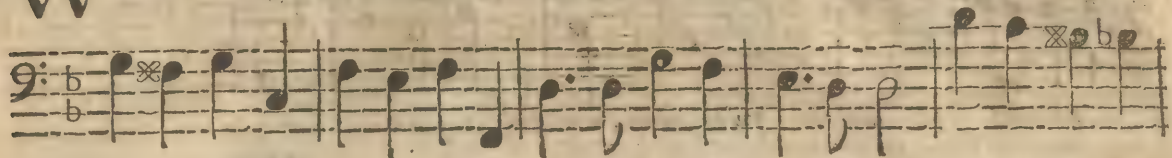
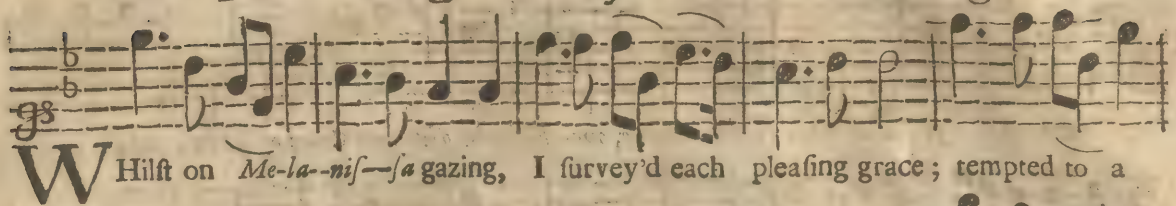
4388

so sweet, so sweet, so sweet, so sweet, so sweet a death to die.

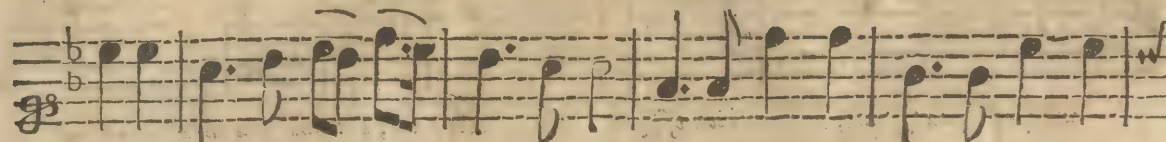
so sweet, so sweet, so sweet, so sweet, so sweet a death to die.

7 65

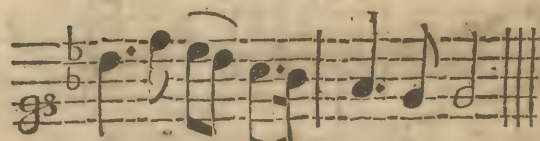
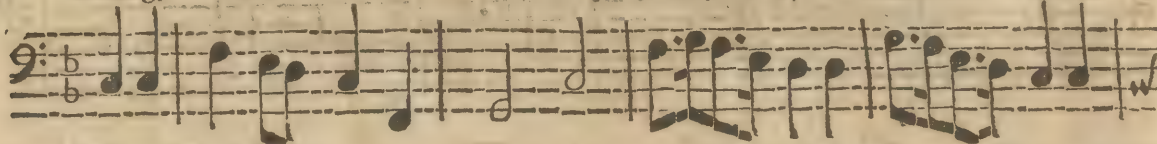
A New Song set by Mr. Robert King.



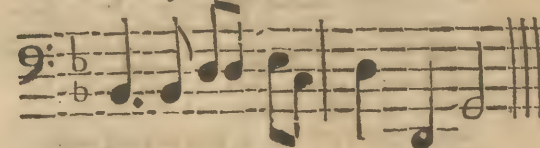
soft embracing, I ap—proach her Beauteous Face; where with endless rap—tures



Kissing, I cou'd breath my Soul a—way; but my Eyes their pleasures missing,



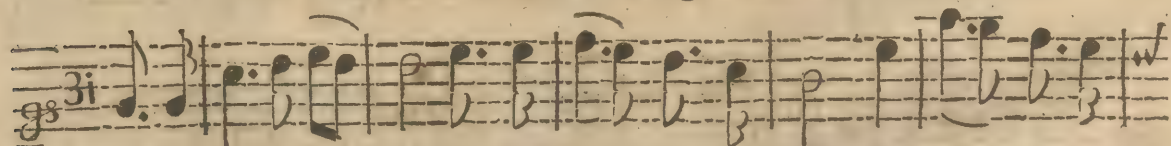
Chide my Lips too long de—lay.



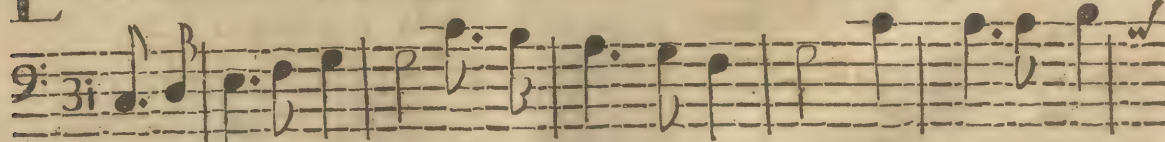
II.

Least the Eye shou'd loose its longing,
I a while quit t'other blifs;
Till my Lips their loss bemoaning,
Prompt me to a second Kifs.
Thus perpetually renewing,
Those two never fading joys;
Kissing her by turns and Viewing,
Pleas'd I feast both Lips and Eyes.

A New Song.

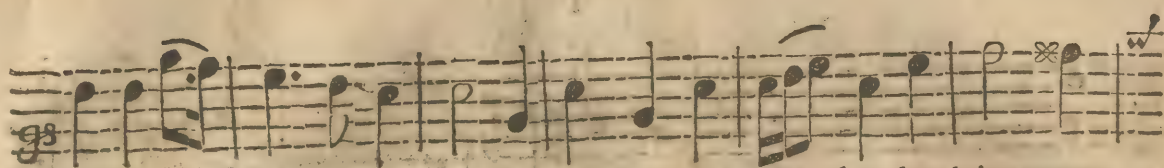


L Et the Women be gone, drive the *Sy-rens* a—way; whose Charms do de—

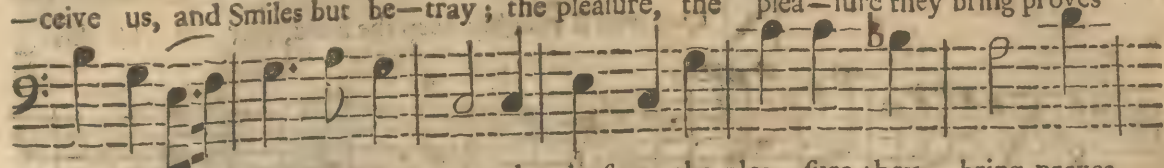


Let the Women be gone, drive the *Sy-rens* a—way; whose Charms do de—

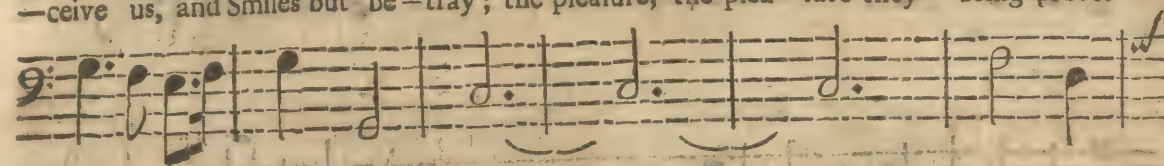




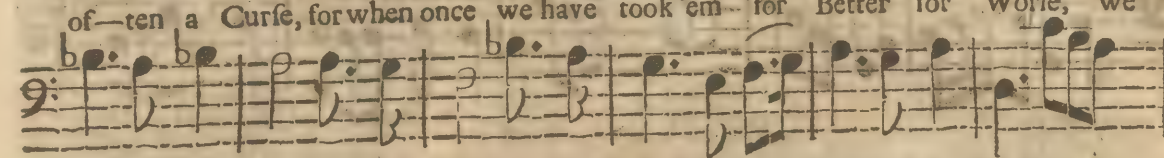
—ceive us, and Smiles but be—tray ; the pleasure, the plea—sure they bring proves



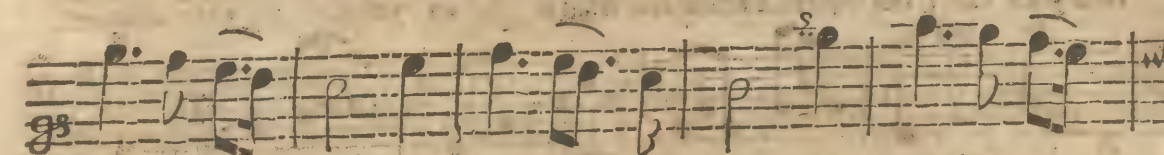
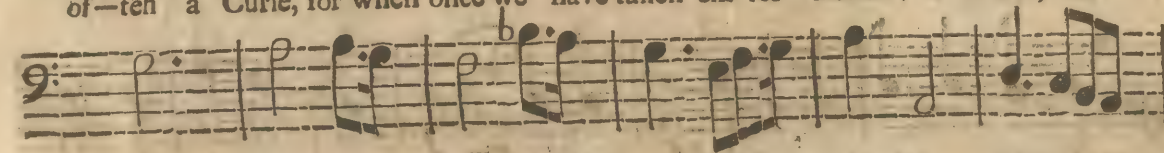
—ceive us, and Smiles but be—tray ; the pleasure, the plea—sure they bring proves



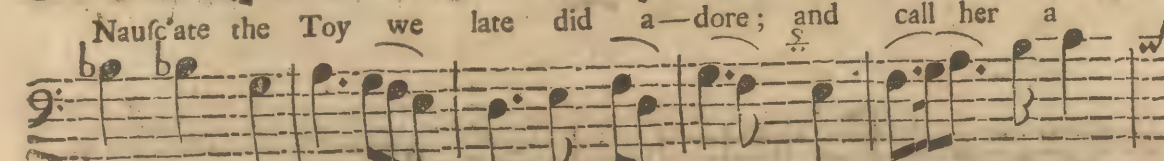
of—ten a Curse, for when once we have took 'em for Better for Worse, we



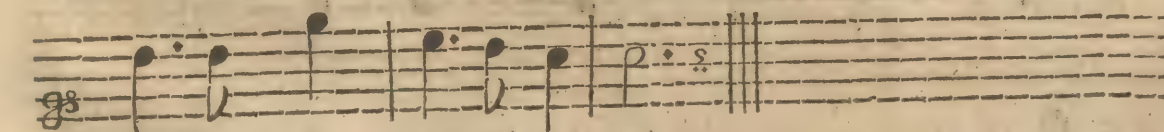
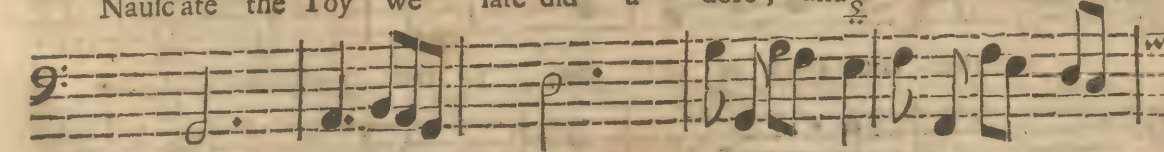
of—ten a Curse, for when once we have taken 'em for Better for Worse, we



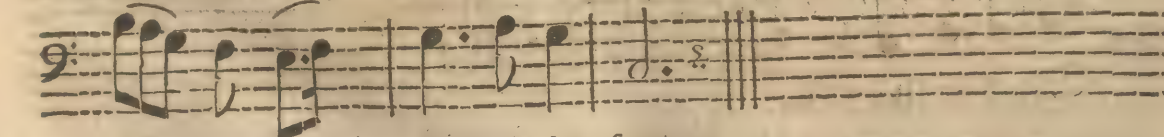
Nauseate the Toy we late did a—dore ; and call her a



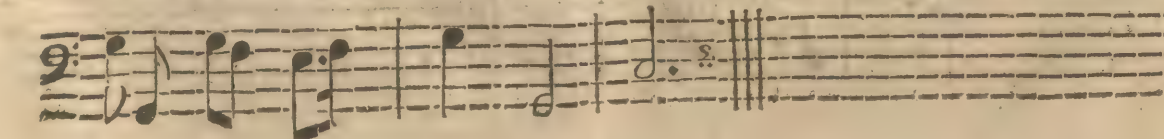
Nauseate the Toy we late did a—dore ; and call her a

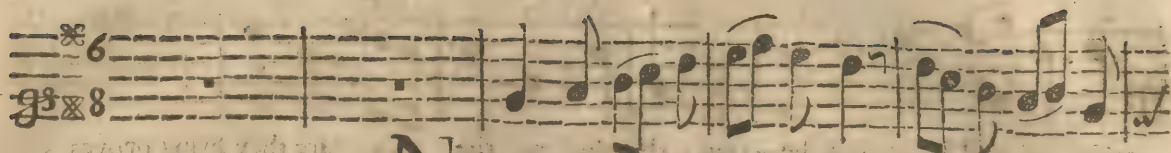


Fiend we thought An—gel be—fore.

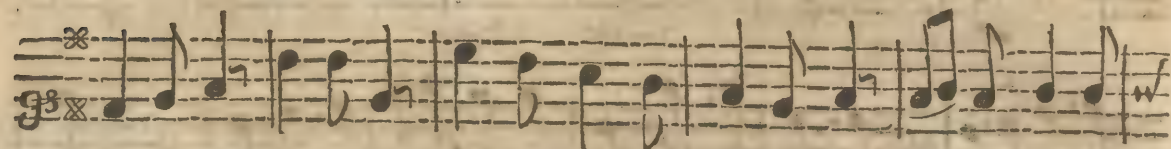
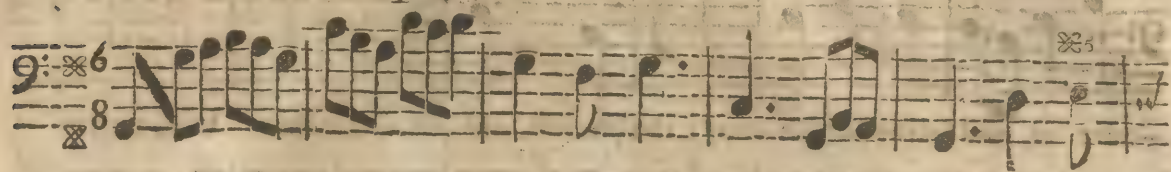


Fiend we thought An—gel be—fore.

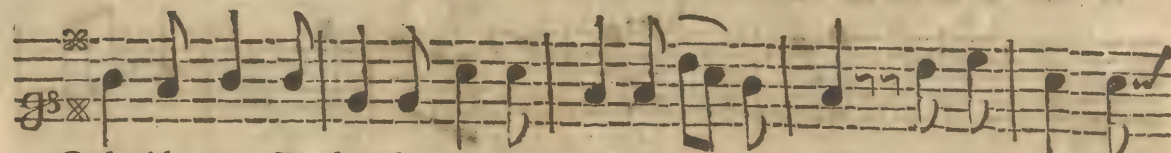
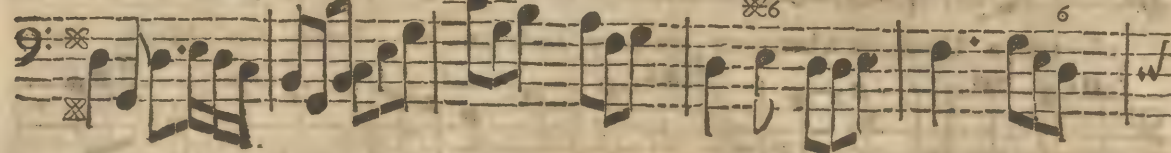




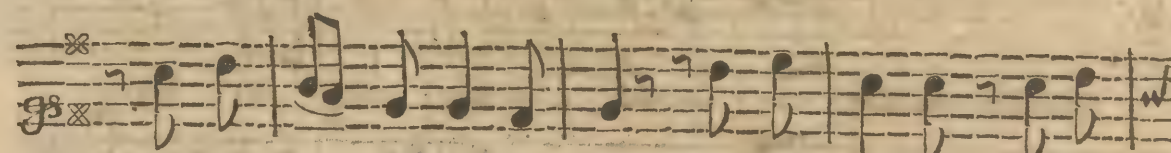
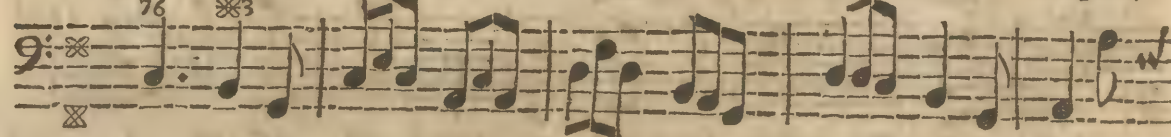
None wou'd roughly keep the Field, and re-sist this



God with care; No, no, no, none wou'd roughly keep the Field, and re-sist this



God with care; But they that know not what it is to yeild, to the conquest,



to the con-quest of the fair; to the conquest, to the



con-quest of the fair.



A New Song set by Mr. Godfrey Finger.

O

Ur Hearts are touch't with sacred fires, with sacred

fires : our Hearts are touch'd with sacred fires, with sacred fires ;

our Hearts are touch'd with sacred fires, with sacred fires : A gen'rous

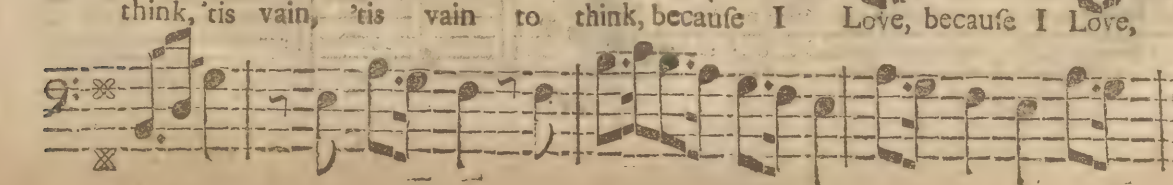
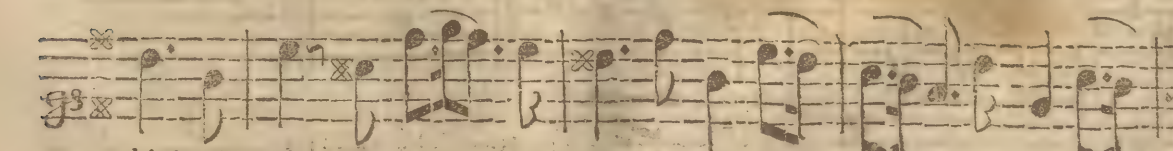
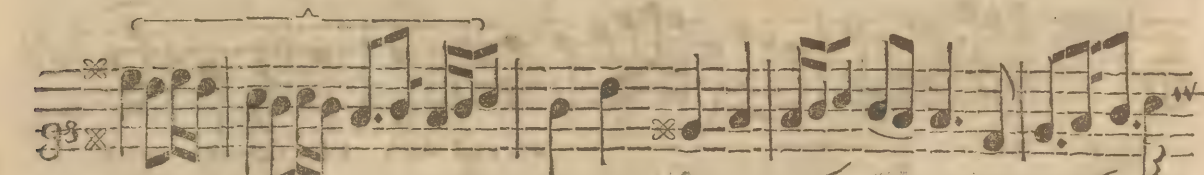
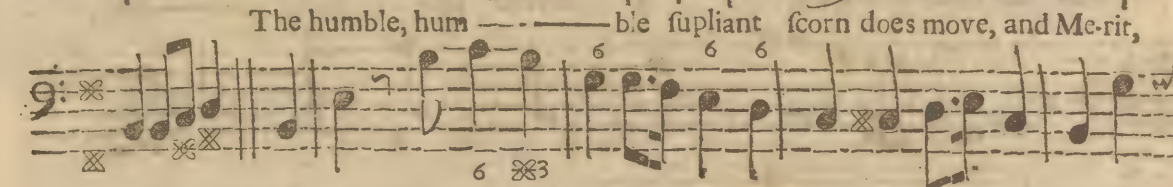
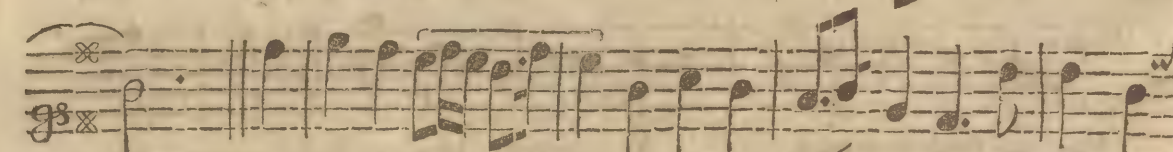
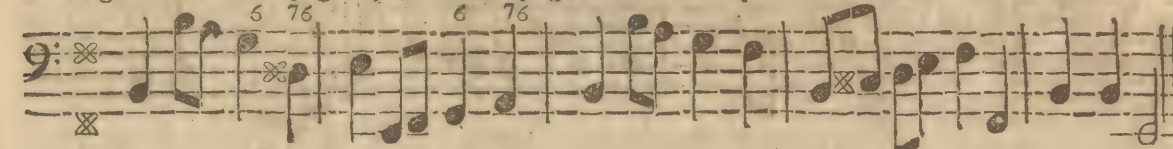
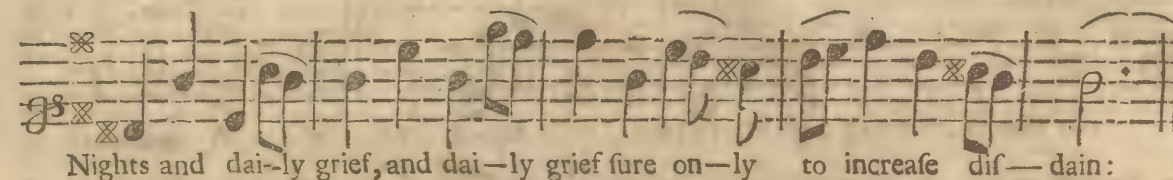
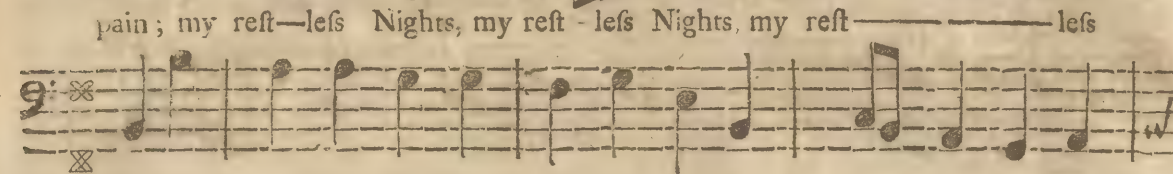
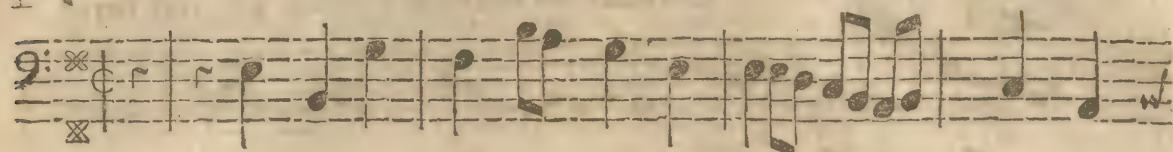
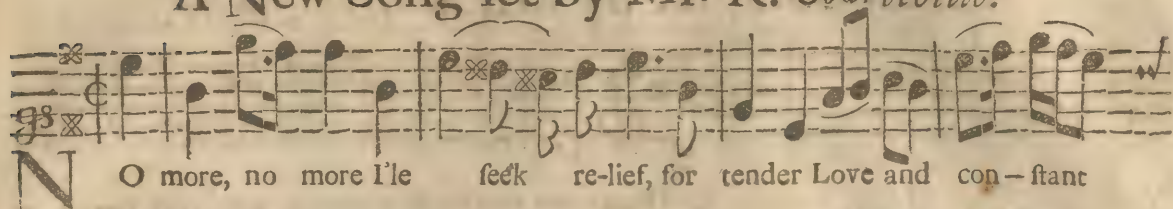
heat our Souls in—spire, A gen'rous heat our Souls in—spire,

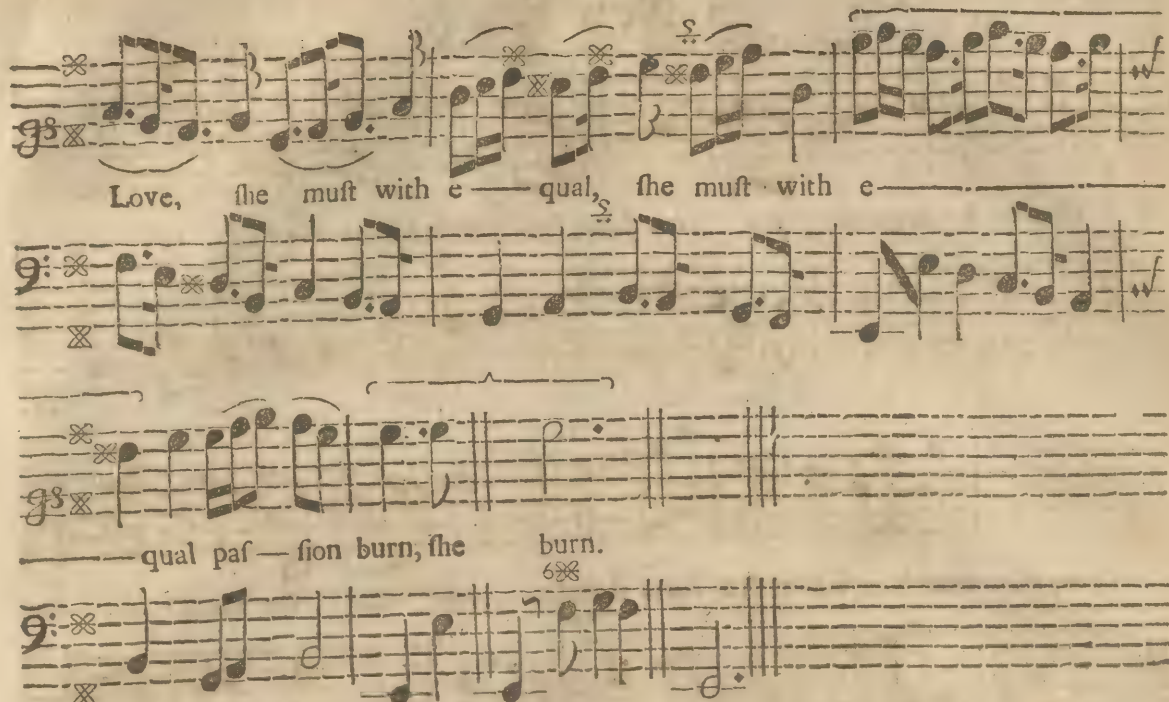
with rap—ture, and with soft de—fire, with

rap—ture, and with soft de—fire.

G

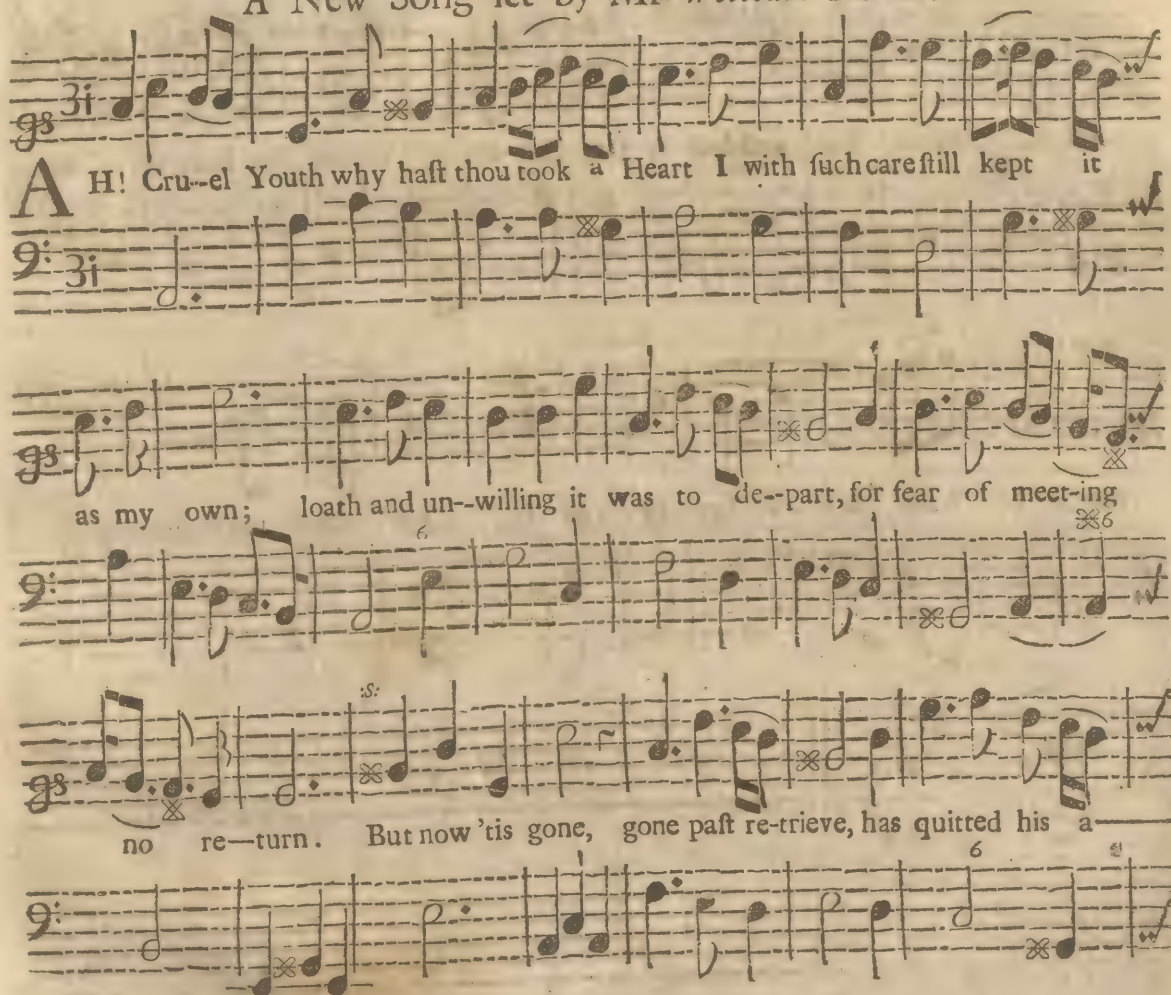
A New Song set by Mr. R. Courtiville.



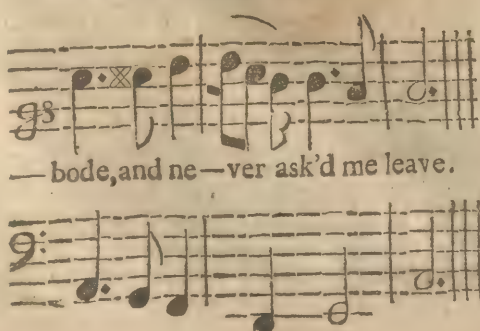


Love, she must with e — qual, she must with e —
 — qual pas — sion burn, she burn.

A New Song set by Mr. William Turner.



A H! Cru-el Youth why hast thou took a Heart I with such care still kept it
 as my own; loath and un-willing it was to de-part, for fear of meet-ing
 no re—turn. But now 'tis gone, gone past re-trieve, has quitted his a

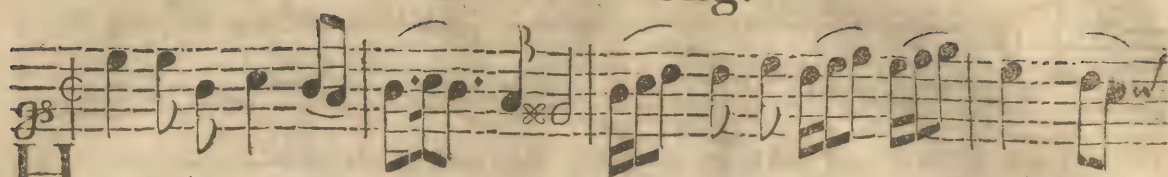


— bode, and ne—ver ask'd me leave.

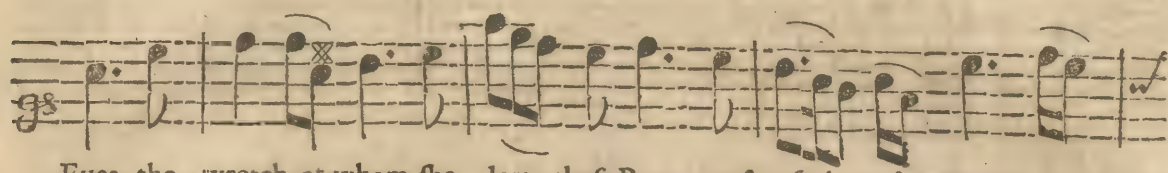
II.
 Sure he's a Charm beyond all Human Kind,
 Else he cou'd ne're have pierc'd my fickle breast;
 I, who was ne're to busy Love inclin'd,
 Am his slave and robb'd of all my rest:
 S: My Heart is fled, fled past recall,
 This Covetous Love (I fear) has grasp'd it all.

III.
 When first I saw him 'twas with no design,
 But only curious humour to oblige;
 Yet was his Sence, His Tongue, both so divine,
 'Gainst his Charms I nothing cou'd alledge:
 S: But found too late I must submit,
 As due to both his Goodness, and engaging Witt.

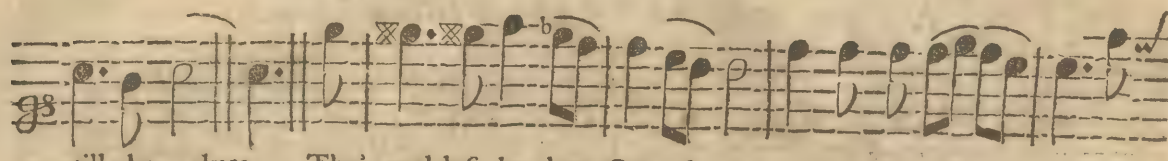
A New Song.



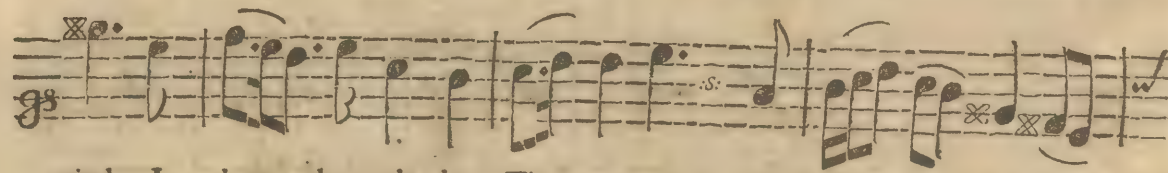
H Opeless I languish out my days, struck with U—ra—nia's conq'ring



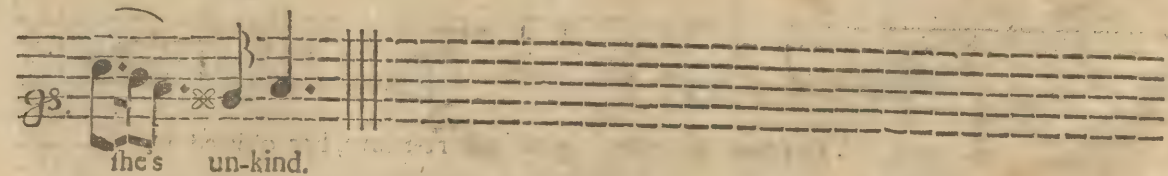
Eyes, the wretch at whom she darts these Rays, must feel the wound un—



—till he dyes: Tho' end-less be her Cru-el-ty, calling her Beauty to my



mind, I bow beneath her Ti—ran—ny, yet dare not murmur



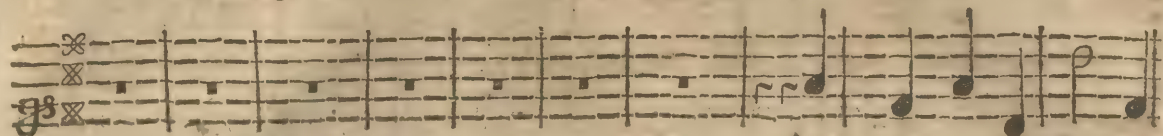
she's un-kind.

II.

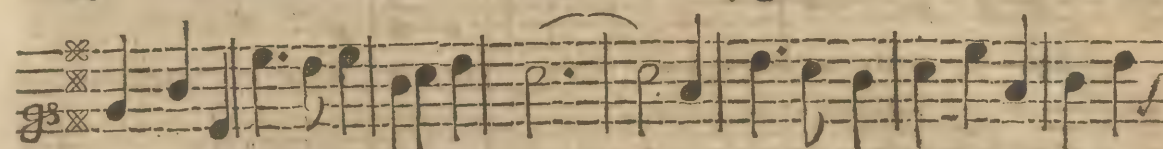
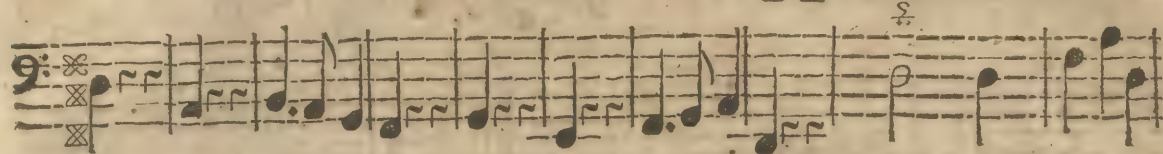
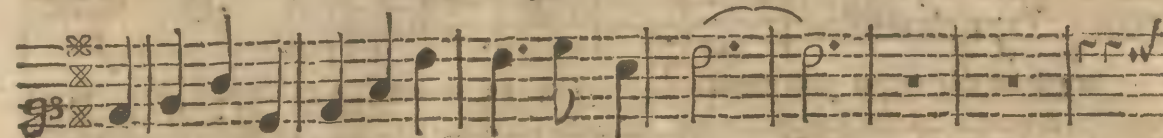
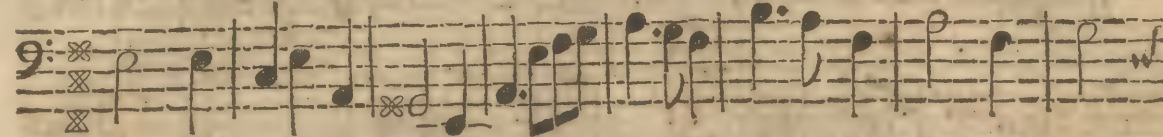
Reason this tameness does upbraid,
 Proffring to Arm in my defence;
 But, when I call her to my aid,
 She's more a Traytor than my Friend:
 No sooner I the War declare,
 But strait her Succour she denies;
 And joyning Forces with the Fair,
 Confirms the Conquest of her Eyes.

A Song in the last New Play call'd, (*Love for Love.*)

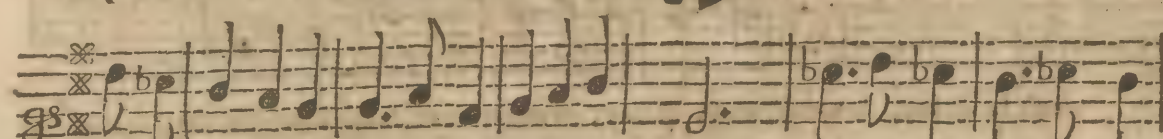
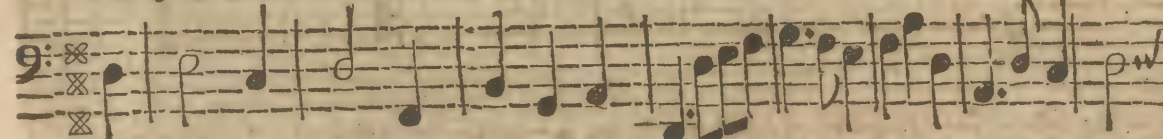
Sung by Mr. Pate, Set by Mr. John Eccles



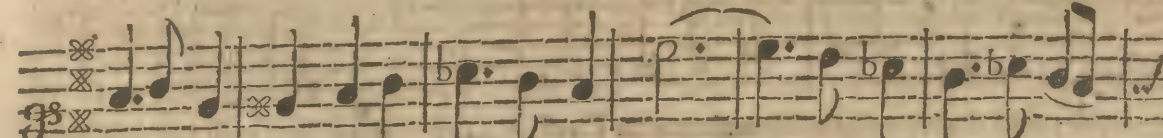
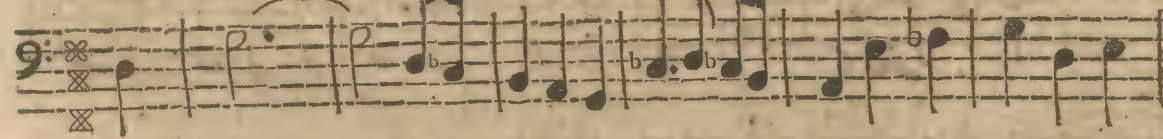
A Nymph and a Swain, a

Nymph and a Swain to *A-pol-lo* once pray'd; the Swain had been Jilted, the Swain had

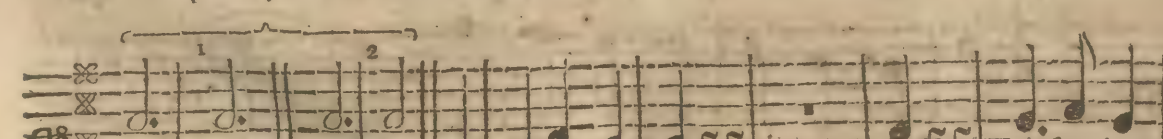
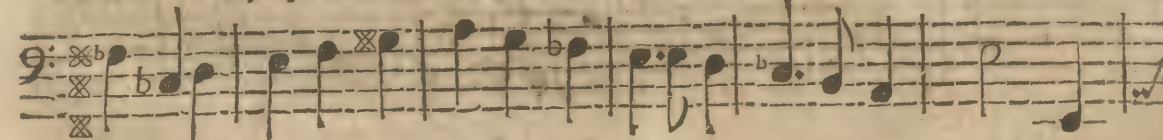
been Jilted, been Jilted, the Nymph been be—tray'd :



They'r in-tent was to try if this Oracle knew, e're a Nymph, e're a Nymph,



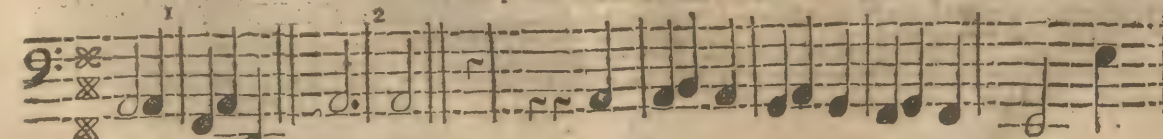
e're a Nymph that was Chast, that was Chast, or a Swain that was

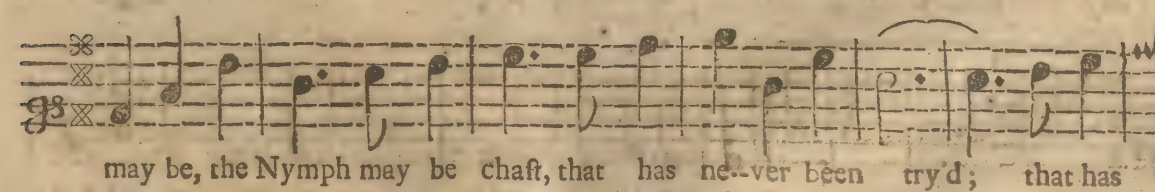
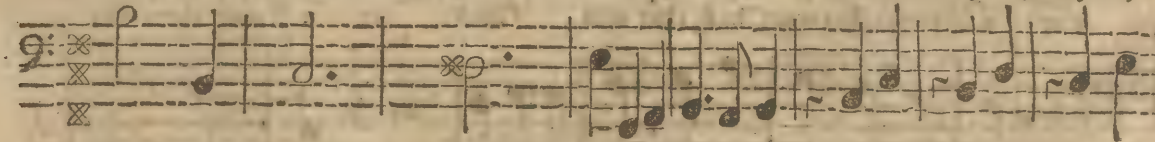
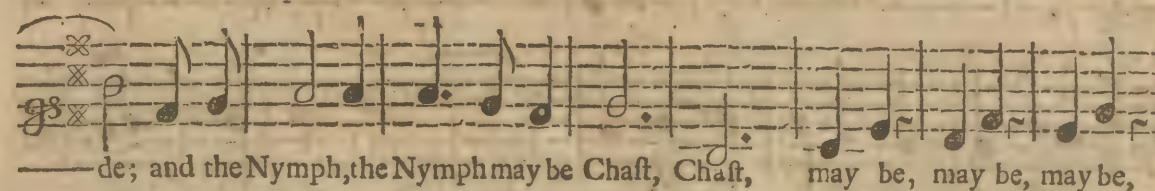
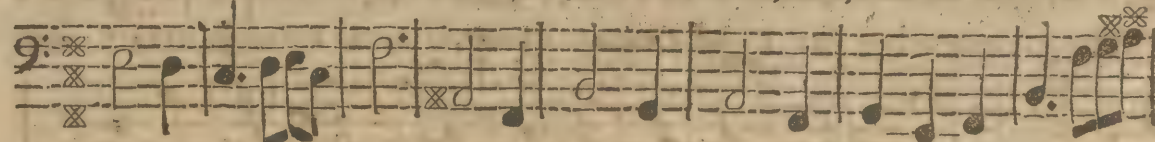
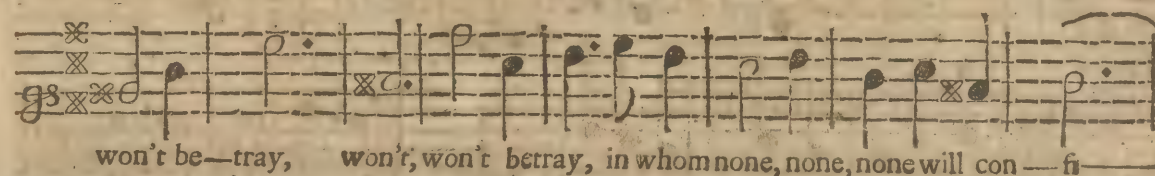
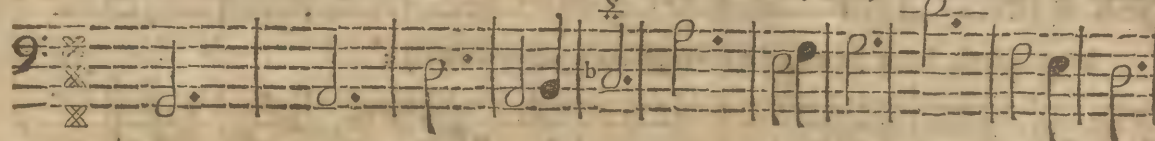
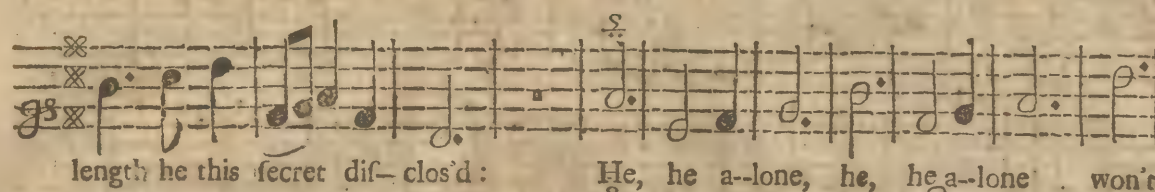
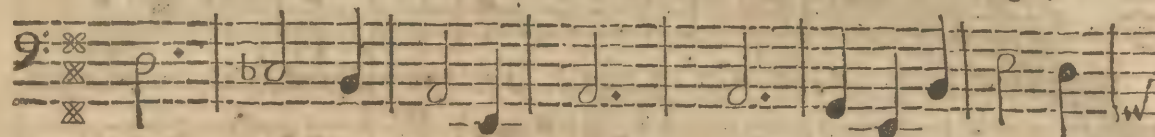
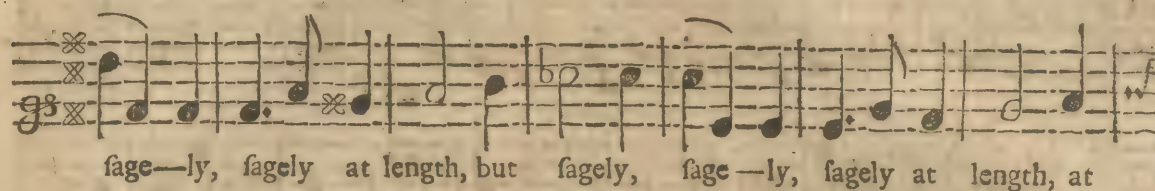
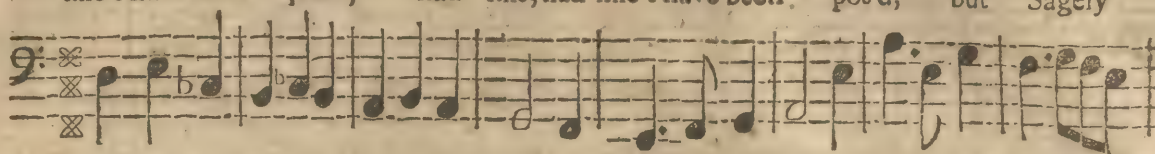
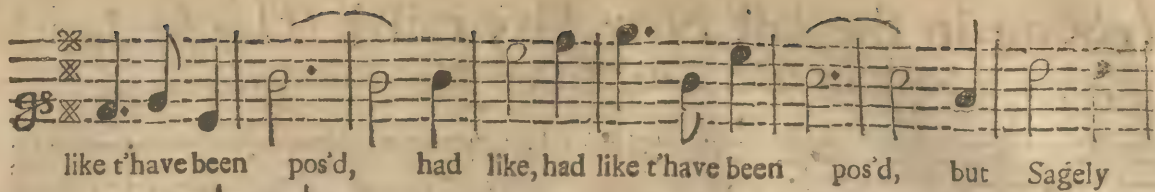


true:

A-pol-lo was mute;

mute, mute, and had





never, never, never, never, never has, never, that never has, never has,
 never been try'd. try'd that has try'd.

The Sailers Song in the last new Play call'd (*Love for Love.*)
 Sung by Mr. Doggett. Set by Mr. John Eccles.

A Soldier and a Saylour, a Tinker and a Taylour, had once a doubtfull
 frise Sir, to make a Maid a Wife Sir; whose name was Buxome Joan, whose
 name was Buxome Joan: For now the time was ended, when she no more in-
 tended, to lick her Lips at Men Sir, and gnaw the Sheets in vain Sir, and
 lye a nights a—lone, and lye a nights a—lone.

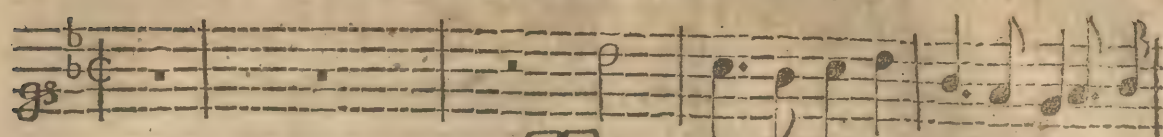
II.

The Soldier swore like Thunder,
 He lov'd her more than Plunder;
 And shew'd her many a Scar Sir,
 Which he had brought from far Sir,
 With Fighting for her sake.
 The Taylour thought to please her,
 With offering her his measure;
 The Tinker too with Mettle,
 Said he wou'd mend her Kettle,
 And stop up ev'ry Leak.

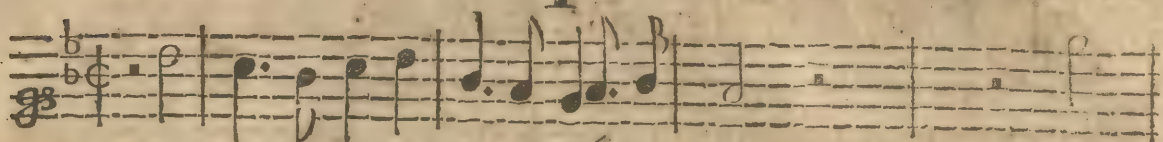
III.

But while these three were prating,
 The Saylour flyly waiting;
 Thought if it came about Sir,
 That they shou'd all fall out Sir,
 He then might play his part,
 And, just e'n as he meant Sir,
 To Loggerheads they went Sir;
 And then he let fly at her,
 A shot 'twixt Wind and Water,
 Which won this fair Maids Heart.

A Two Part Song by Mr. Henry Purcell.

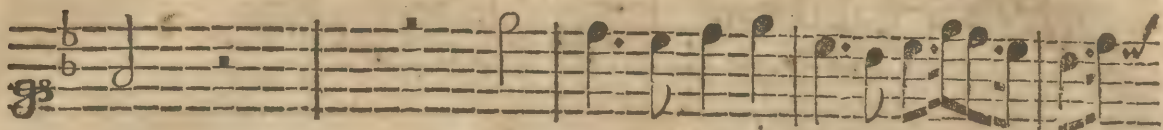
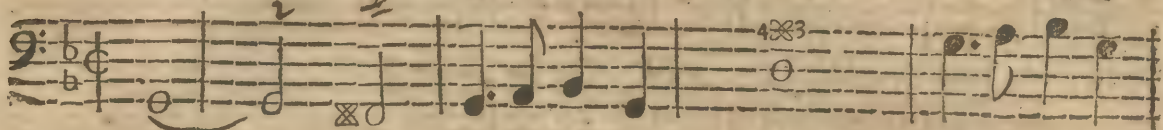


Two Daughters of this Aged stream are



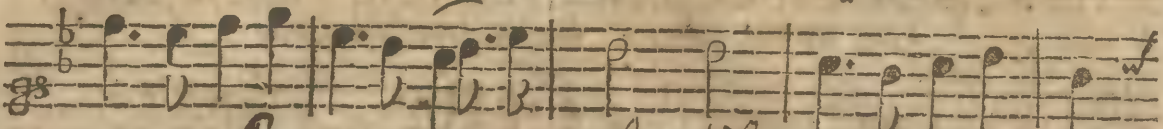
Two Daughters of this Aged stream are we,

Two



we,

two Daughters of this aged stream—



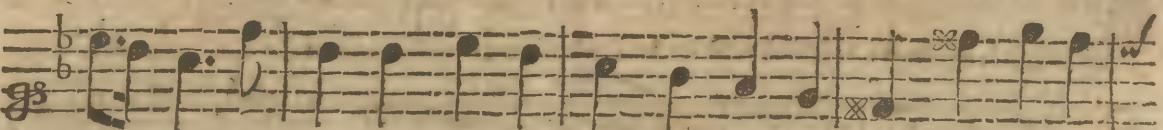
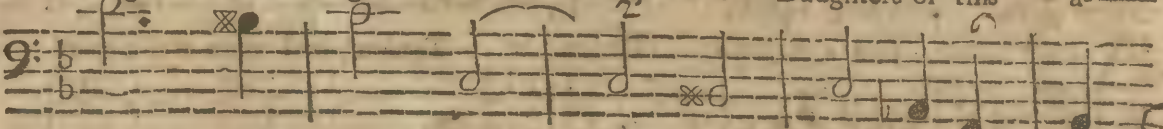
Daughters of this aged stream are

wee,

two

Daughters of this

a—



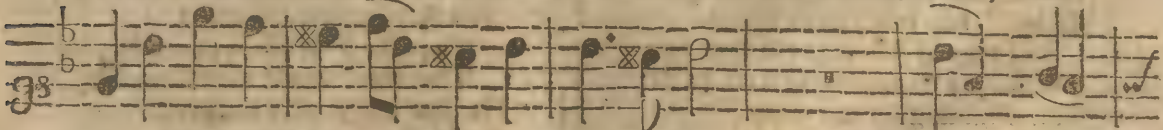
—m are we, and both our Sea-green Locks have comb'd, and both our



—ged stream are we, and both our Sea-green Locks have comb'd for

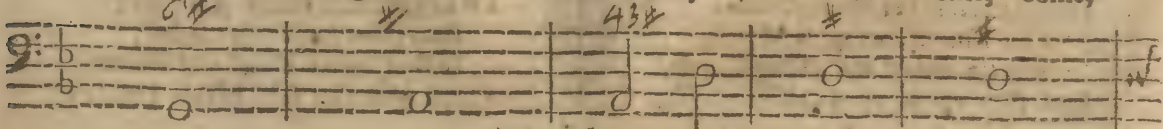


Sea—green Cocks have comb'd, have comb'd for yee; come, come, come, come



yee, and both our Sea-green Cockshave comb'd for yee;

come, come,



bathe with us an hour or two, come, come, come, come na—ked in for

bathe with us an hour or two, come, come, come, come na—ked in for

43 F

we are so, what danger, what danger from a na-ked foe;

we are so, what danger, from a na-ked foe; come, come,

42 43 F

come, come bathe with us, come, come bathe and share what plea—

come, come bathe with us, come, come bathe and share what plea—

65 43 F

—fures in the Floods ap—pear; we'll beat the Waters—

—fures in the Floods ap—pear; we'll beat the Waters till they

43 F

till they bound, we'll beat the Waters till they bound, and cir

bound we'll beat the Waters till they bound, and cir

cle roun—d, and cir—cle

cle roun—d, and cir—cle

roun—d, and cir—cle round.

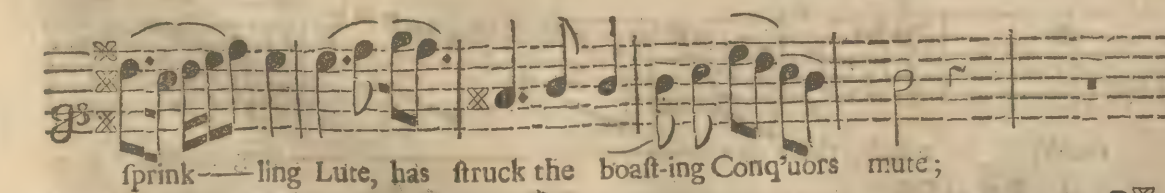
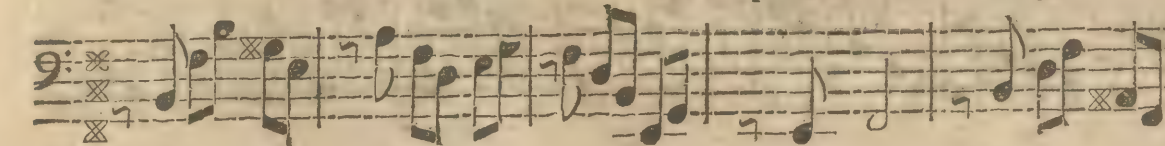
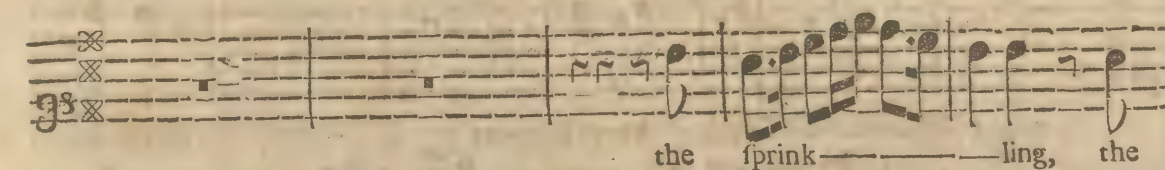
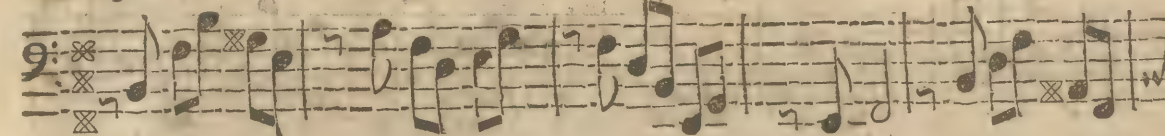
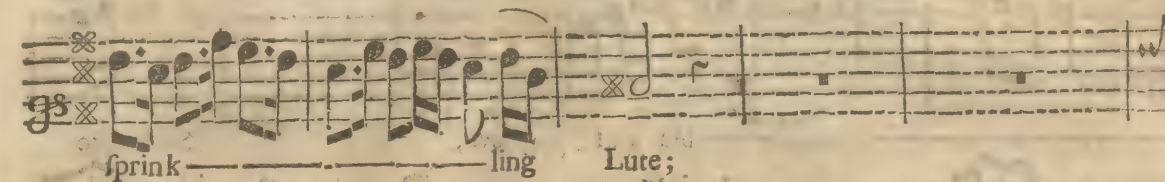
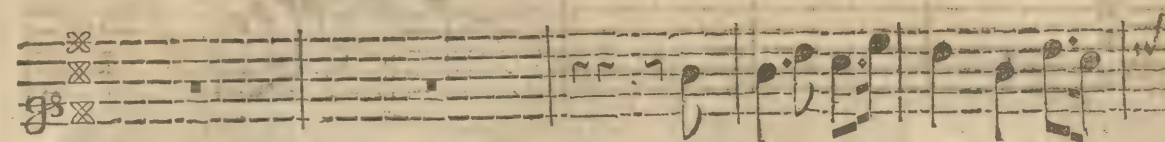
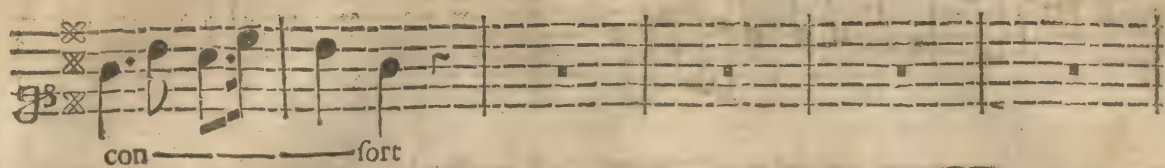
roun—d, and cir—cle round.

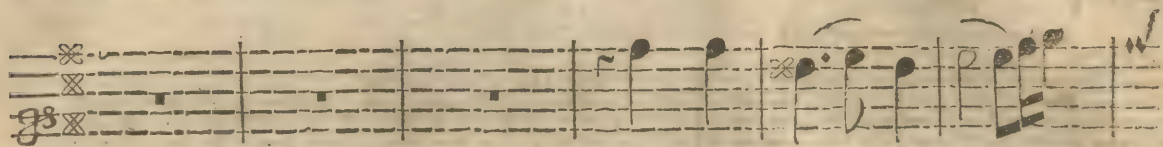
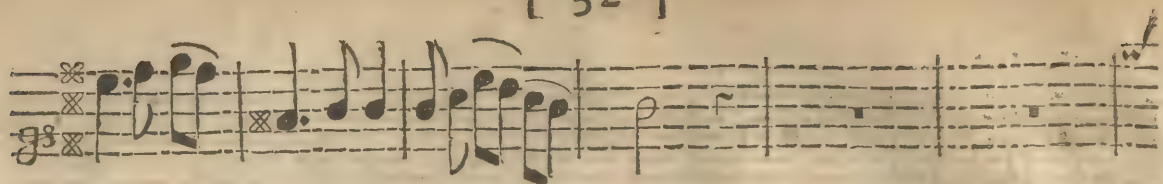
434

Mr. Picket's Song, Sung at St. Celia's Feast, by Mr. Robert.

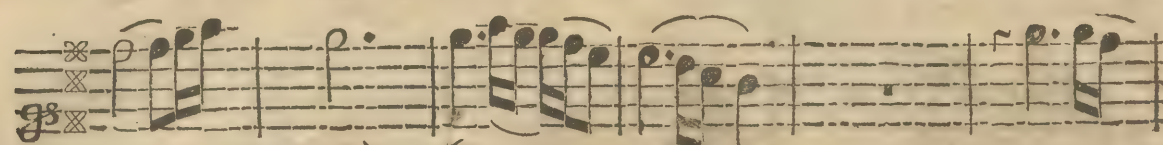
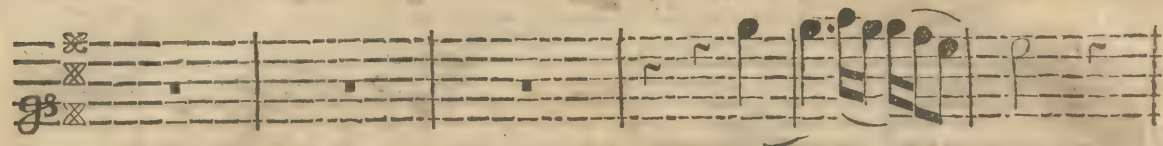
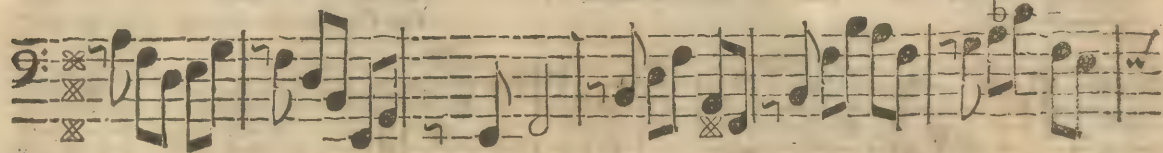
He

The Con—

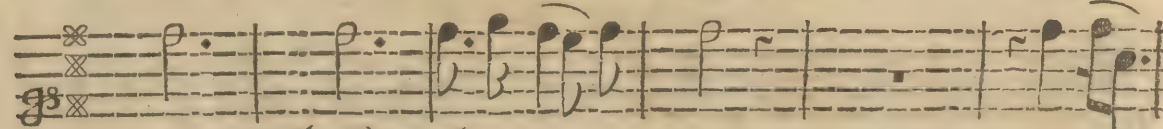
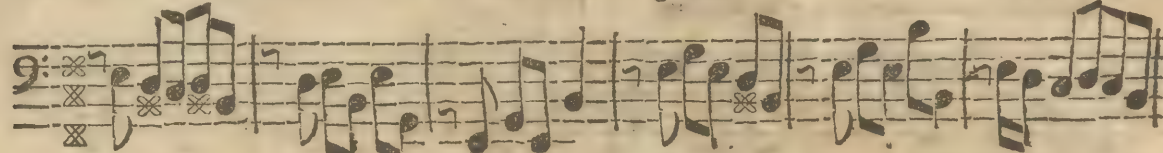




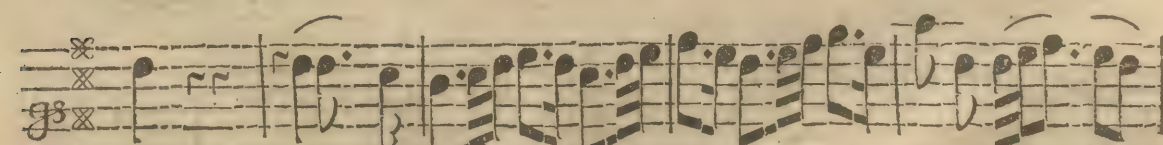
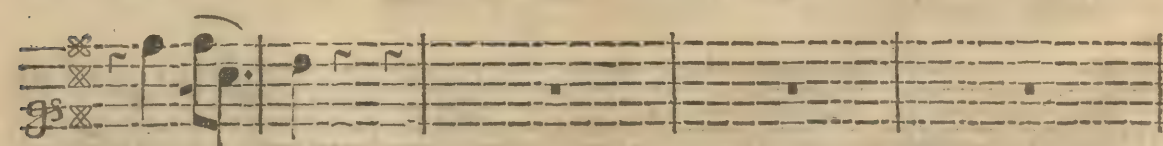
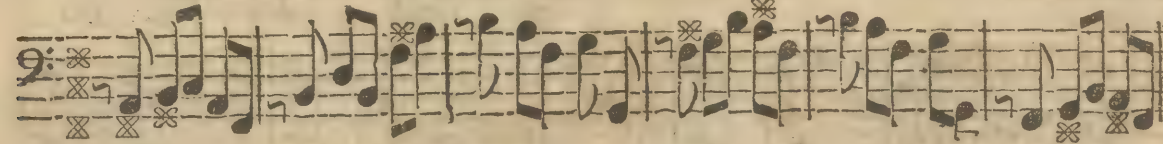
Hearts now like it trem



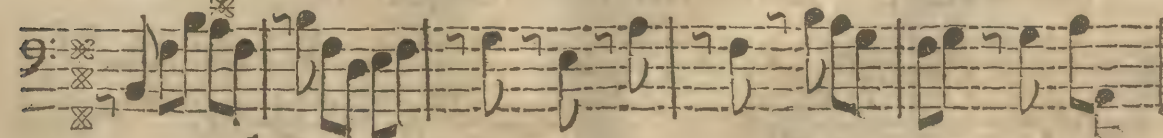
ble and grieve, Souls like

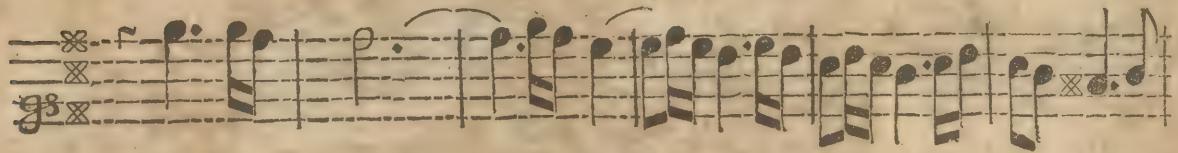
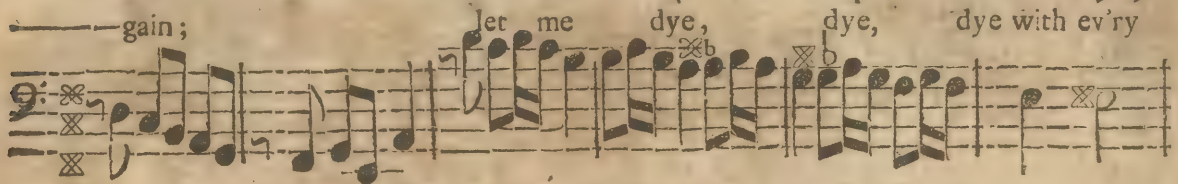
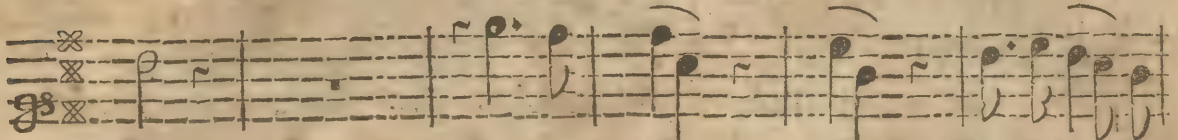
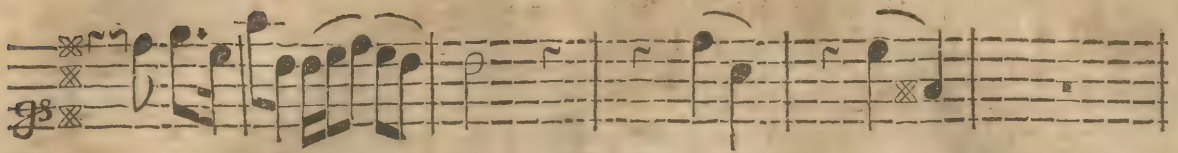


Sound s their Man-fi ons touch, touch,



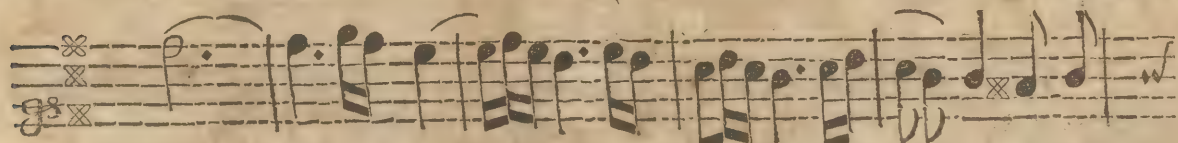
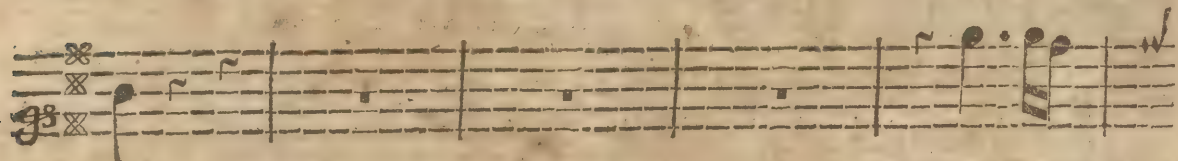
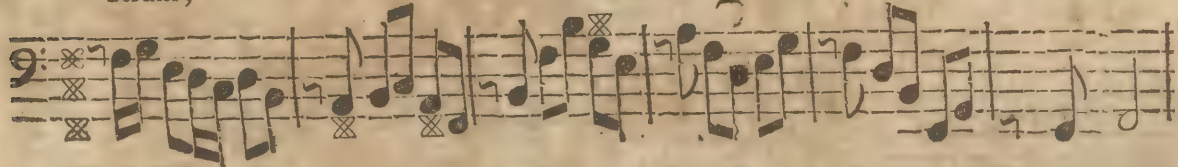
touch, touch, the dan cing Strings a—





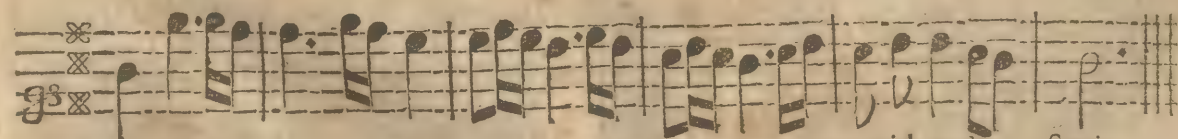
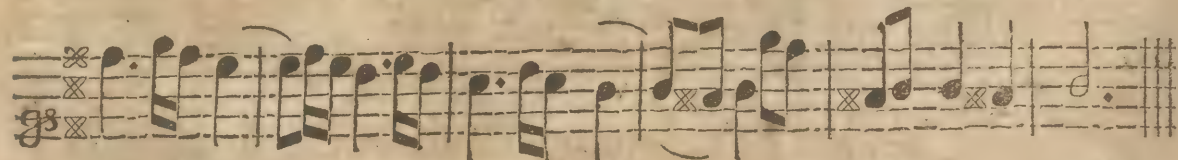
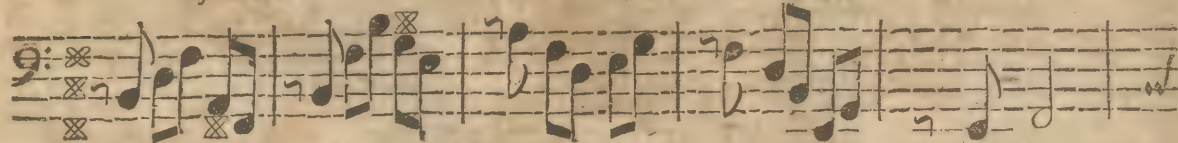
Strain;

let me



dye

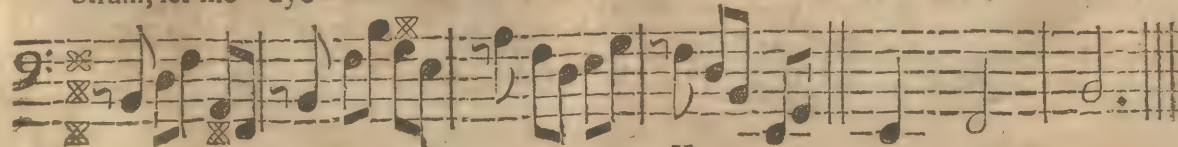
with ev-ry



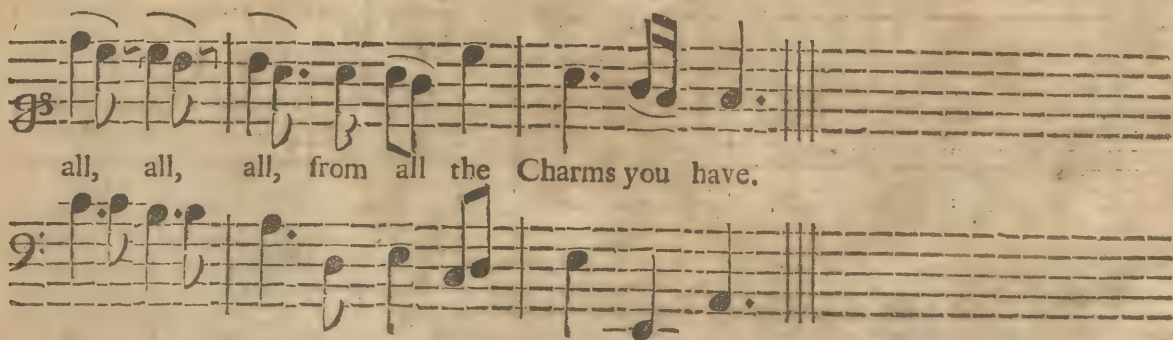
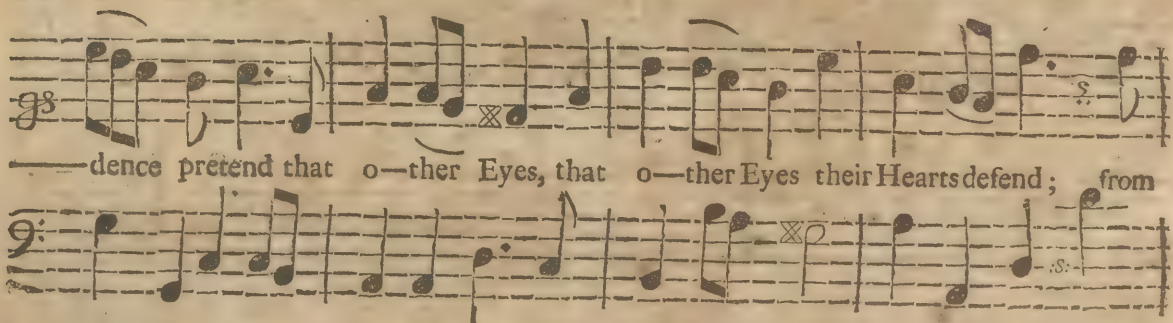
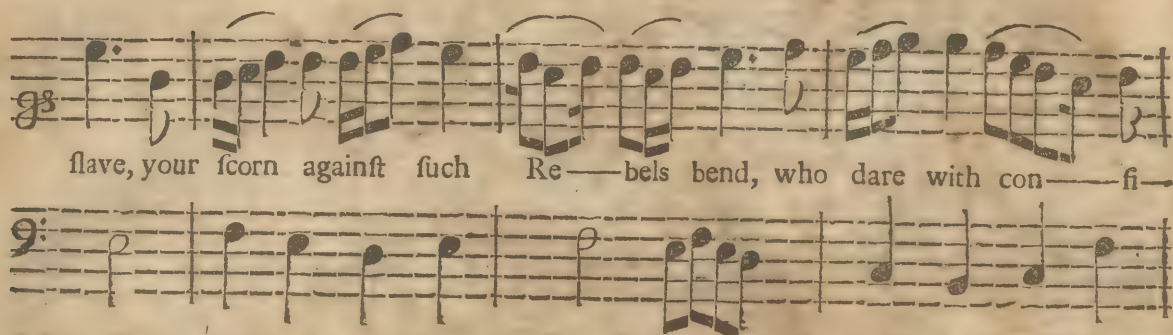
Strain, let me dye

with ev-ry

Strain.



A New Song.



II.

Your conquering Eyes so partiall are,
 Or Mankind is so dull;
 That while I Languish in despair,
 Many proud senseless Hearts declare,
 They find you not :S: so killing fair,
 To wish——you mercifull.

III.

They—an inglorious freedom boast,
 I Triumph in my Chain;
 Nor am I unreveng'd, tho' lost,
 Nor you unpunish'd, tho' unjust,
 When I alone :S: who love you most,
 Am kill'd——with your disdain.

F I N I S.

THE
SONGS
TO
The New Play
OF
DON QUIXOTE
As they are Sung at
The Queen's Theatre
IN
DORSET GARDEN.

Part the First.

Sett by the most Eminent Masters of the Age.

All Written by Mr. D'urfey.

Decies repetita placebunt.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Heptinstall for Samuel Briscoe, at the corner of
Charles-street, Covent-Garden. 1694.

Price Two Shillings.



SONGS

rem 255

11/23

OT

The New Play

OR

DON QUIXOTE

As they are sung at

The Queens Theatre

by

DORSET & GARRARD

Printed by

at the well known Stationers

all printed by

Printed by

Printed by

Printed by

Printed by

Much Honoured and Ingenious Friend

(Lovers of **MUSICK**)

That frequent the *Rosé*, *Chocolate-house*, *Coffee-houses*,
and other places of Credit, in and about *Covent-*
Garden; and

Particularly,

To the late Worthy Members of the
Witty Club.

These two Books of Songs, Sung in the First and
Second Part of *Don Quixote*, are with all Venerati-
on most humbly Dedicated,

By,

Gentlemen,

Your much obliged and most

Humble Servant,

T. Durfey.



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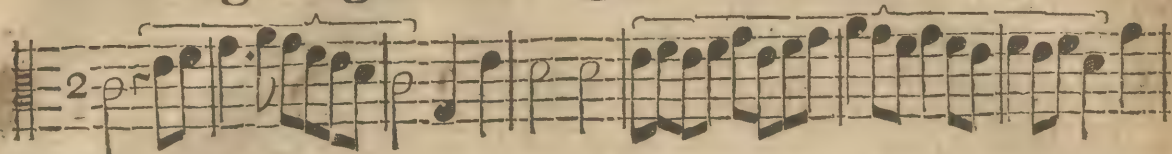
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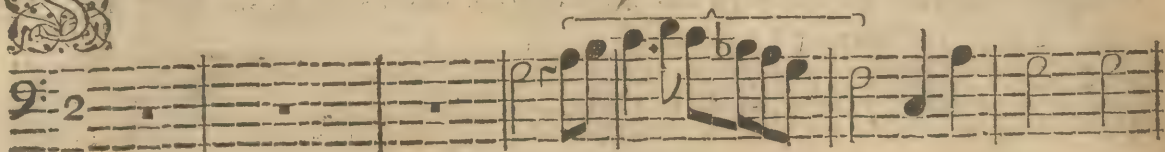
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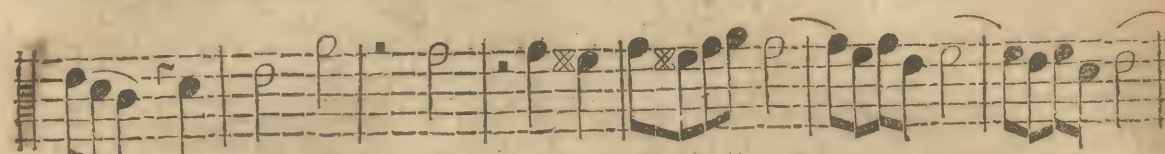
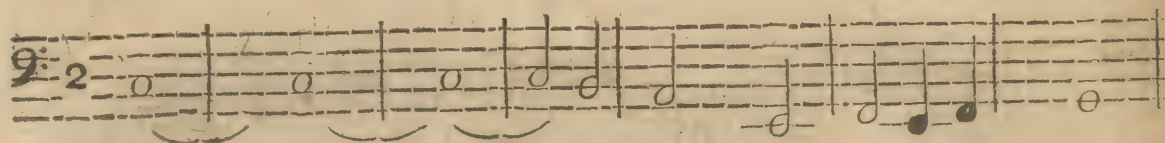
The First Song in the 2d. Act. Sung at the Knighting of Don-Quixot: Set by Mr. Purcell.



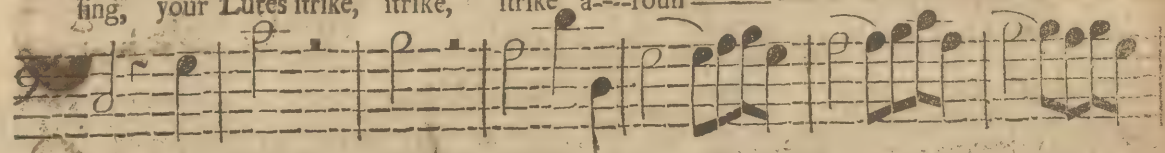
Sing, fin—g, all ye Muses, fin—g, sing,



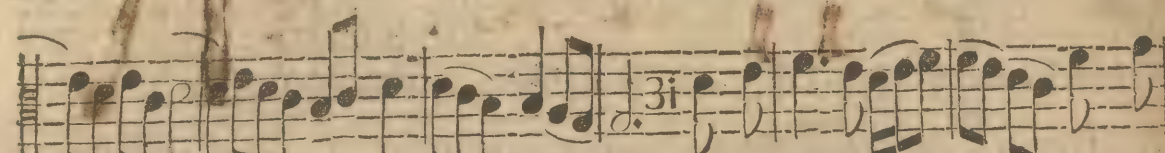
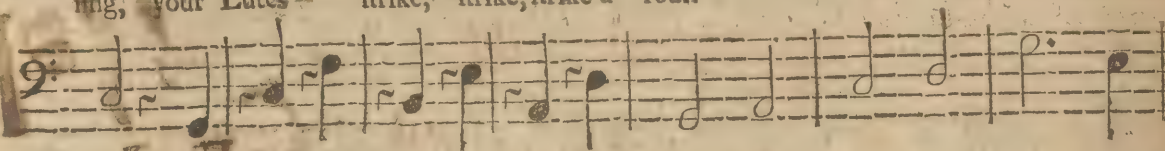
Sing, fin—g, all ye Mu—ses



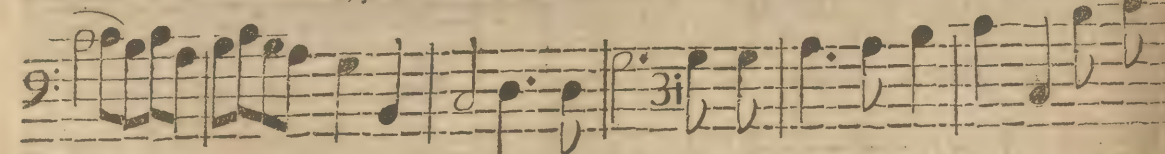
ing, your Lutes strike, strike, strike a--roun



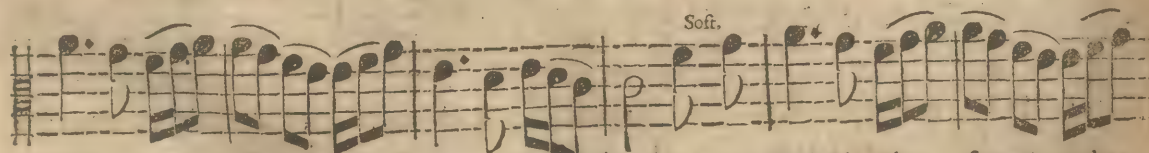
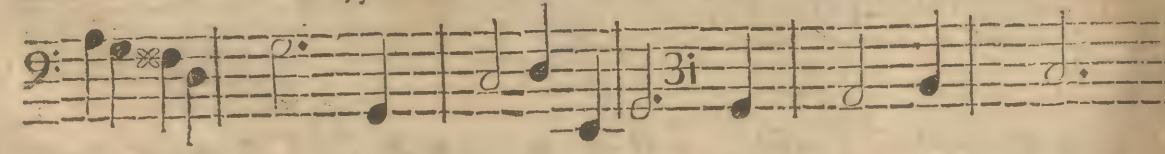
ing, your Lutes strike, strike, strike a--roun



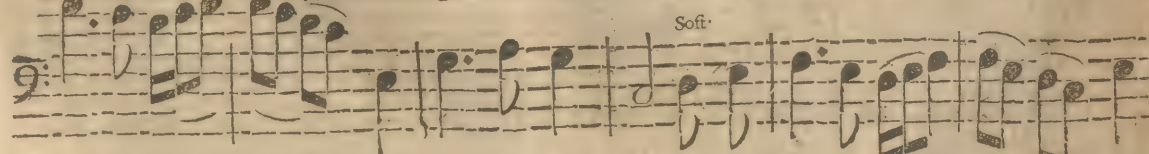
d, your Lutes strike a-round; when a Soldier's the sto-ry, when a



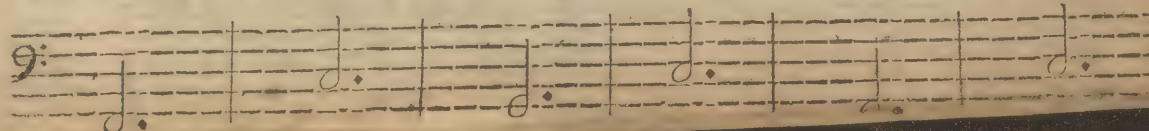
d, your Lutes strike around; when a Soldier's the sto-ry, when a

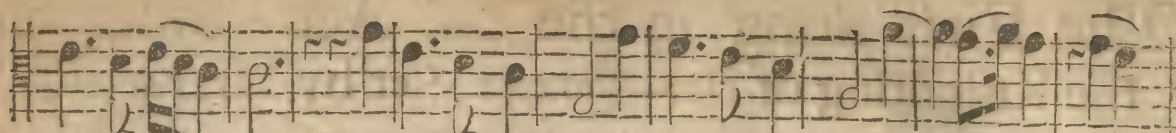


Soldier's the sto-ry, what Tongue can want found; when a Soldier's the sto-ry, what

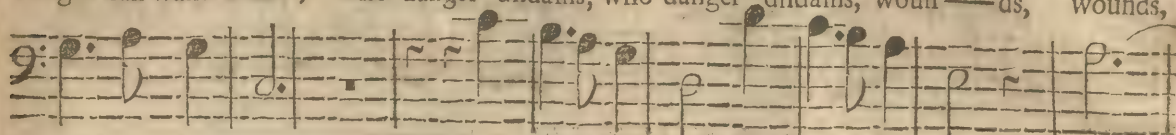


Soldier's the sto-ry, whrt Tounge can want found; when a Soldier's the sto-ry, what

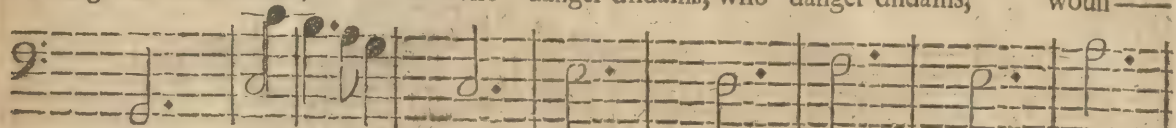




Tongue can want found ; who danger disdains, who danger disdains, woun — ds, wounds,



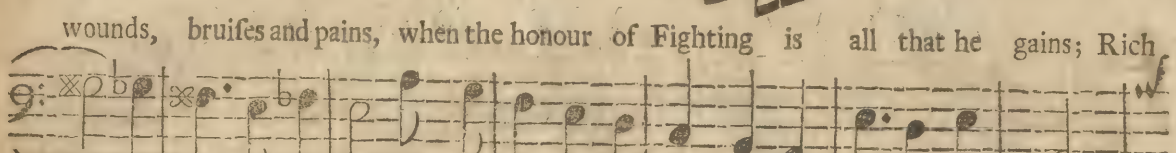
Tounge can want found ; who danger disdains, who danger disdains, woun —



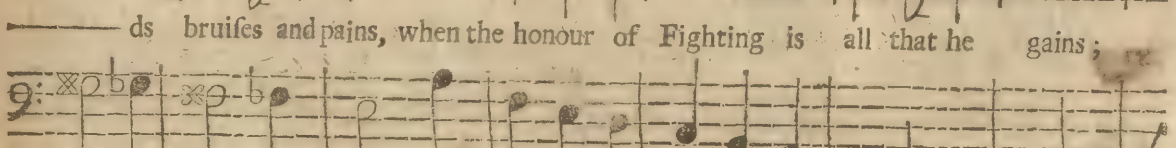
wounds, bruifes and pains, when the honour of Fighting is all that he gains; Rich,



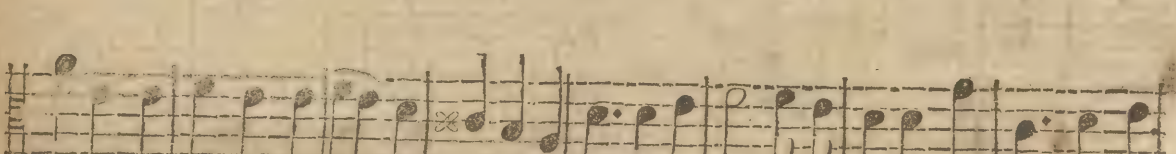
ds bruifes and pains, when the honour of Fighting is all that he gains;



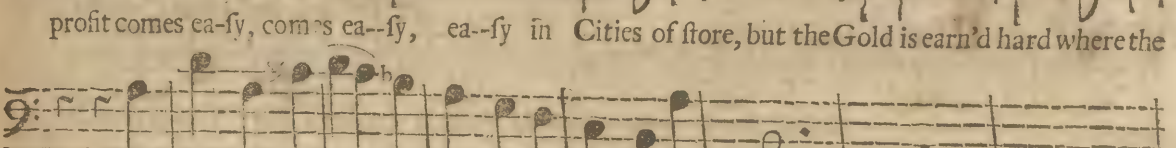
profit comes ea-sy, comes ea-sy, ea-sy in Cities of store, but the Gold is earn'd hard where the



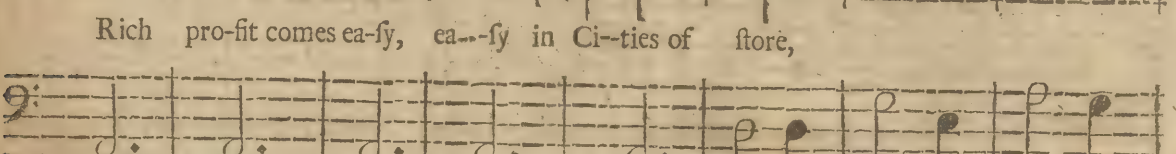
Rich pro-fit comes ea-sy, ea-sy in Ci-ties of store,



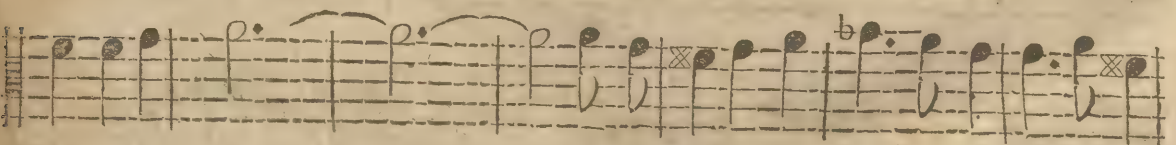
Cannons do ro — ar, but the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons doe



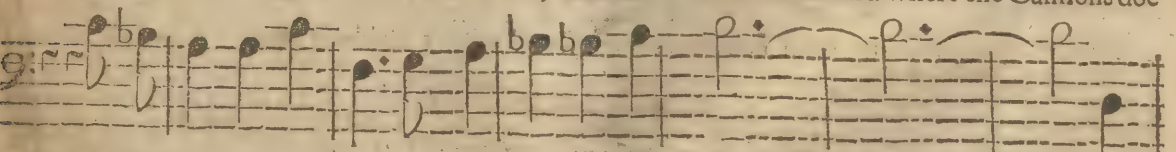
but the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons doe ro — ar, do



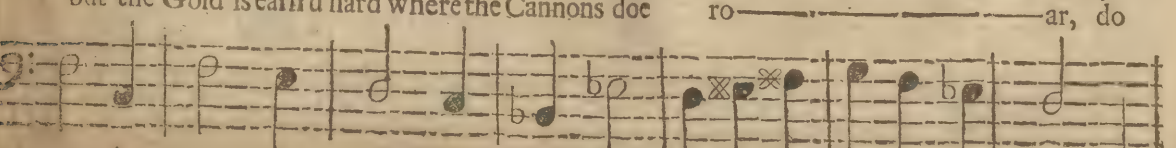
Cannons do ro — ar, but the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons doe



but the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons doe ro — ar, do

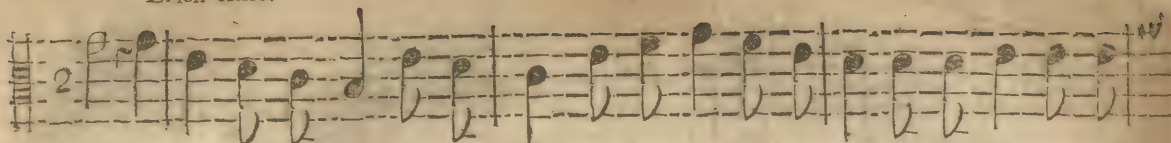


Cannons do ro — ar, but the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons doe

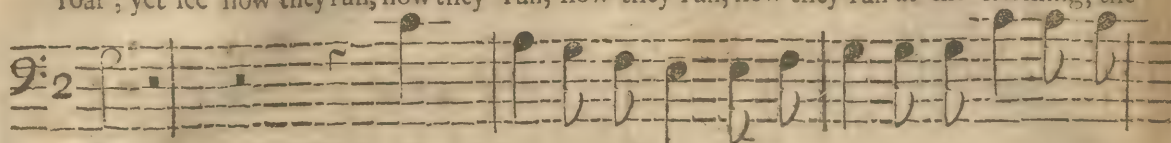


but the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons doe ro — ar, do

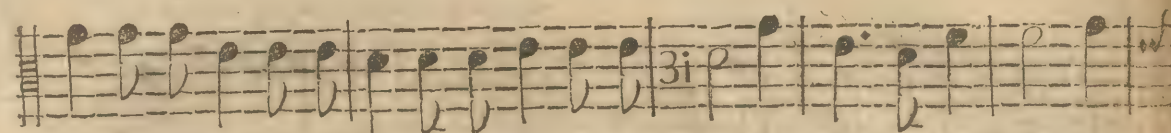
Brisk-time.



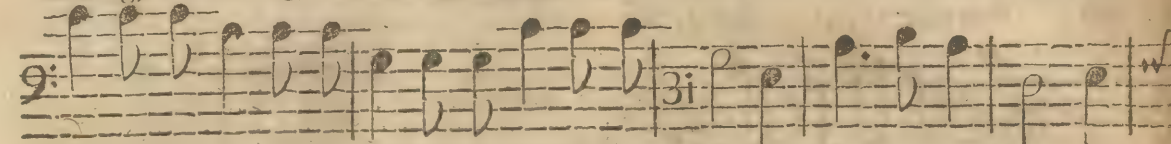
roar : yet see how they run, how they run, how they run, how they run at the storming, the



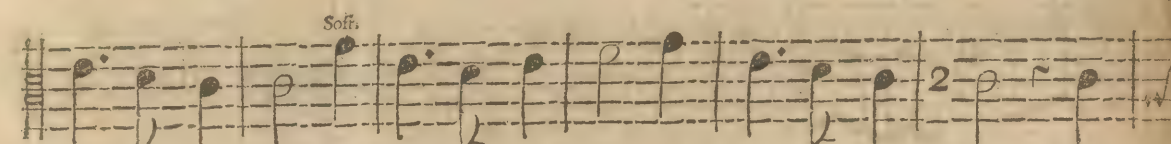
roar, yet see how they run, how they run, at the storming the



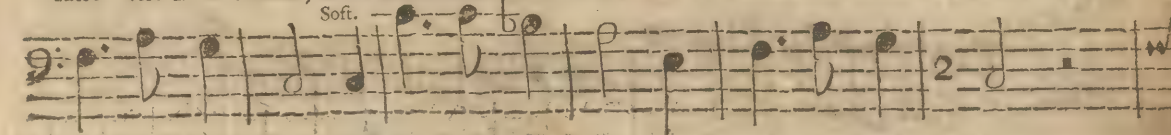
storming, the storming, the storming, the storming a Town, thro' Blood and thro' Fire, to



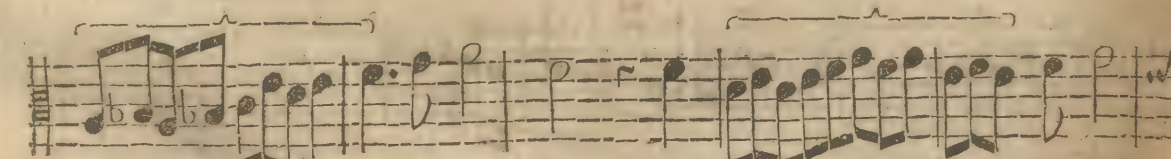
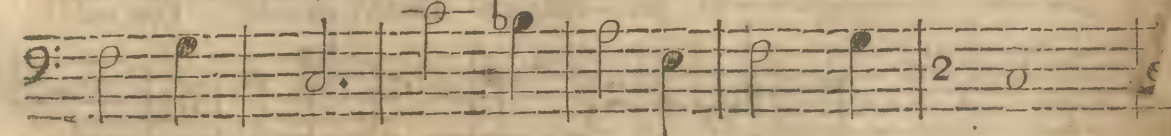
storming, the storming, the storming, the storming a Town, thro' Blood and thro' Fire to



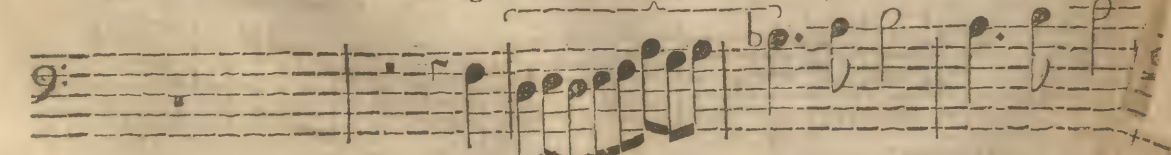
take the Half Moon, thro' Blood and thro' Fire to take the Half Moon; they



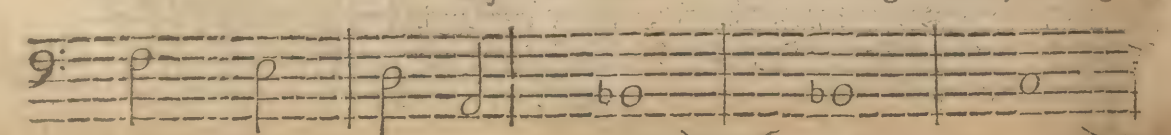
take the Half Moon, thro' Blood and thro' Fire to take the Half Moon;



scattered the high Wall, they scattered the high



they scattered the high Wall, the high



To Wall, whence they see others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they see others

T Wall, whence they see others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they see others

fall ; their hearts precious darling, bright glo ——— ry, bright

fall ; their hearts precious darling, bright glo ——— ry, bright

glo ——— ry pur—suing, tho' Death's un—der Foot and the

glo ——— ry pur—suing, tho' Death's un—der Foot and the

Mine is just blowing. It springs, it springs, it springs, it

Vine is just blowing, up they Fl ——— y,

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. It begins with a treble clef. The notation includes several eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and several rests. There are also some markings that look like 'r' or 'z' above the staff, possibly indicating specific rhythmic values or ornaments. The ink is dark and the paper is aged.

springs up they fl ——— y, they fl ——— y, yet

springs, it springs, it springs, it springs, up they fl—

more, more, more, more, more, yet more still sup-ply, as Bride-grooms to

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes several eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and rests. There are also some decorative or non-standard markings, such as a cross-like symbol above a note and a small 'x' mark. The paper is aged and yellowed.

y, yet more, more, more, yet more still sup- ply, as Bride-groomsto

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of several measures containing quarter notes, half notes, and dotted notes, corresponding to the lyrics written above it. The ink is dark brown or black, and the paper shows signs of age.

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. It begins with a treble clef. The notation includes several eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together. There are also rests, including a half rest and a quarter rest. A double bar line is present, followed by a measure containing a half note and a quarter note. The handwriting is in brown ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper.

Marry, they haf ——— ten to die, they hasten to die; till Fate claps,

Marry, they haf—ten, they hasten to die; till Fate claps,

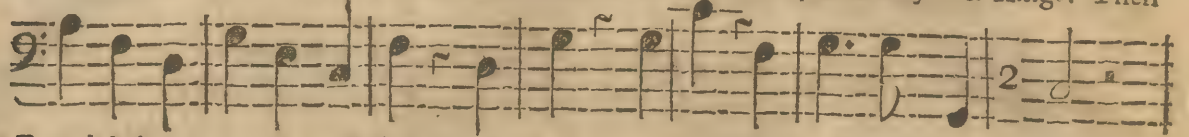
The first line of musical notation is on a five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef. The notes are: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half). There are various ornaments and accidentals, including a sharp on the F# and a flat on the D. The line ends with a double bar line.

claps, claps her Wings, till Fate claps, claps, claps her Wings, and the glad Tydings brings, of the

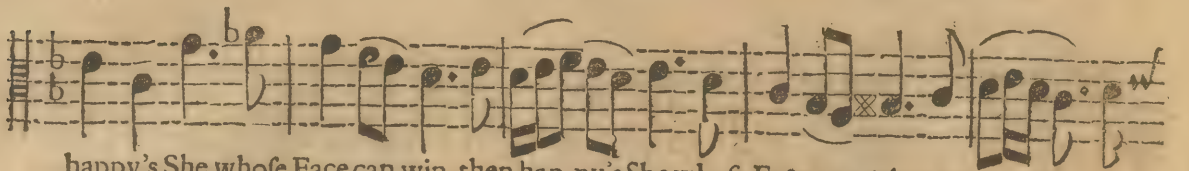
claps, claps her Wings, till Fate claps, claps, claps her Wings, and the glad Tydings brings, of the



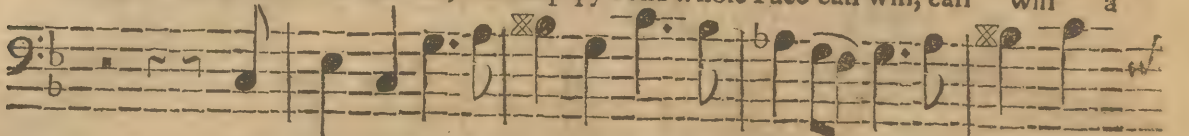
Breach being enter'd, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they'r all Kings: Then



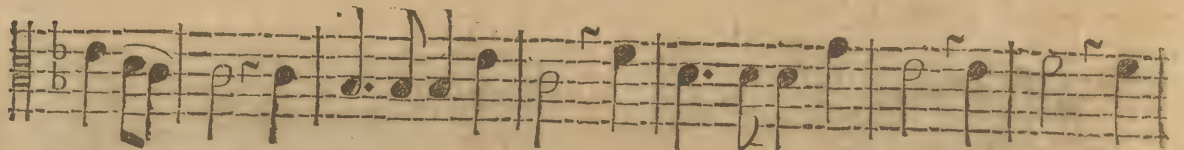
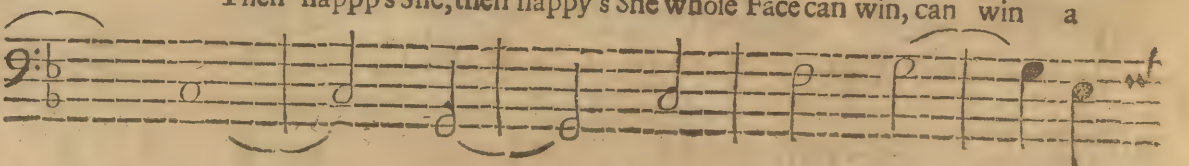
Breach being enter'd, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they'r all Kings:



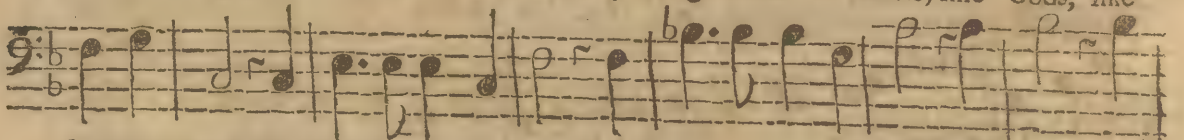
happy's She whose Face can win, then hap-py's She whose Fate can win, can win a



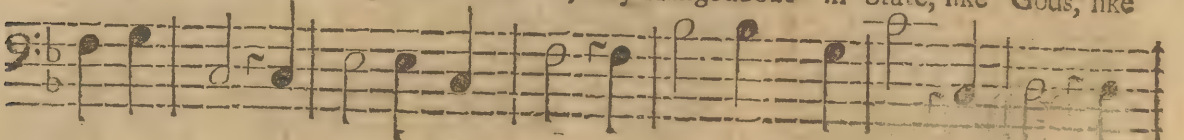
Then happp's She, then happy's She whose Face can win, can win a



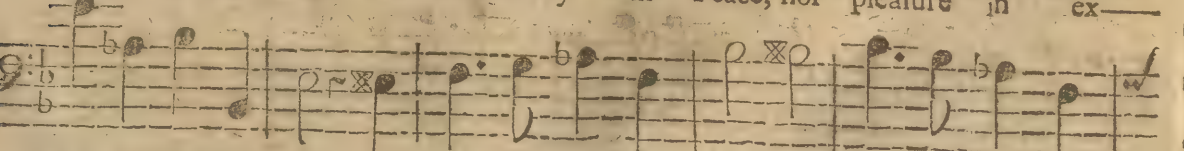
Soldier's Grace, they Range about in State, they Range about in State, like Gods, like



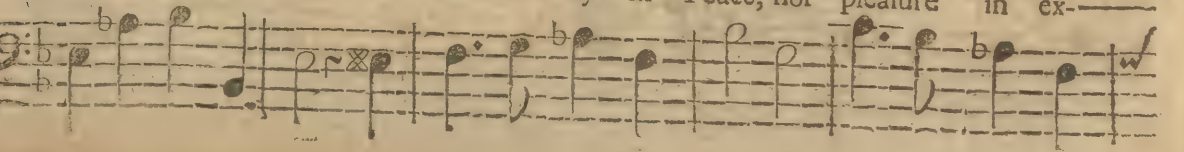
Soldier's Grace, they Range about in State, they Range about in State, like Gods, like



Gods dif-posing Fate; no Lux-u--ry in Peace, nor pleasure in ex—

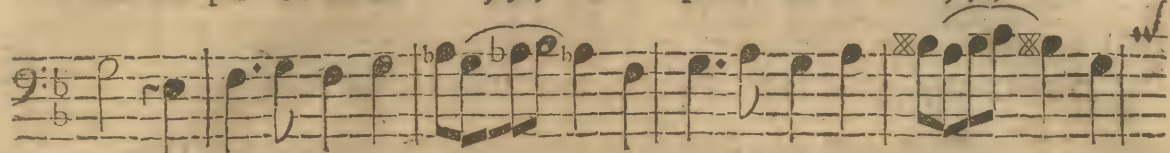


Gods dif-posing Fate; no Lux-u--ry in Peace, nor pleasure in ex—

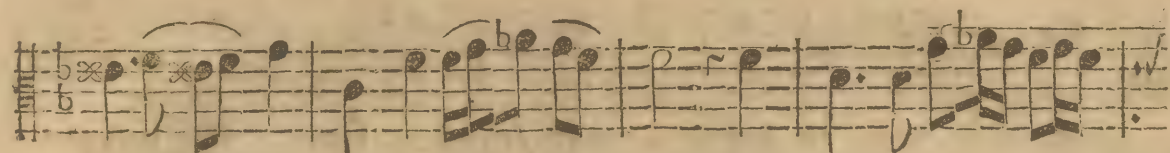
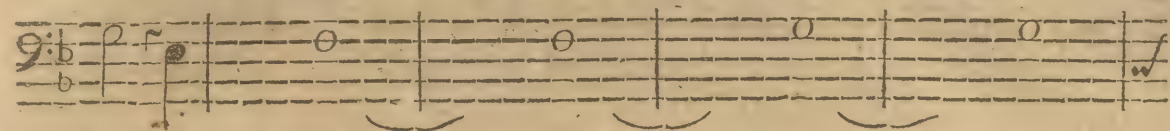




—cess can par—ra—lell the joys, can par—ra—lell the joys, the



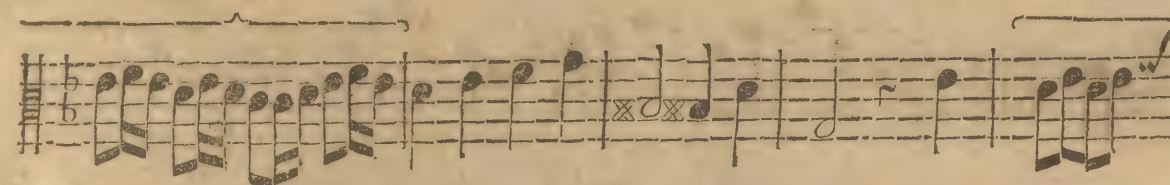
—cess can par—ra—lell the joys, can par—ra—lell the joys, the



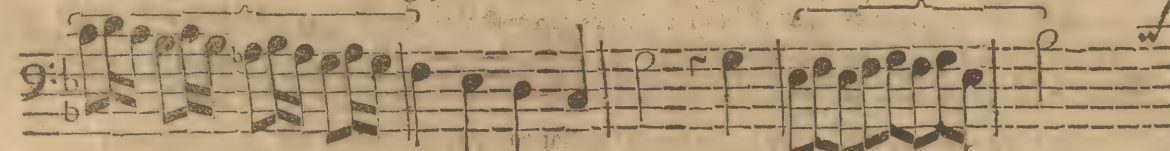
Mar—tial, Martial He—ro Crown when flush'd with Ra—



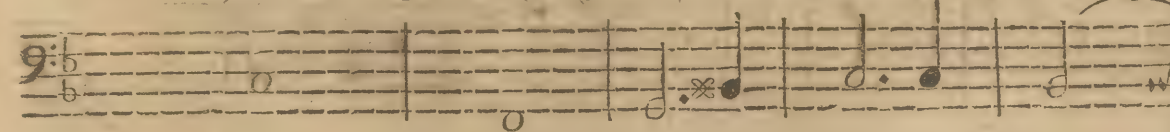
Mar—tial He—ro Crown when flush'd with



ge, and forc'd by want, forc'd by want, he Stor—



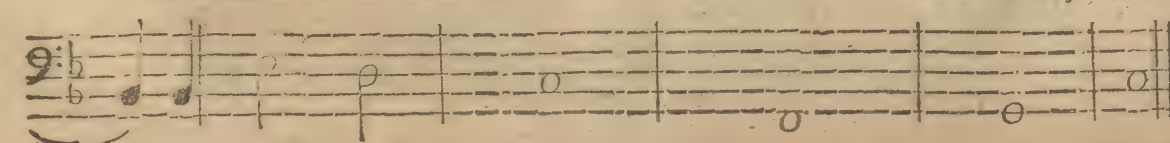
Ra—ge, and forc'd by want he Stor—ms,



ms, he Stor—ms a Wealthy Town.



he Stor—ms a Wealthy Town.



The 2^d. Song, Sung by a young Shephardefs in the
2^d. Act. Set by Mr. John Eccles.

Slow.

YOUNG Chry--softome had Ver--rue, Sense, Renown, and Manly Grace, yet

all a--las were no defence a--gainst Marcella's Face: His Love that

long had ta--ken Root, in doubts, in doubts cold bed was lay'd, where She not warming,

it to Shoot, the lovely, love--ly Plant decay'd, the lovely, love--ly

Plant de--cay'd.

II.

Had Coy Marcella own'd a Soul,
Half Beauteous as her Eyes;
Her Judgment had her Scorn controul'd,
And taught her how to Prize:
But Providence that form'd the Fair,
In such a charming Skin,
Their outside made their only care,
And never look'd within.

The Dirge, or 3^d. Song in the 2^d. Act. Sung by a Shepherd and Shepherdess. Set by Mr. John Eccles.

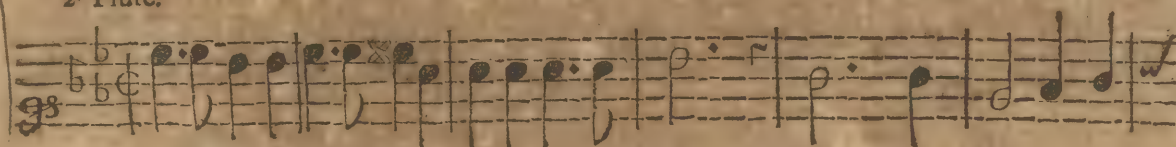
Symphony.



1 Flute.



2 Flute.



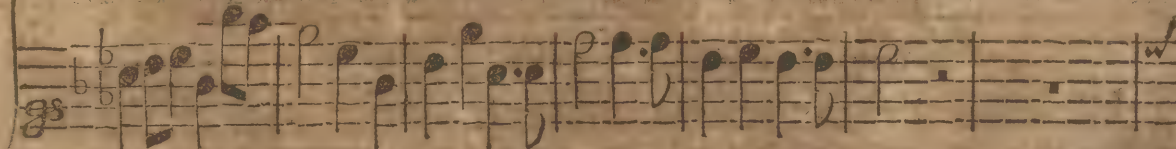
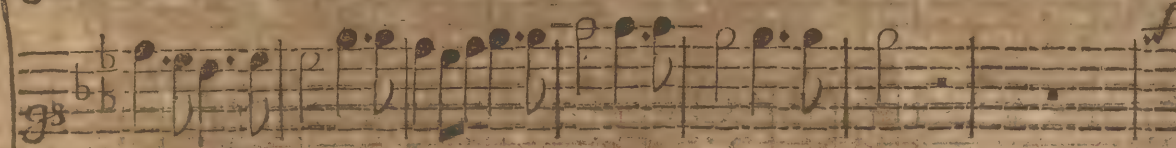
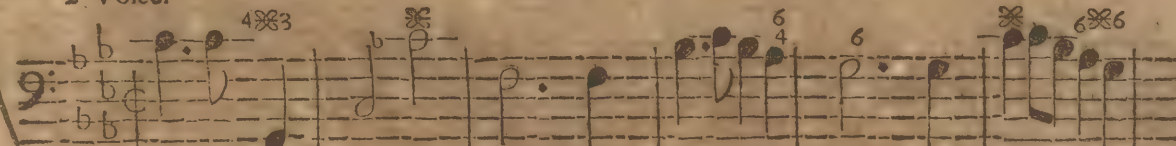
3 Flute.



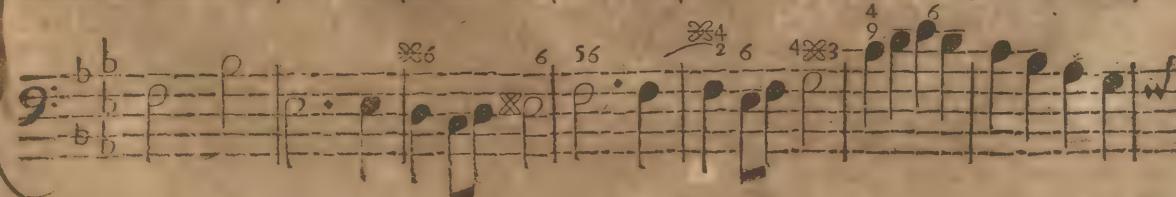
1 Voice.



2 Voice.



S^{lec}—



p, poor youth, flee — p, poor youth,

sleep in peace poor youth, poor youth,

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The music includes various note values, rests, and accidentals, with some notes marked with an 'x'.

sleep in peace, sleep in peace reliev'd from Love and

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is two flats. The music includes various note values, rests, and accidentals, with some notes marked with an 'x'.

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is two flats. The music includes various note values, rests, and accidentals, with some notes marked with an 'x'.

mortal care; whilst we that pine in Life's disease un-

The fourth system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is two flats. The music includes various note values, rests, and accidentals, with some notes marked with an 'x'.

First system of musical notation, treble clef, two flats key signature. It contains several measures of music with various note values and rests.

cer--tain bleſ'dleſs happy are, while we that pine in

Second system of musical notation, treble clef, two flats key signature. It continues the melody from the first system.

Third system of musical notation, treble clef, two flats key signature. It continues the melody from the second system.

life's dif-eaſe, un--cer-tain bleſ'dleſs hap-py are.

Fourth system of musical notation, treble clef, two flats key signature. It continues the melody from the third system.

Cou—ch'd in the dark and si—lent Grave,

Cou—ch'd in the dark and si—lent Grave, no ills of Fate,

no ills of Fate thou now can'st fear; in vain would Tyrant Pow'r en—

—slave, or scornfull Beauty be se vere, or scornfull Beauty

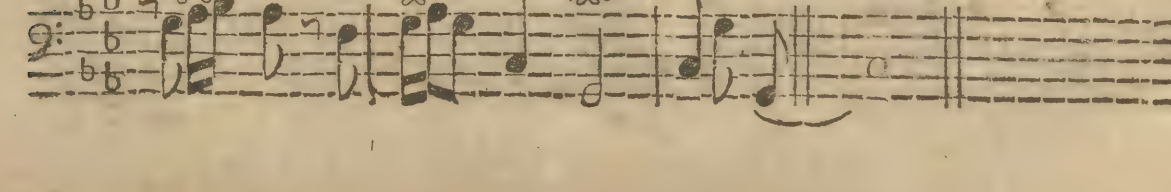
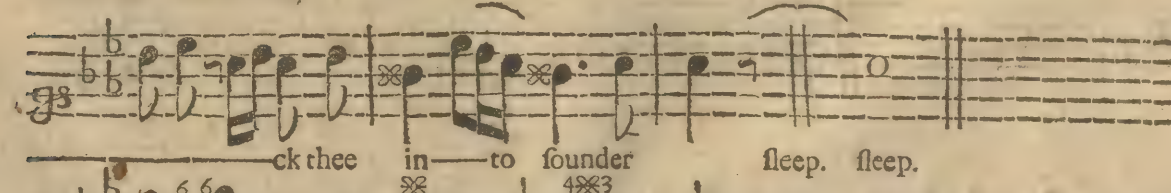
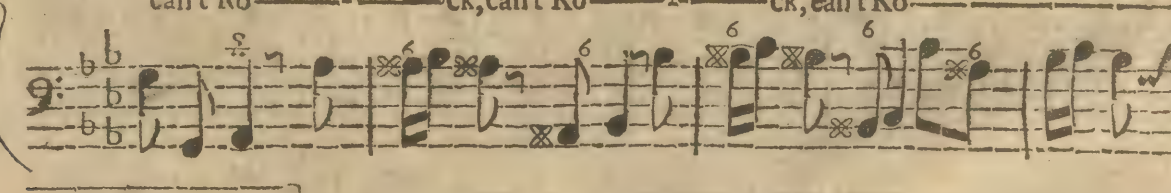
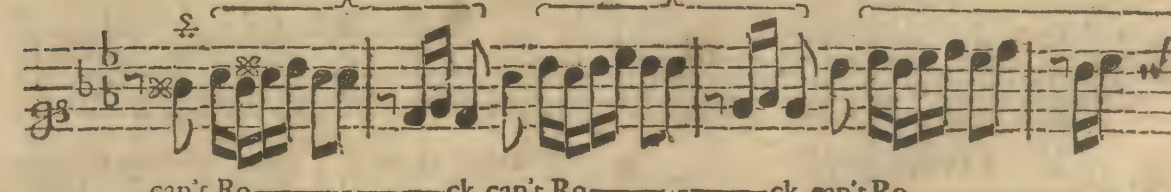
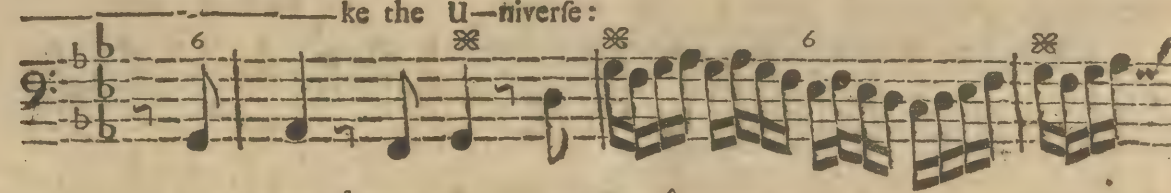
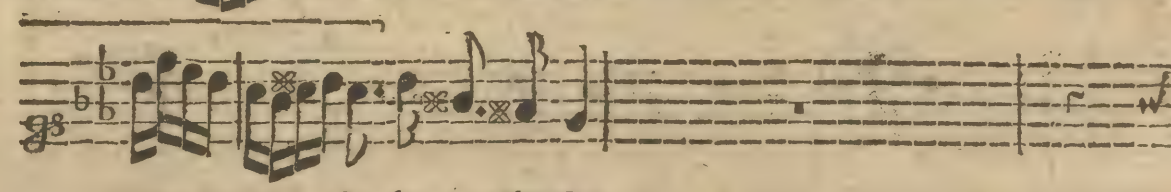
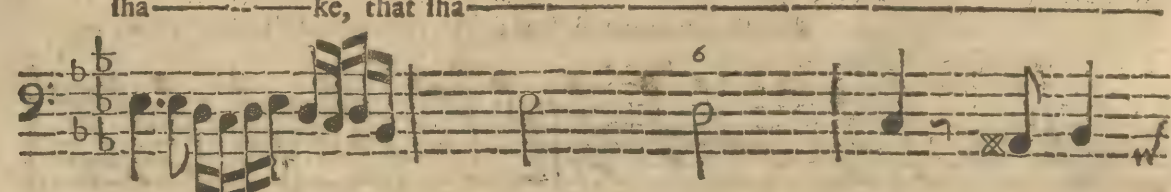
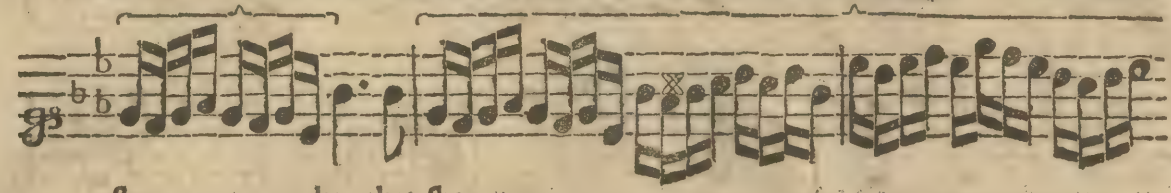
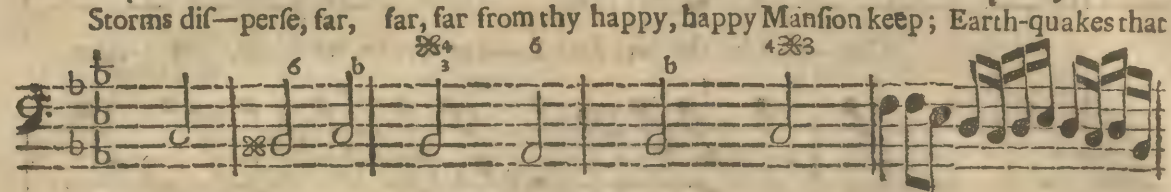
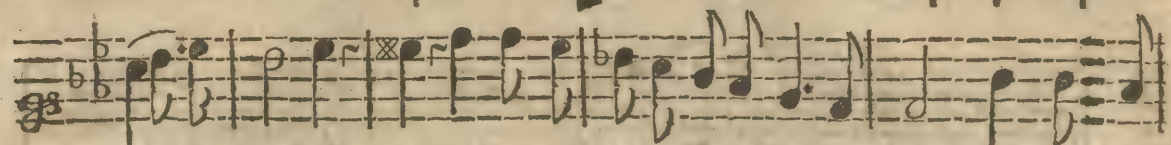
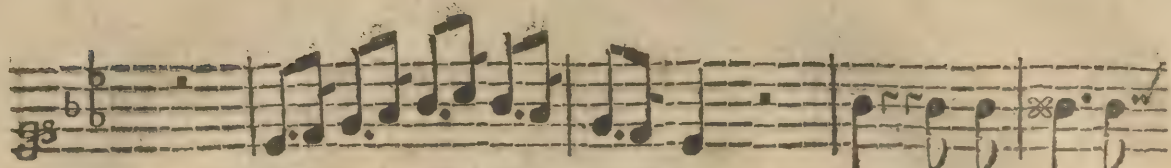
be severe, or scornfull Beauty be se—vere.

She.

Wa — rs,

O

E



With all the Charms, the Cha — rms of

With all the Charms, the Cha — rms

With all the Charms, the Cha — rms

pea—ce, pos—

se—cure from life's Torment or Pain.

of peace pos—

se—cure from life's Tor—ment or Pain.

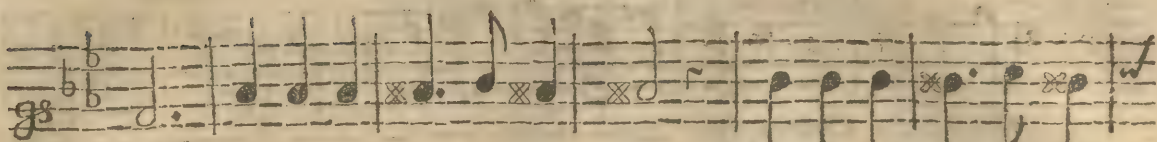
Sleep and in—dulse thy self, sleep, sleep and indulge thy self, sleep,

Sleep and indulge thy self, sleep, sleep and indulge thy self,

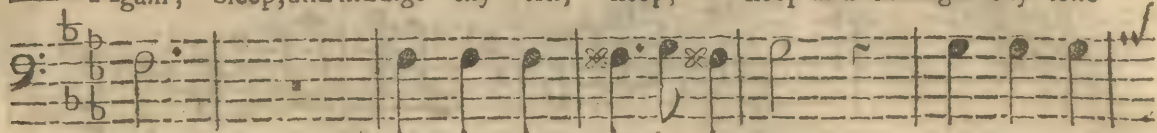
sleep and in—dulse thy self with Rest, nor dream thou e're shalt rise a—

sleep: In—dulse thy self with rest, nor dream thou e're shalt rise a—

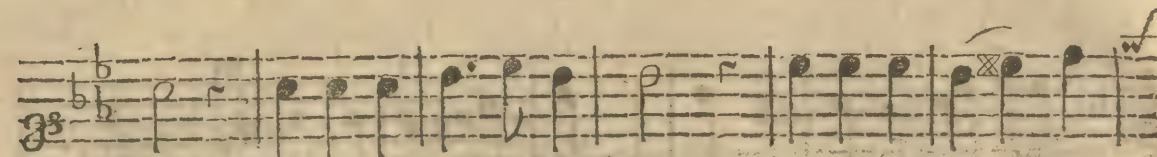
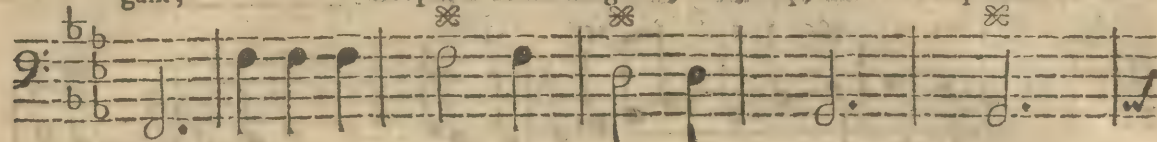
sleep: In—dulse thy self with rest, nor dream thou e're shalt rise a—



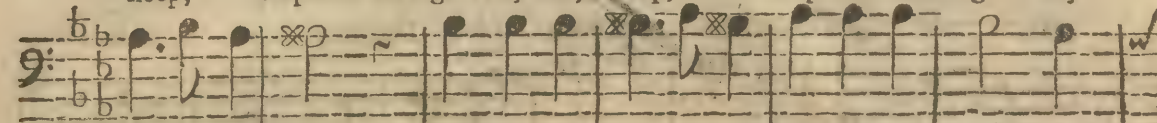
—gain; Sleep, and indulge thy self, sleep, sleep and indulge thy self



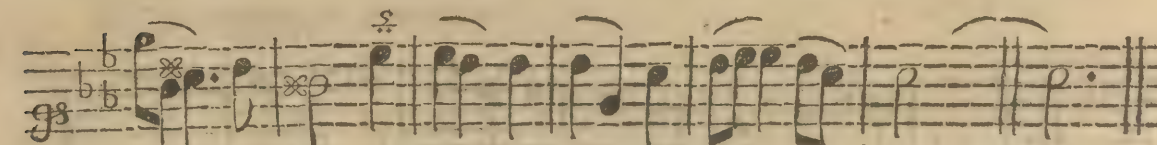
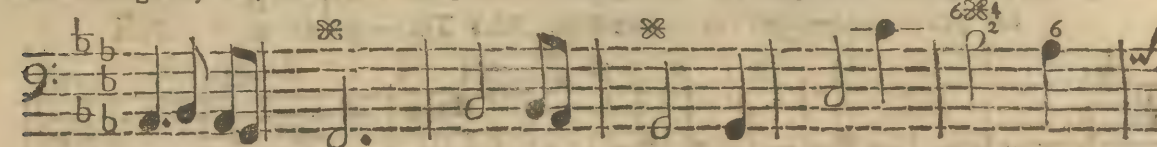
—gain; Sleep and in-dulge thy self, sleep, sleep and in—



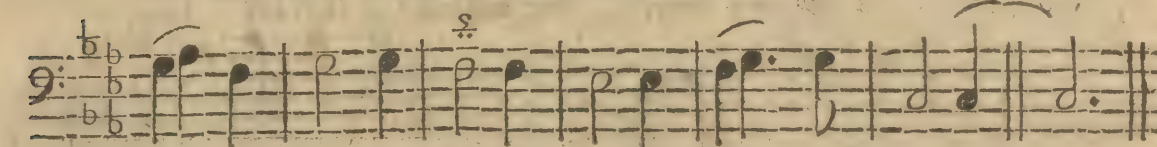
sleep, sleep and indulge thy self, sleep, sleep and in-dulge thy



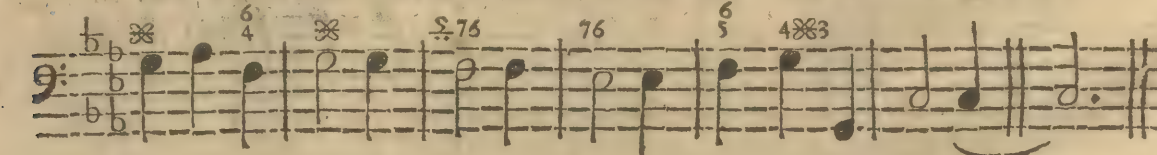
—dulge thy self, sleep, sleep and indulge thy self, sleep and indulge thy



self with rest; nor dream thou e're shalt rise a — gain.



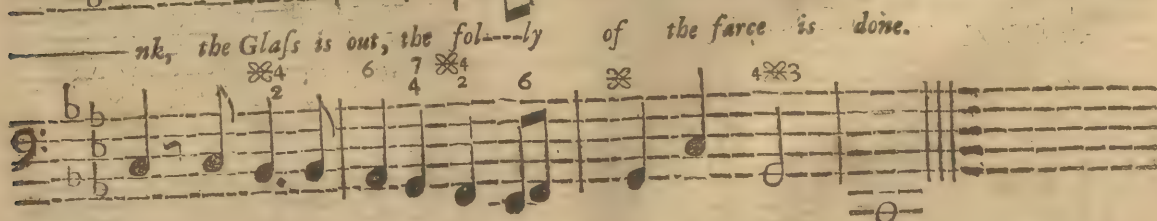
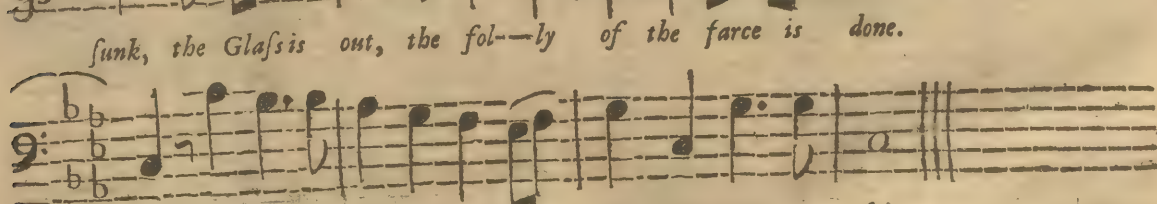
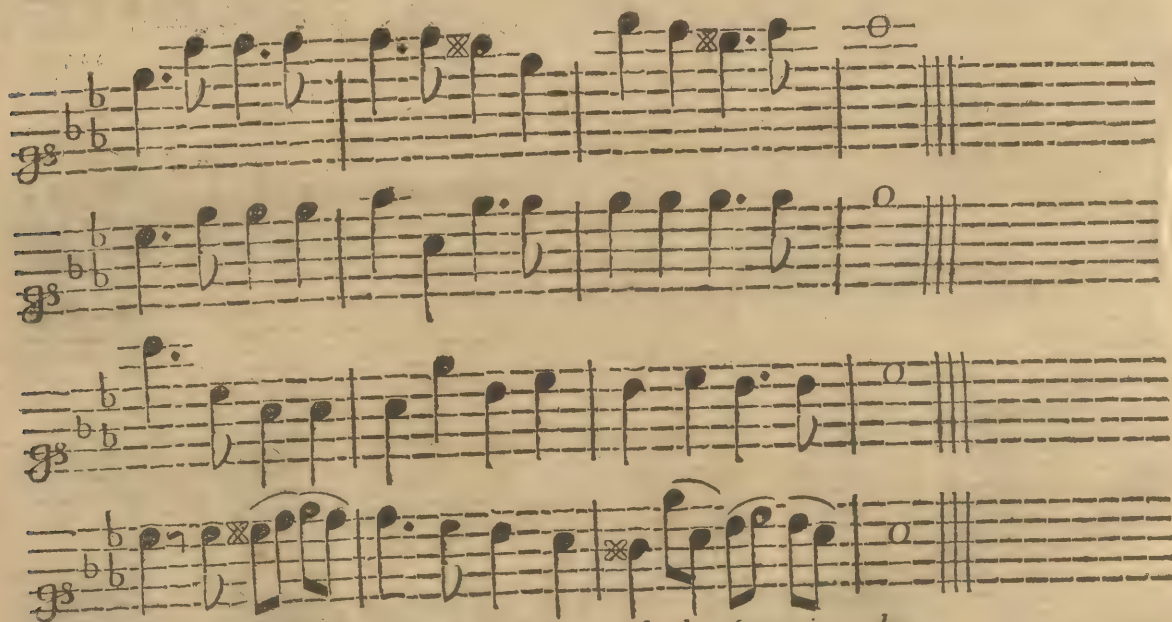
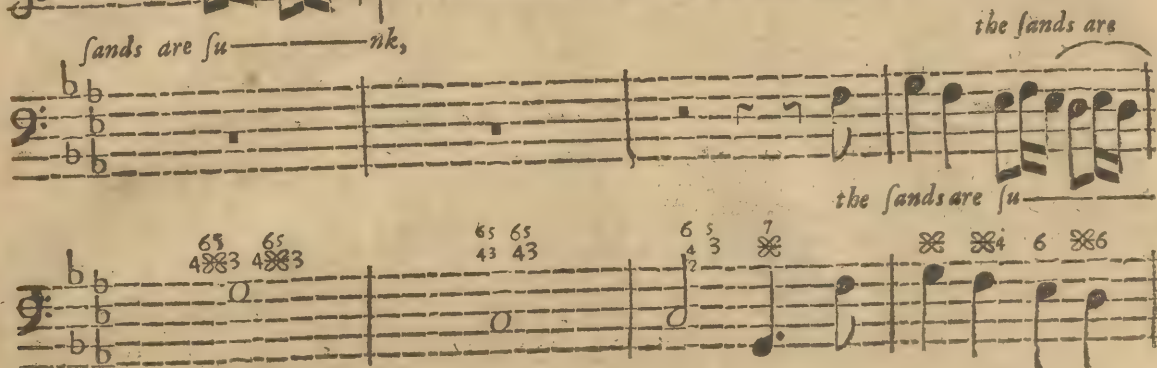
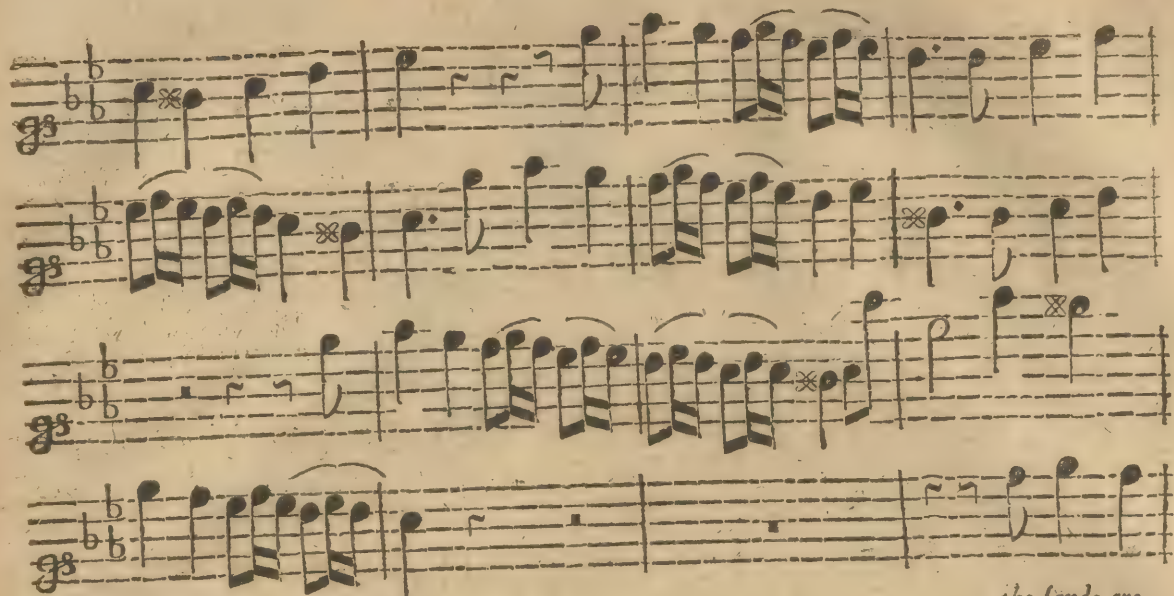
self with rest; nor dream thou e're shalt rise a — gain.



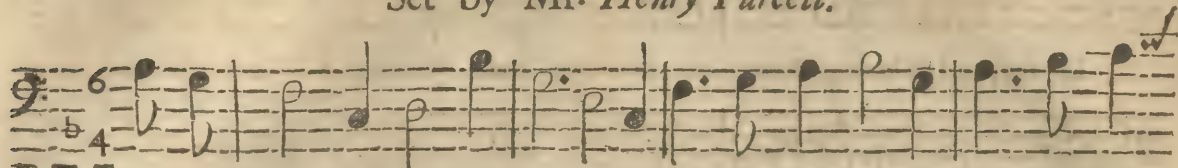
CHORUS.

Past is the fear of fu-ture doubt, of fu-ture

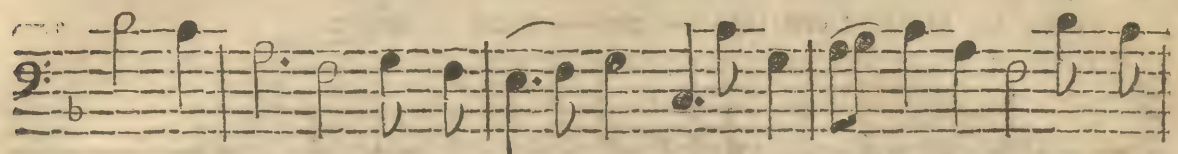
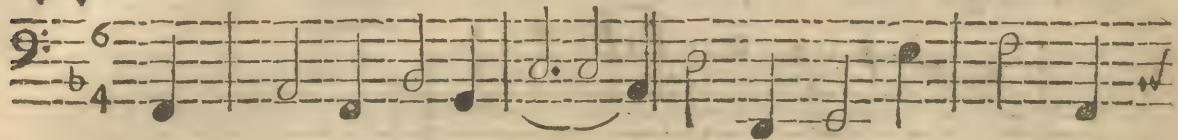
doubt, the Sun is from the Dy--al gone; the Sands are su--nk, the



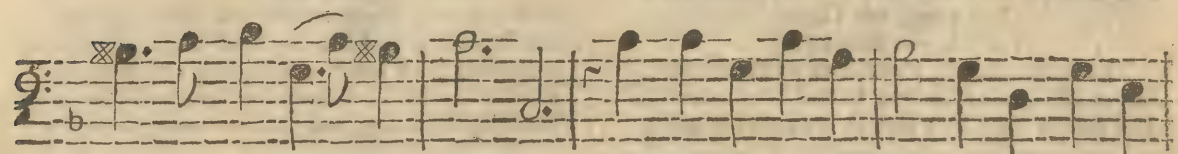
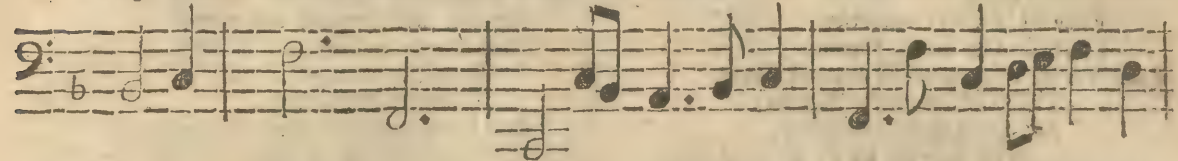
The 4th. Song, Sung by a Galley-Slave in the 3^d. A&.
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



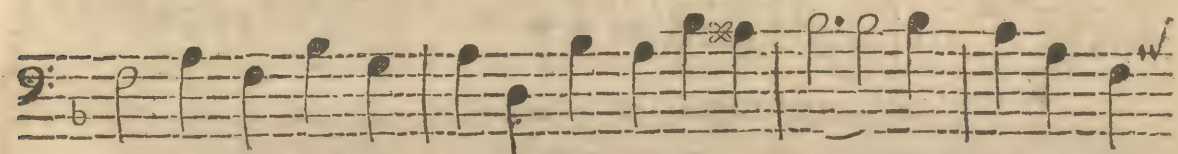
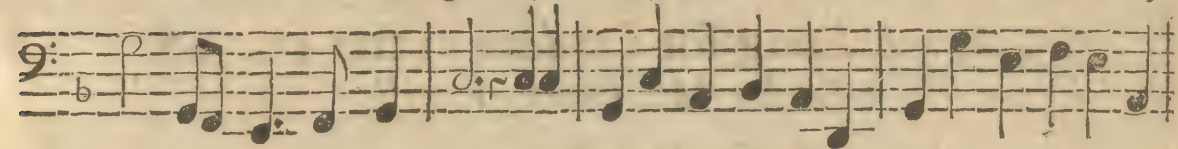
W hen the World first knew cre-a-tion, a Rogue was a top, a Rogue was a



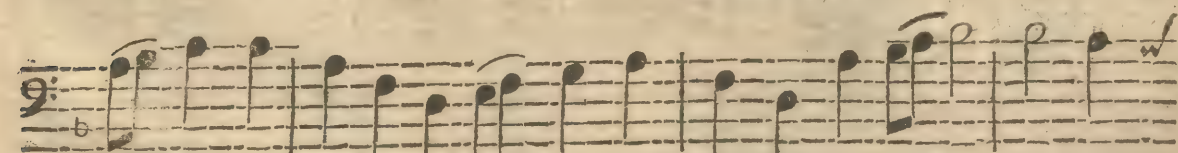
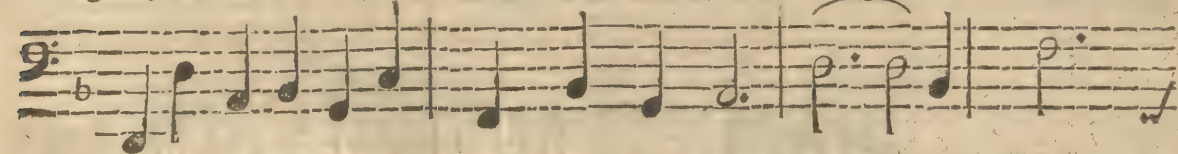
Top pro-—fession; when there were no more in all Nature but Four, there were



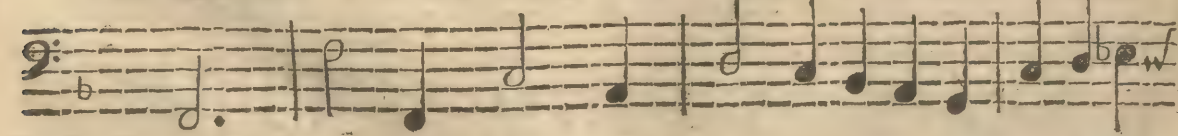
two of them in trans-gression, and the Seeds are no less, since that you may

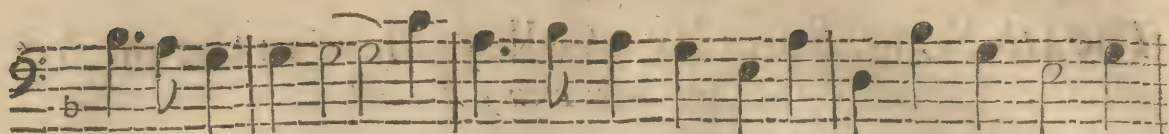


gues, but have in all A-ges been growing a—pace; there's Lying, and

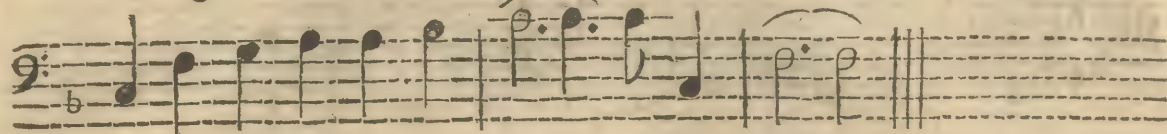
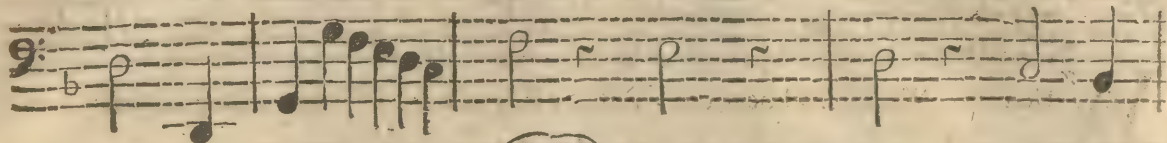


Theiving, Craft, Pride and de-cei-ving, Rage, Murder, and Roar—ing, Rape,

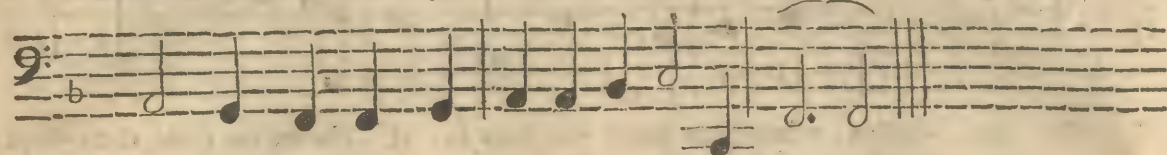




In-cest, and Whoring, Branch out from one Stock, the rank Vi--ces in Vogue, and



make all Mankind one Gy—gan—ti-cal Rogue.

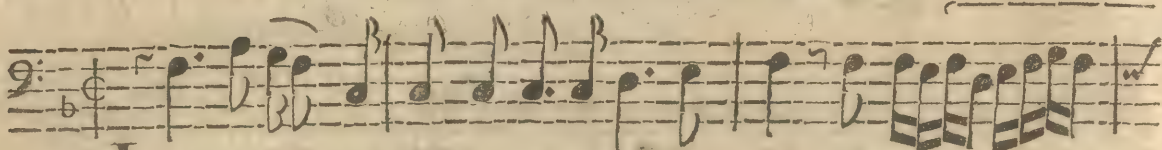


View all human Generation,
You'll find in every Station,
Lean Vertue decays, whilst Interest sways,
Th'ill Genius of the Nation;
All are Rogues in degrees,
The Lawyer for Fees,
The Courtier *Le cringe*, and the Alderman squeeze;
The Canter, the Toper,
The Church-Interloper,
The Punk, and the Practise of Piety Groper;
But of all, he that fails our true Rites to maintain,
And deserts the Cause Royal is deepest in grain.

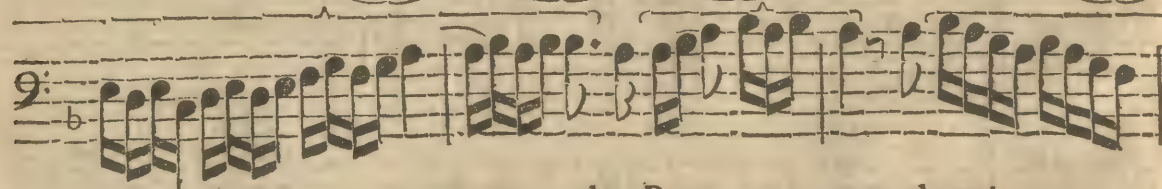
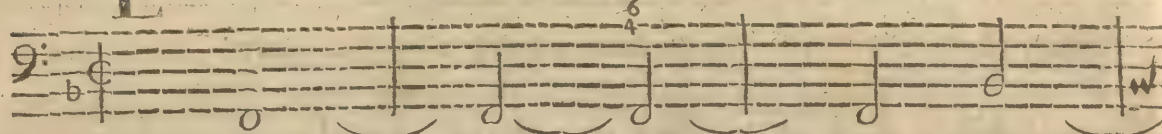
He that first to mend the matter,
Made Laws to bind our Nature,
shou'd have found a way,
To make Wills obey;
And have Modell'd new the Creature,
For the savage in Man,
From Original ran,
And in spite of Confinement now reigns as't began:
Heres Preaching and Praying, and Reason displaying,
Yet Brother with Brother, is Killing and Slaying;
Then blame not the Rogue that free-Sense does enjoy,
Then falls like a Log, and believes----he shall lye.

The 5th. Song for Cardenio in the 4th. Act.

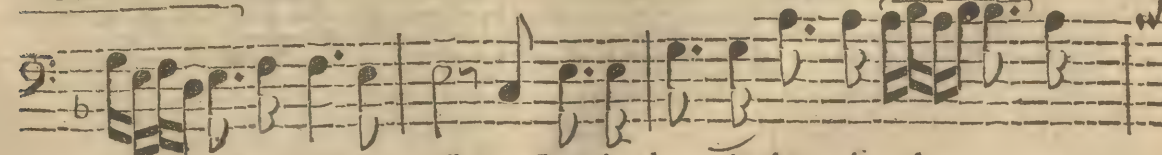
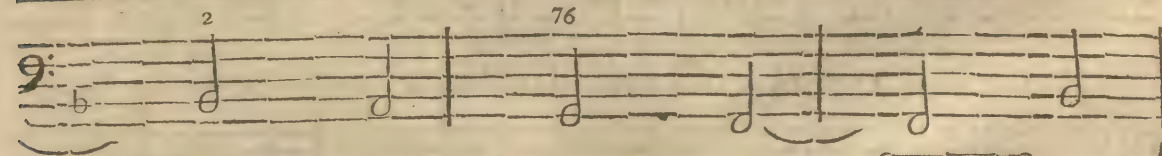
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



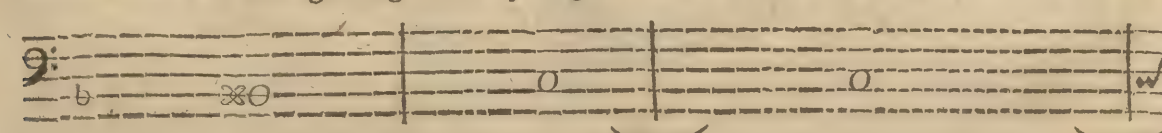
LET the dreadfull Engines of e--ter-nal will, the Thun-

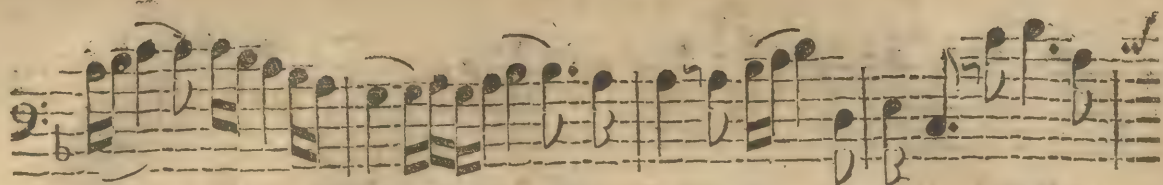


der Ro—ar and crook

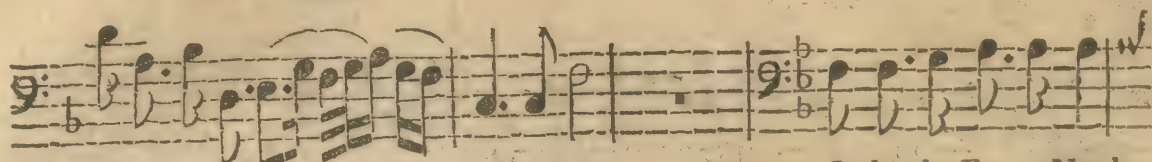
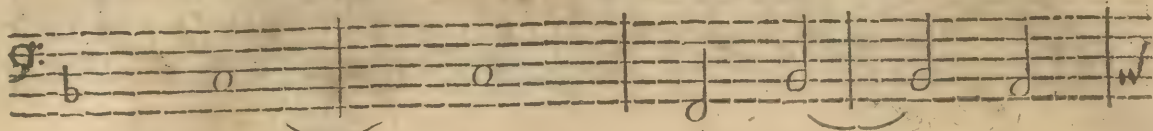


ed Lightning kill, my Rage is hot, is hot, is hot, as

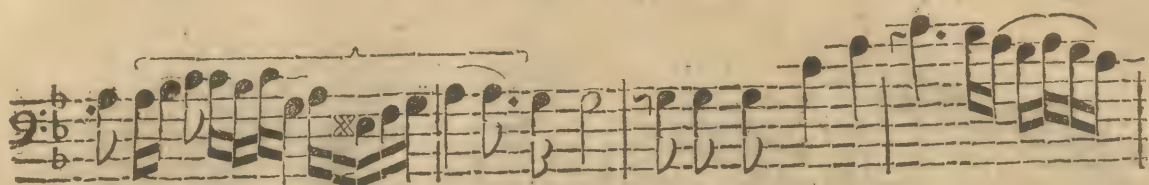
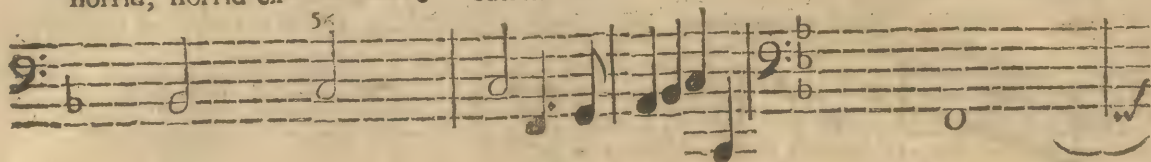




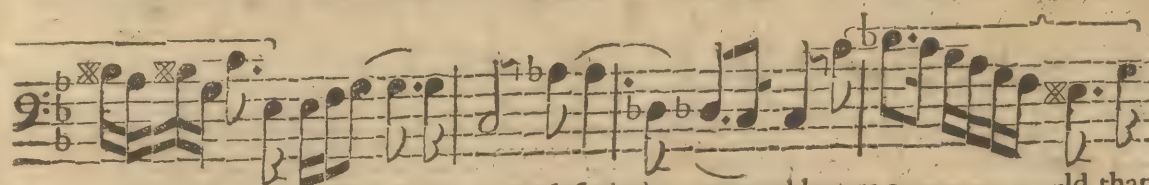
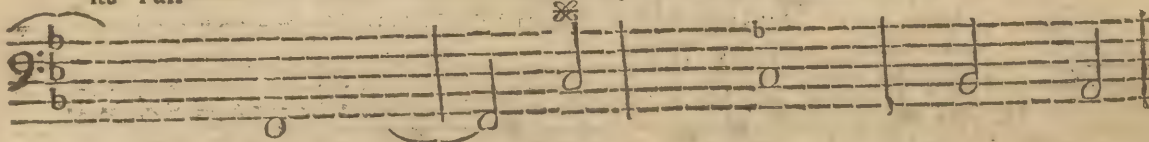
theirs as fa ————— tall too, and dares as horrid, and dares as



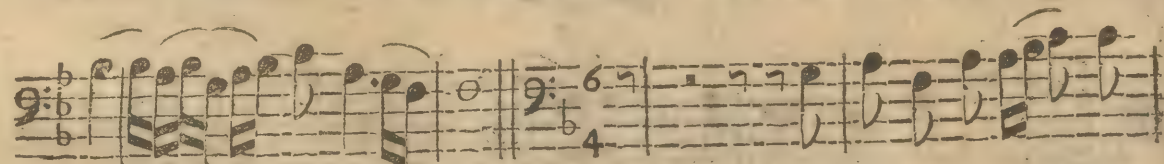
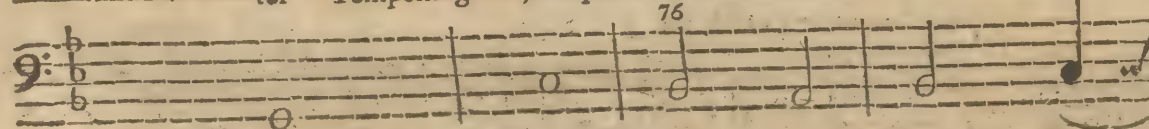
horrid, horrid ex ————— e ————— cution do: Or let the Frozen North



its ran ————— cour flow, within my Breast far, far grea —————

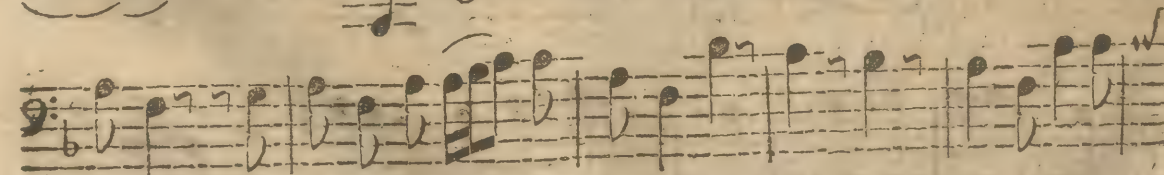
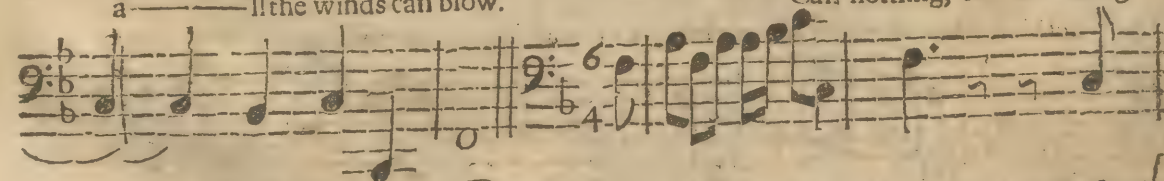


ter Tempests grow; despair's more cold, more co ————— ld than

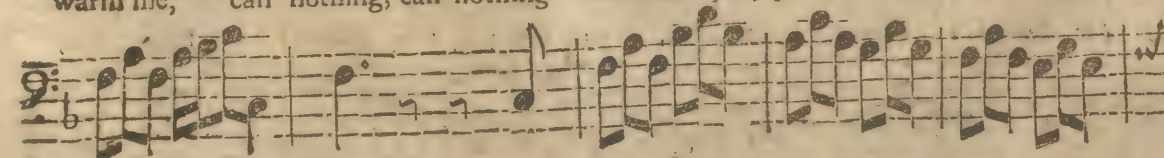


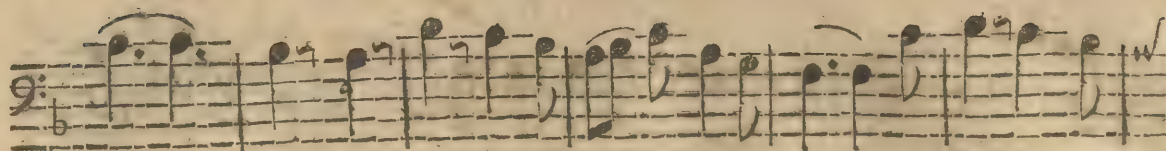
a ————— ll the winds can blow.

Can nothing, can no-thing

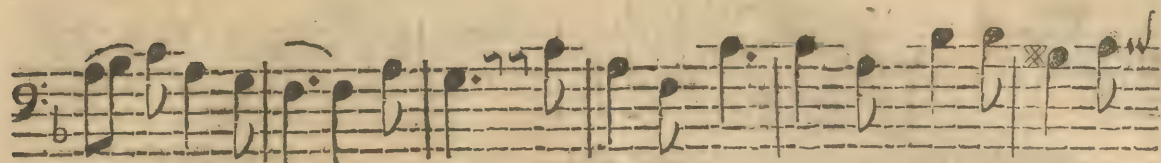
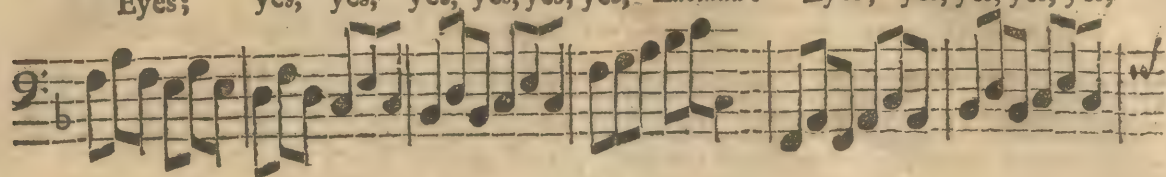


warm me, can nothing, can nothing warm me? yes, yes, yes, yes Lucinda's

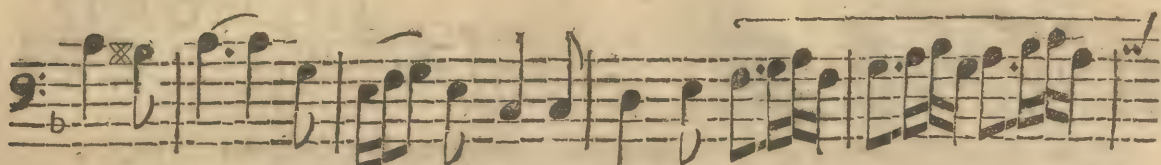
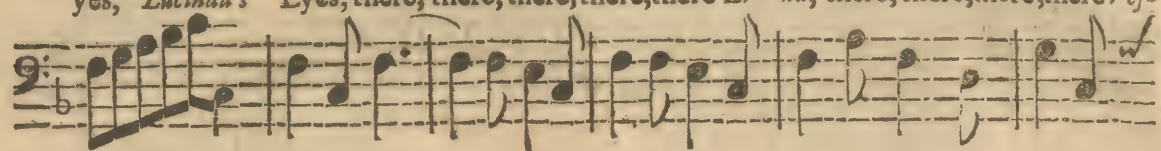




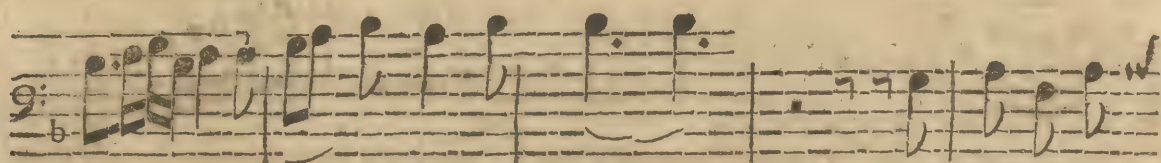
Eyes; yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes; yes, yes, yes, yes,



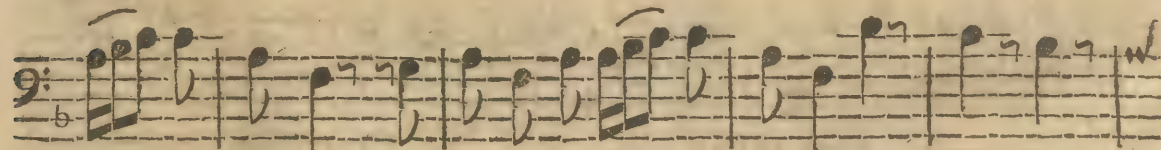
yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes; there, there, there, there, there *Et-na*, there, there, there, there *Ves-*



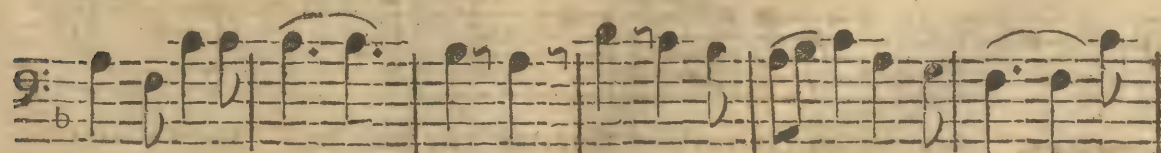
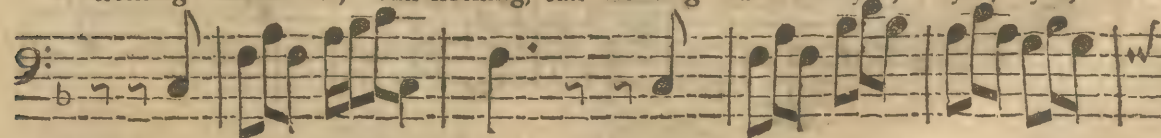
furio lyes, to fur-nish Hell with flames, that mount



ing, mounting reach the Skyes; can nothing, can

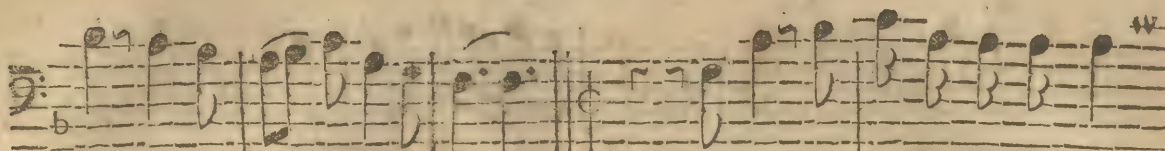


nothing warm me, can nothing, can nothing warm me? yes, yes, yes,



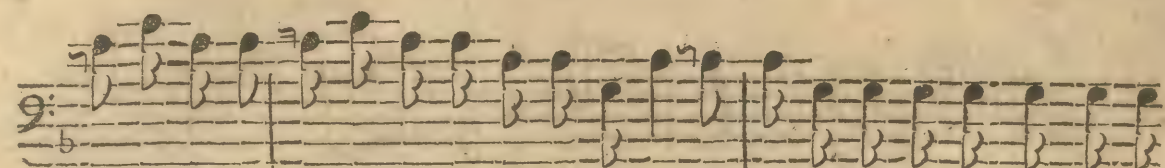
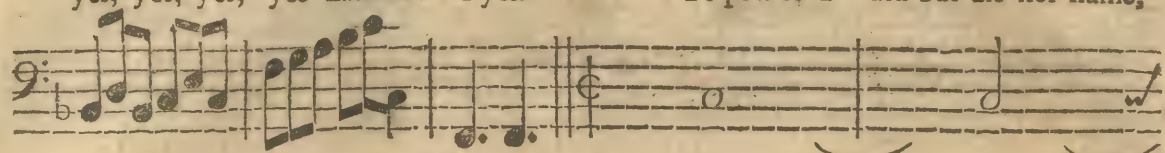
yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes; yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes; yes,



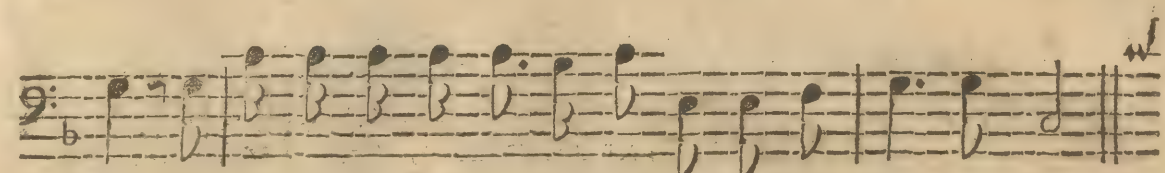
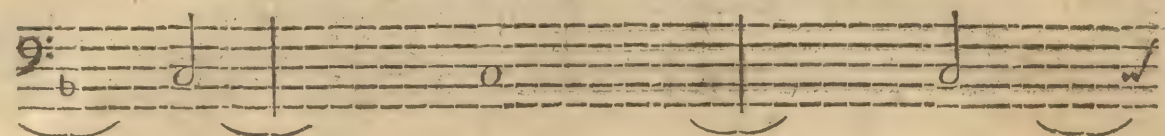


yes, yes, yes, yes *Lucinda's* Eyes.

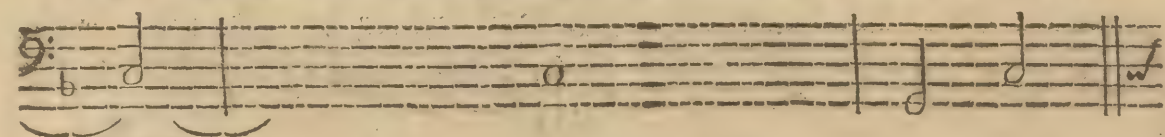
Ye pow'rs I did but use her name,



and see how all, and see how all the Meteors flame, blew lightning flashes round the Court of



Sol, and now the Globe more feircely burns than once at *Phaeton's* fall.

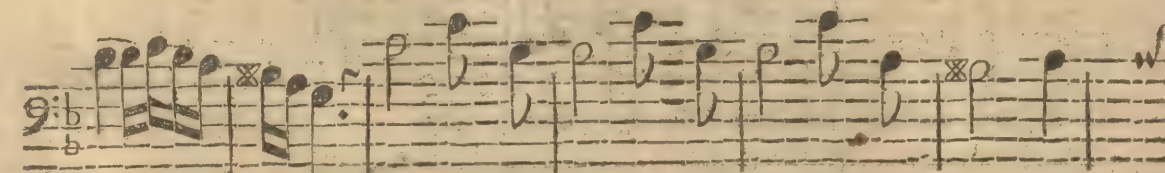


Slow.

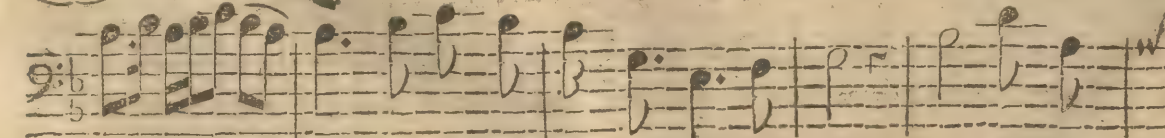
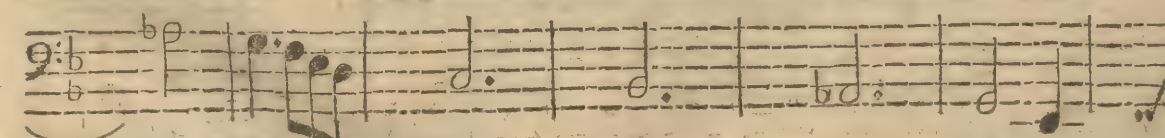


Ah!

ah!



where, where are now, where are now, where are now those

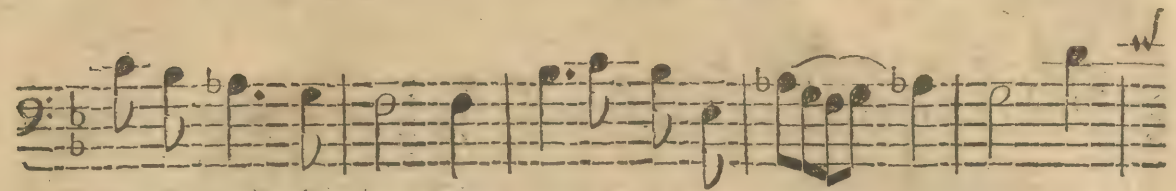
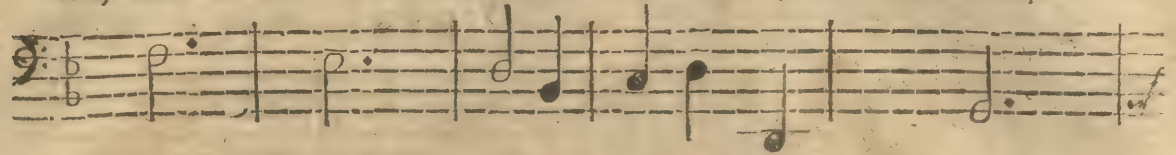


Flow—r'y Groves, where *Zephir's* fragrant winds did play? ah! where are

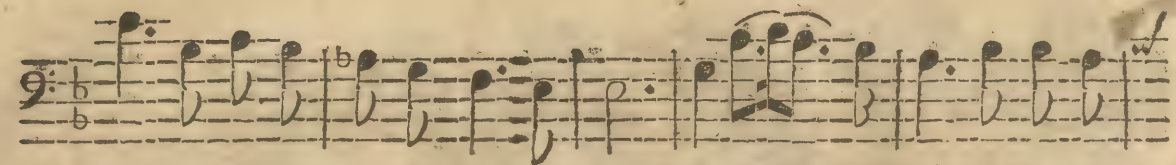
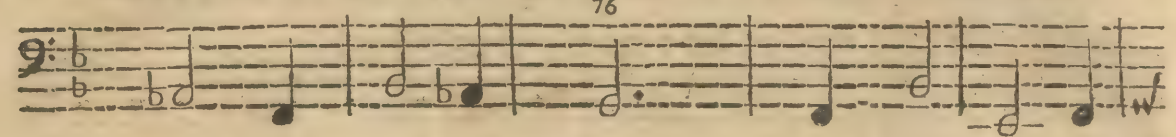




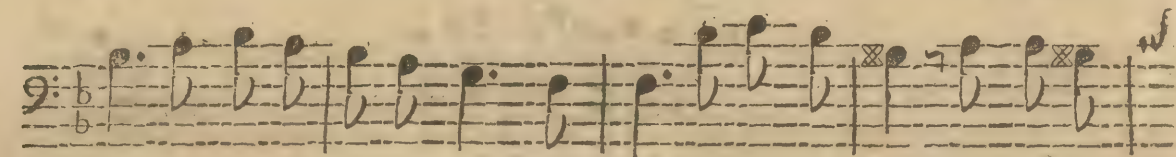
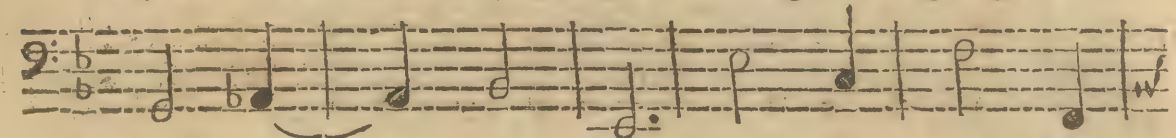
now, where are now, where are now those flow——r'y Groves, where Zephyr's



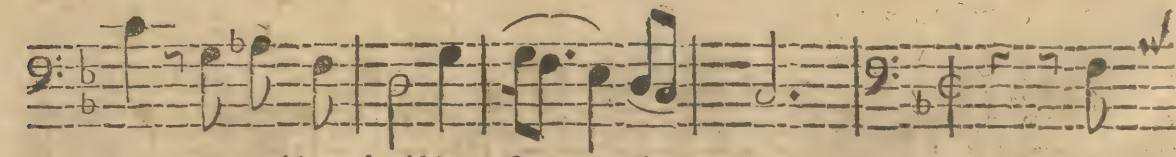
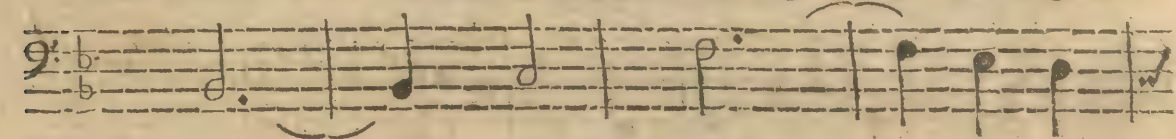
fragrant winds did play ? where guarded by a Troop of Loves, the



fair, the fair Lu—cin—da sleeping lay, there Sung the Nightingale, and

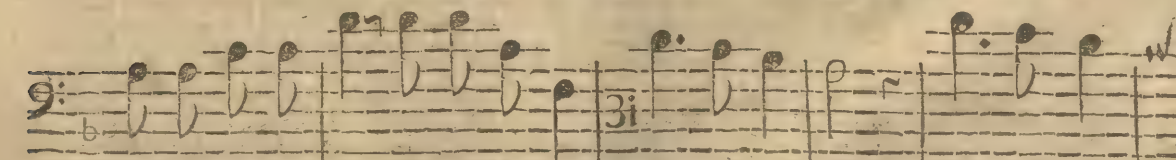


Lark, around us all was sweet and gay, we ne're grew sad till it grew

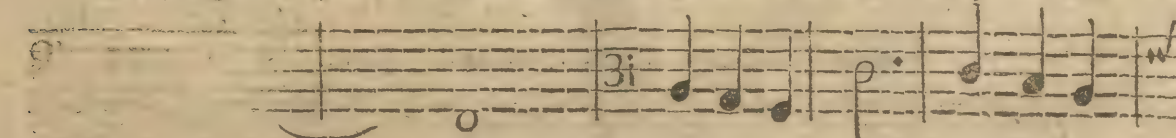


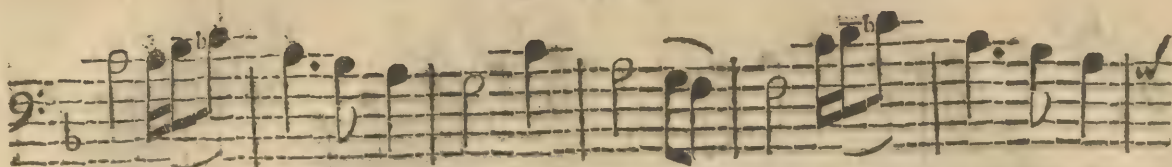
dark, nor nothing fear'd but short——ning day.

I

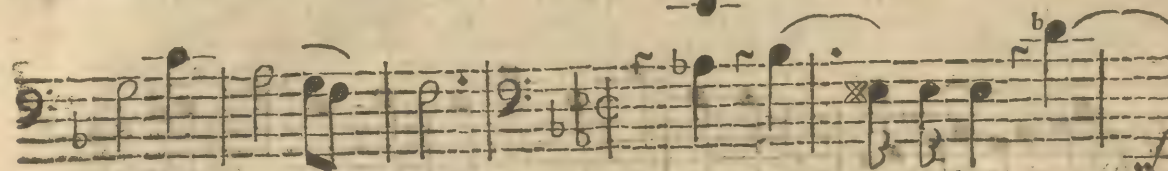


glow, I glow, I glow, but 'tis with hate, why must I burn, why must I

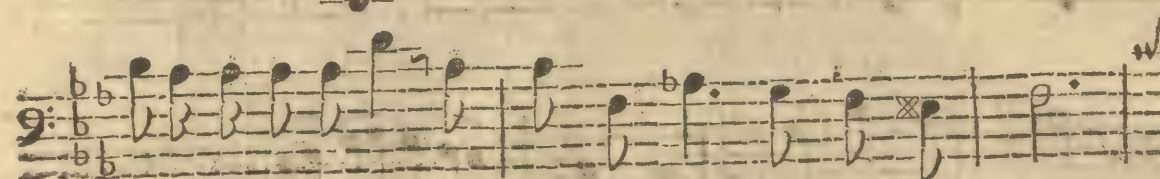
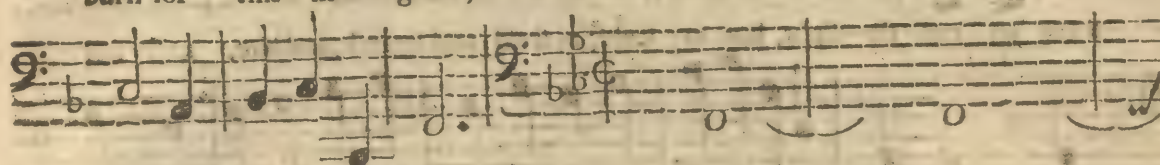




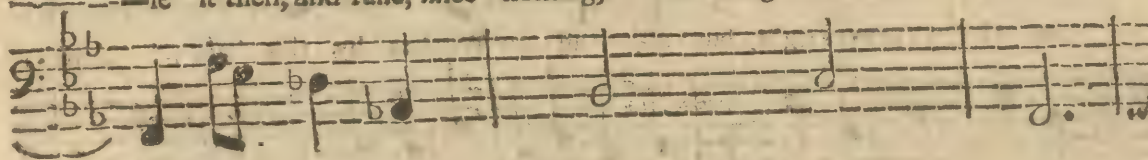
burn, why, why must I burn for this in—grate, why, why must I



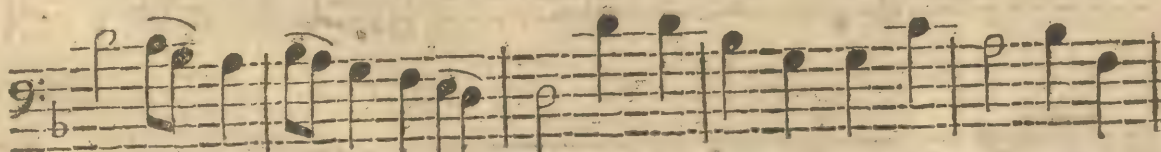
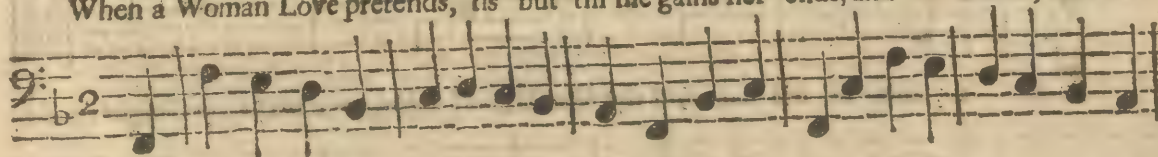
burn for this in—grate; Coole, coole it then, coo—



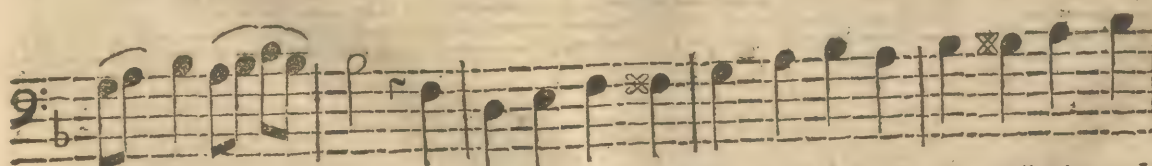
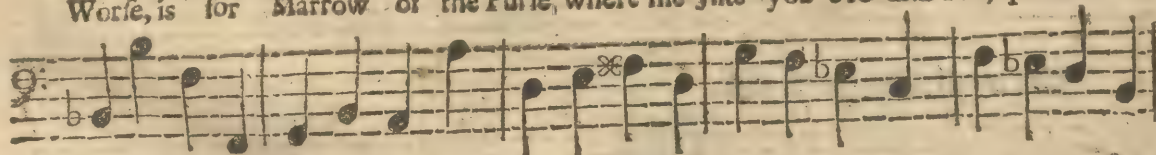
le it then, and raile, since nothing, no—thing will pre—vaile.



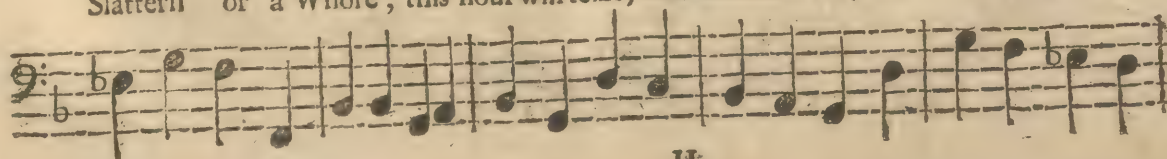
When a Woman Love pretends, 'tis but till she gains her ends, and for better, and for



Worse, is for Marrow of the Purse, where she Jilts you o're and o're, proves a



Slattern or a Whore; this hour will teize, will teize and vex, will teize, will teize and



A single line of musical notation on a five-line staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some beamed eighth notes. The notes are: G2, A2, Bb2, C3, D3, E3, F3, G3, A3, Bb3, C4, D4, E4, F4, G4, A4, Bb4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, A5, Bb5, C6, D6, E6, F6, G6, A6, Bb6, C7, D7, E7, F7, G7, A7, Bb7, C8, D8, E8, F8, G8, A8, Bb8, C9, D9, E9, F9, G9, A9, Bb9, C10, D10, E10, F10, G10, A10, Bb10, C11, D11, E11, F11, G11, A11, Bb11, C12, D12, E12, F12, G12, A12, Bb12, C13, D13, E13, F13, G13, A13, Bb13, C14, D14, E14, F14, G14, A14, Bb14, C15, D15, E15, F15, G15, A15, Bb15, C16, D16, E16, F16, G16, A16, Bb16, C17, D17, E17, F17, G17, A17, Bb17, C18, D18, E18, F18, G18, A18, Bb18, C19, D19, E19, F19, G19, A19, Bb19, C20, D20, E20, F20, G20, A20, Bb20, C21, D21, E21, F21, G21, A21, Bb21, C22, D22, E22, F22, G22, A22, Bb22, C23, D23, E23, F23, G23, A23, Bb23, C24, D24, E24, F24, G24, A24, Bb24, C25, D25, E25, F25, G25, A25, Bb25, C26, D26, E26, F26, G26, A26, Bb26, C27, D27, E27, F27, G27, A27, Bb27, C28, D28, E28, F28, G28, A28, Bb28, C29, D29, E29, F29, G29, A29, Bb29, C30, D30, E30, F30, G30, A30, Bb30, C31, D31, E31, F31, G31, A31, Bb31, C32, D32, E32, F32, G32, A32, Bb32, C33, D33, E33, F33, G33, A33, Bb33, C34, D34, E34, F34, G34, A34, Bb34, C35, D35, E35, F35, G35, A35, Bb35, C36, D36, E36, F36, G36, A36, Bb36, C37, D37, E37, F37, G37, A37, Bb37, C38, D38, E38, F38, G38, A38, Bb38, C39, D39, E39, F39, G39, A39, Bb39, C40, D40, E40, F40, G40, A40, Bb40, C41, D41, E41, F41, G41, A41, Bb41, C42, D42, E42, F42, G42, A42, Bb42, C43, D43, E43, F43, G43, A43, Bb43, C44, D44, E44, F44, G44, A44, Bb44, C45, D45, E45, F45, G45, A45, Bb45, C46, D46, E46, F46, G46, A46, Bb46, C47, D47, E47, F47, G47, A47, Bb47, C48, D48, E48, F48, G48, A48, Bb48, C49, D49, E49, F49, G49, A49, Bb49, C50, D50, E50, F50, G50, A50, Bb50, C51, D51, E51, F51, G51, A51, Bb51, C52, D52, E52, F52, G52, A52, Bb52, C53, D53, E53, F53, G53, A53, Bb53, C54, D54, E54, F54, G54, A54, Bb54, C55, D55, E55, F55, G55, A55, Bb55, C56, D56, E56, F56, G56, A56, Bb56, C57, D57, E57, F57, G57, A57, Bb57, C58, D58, E58, F58, G58, A58, Bb58, C59, D59, E59, F59, G59, A59, Bb59, C60, D60, E60, F60, G60, A60, Bb60, C61, D61, E61, F61, G61, A61, Bb61, C62, D62, E62, F62, G62, A62, Bb62, C63, D63, E63, F63, G63, A63, Bb63, C64, D64, E64, F64, G64, A64, Bb64, C65, D65, E65, F65, G65, A65, Bb65, C66, D66, E66, F66, G66, A66, Bb66, C67, D67, E67, F67, G67, A67, Bb67, C68, D68, E68, F68, G68, A68, Bb68, C69, D69, E69, F69, G69, A69, Bb69, C70, D70, E70, F70, G70, A70, Bb70, C71, D71, E71, F71, G71, A71, Bb71, C72, D72, E72, F72, G72, A72, Bb72, C73, D73, E73, F73, G73, A73, Bb73, C74, D74, E74, F74, G74, A74, Bb74, C75, D75, E75, F75, G75, A75, Bb75, C76, D76, E76, F76, G76, A76, Bb76, C77, D77, E77, F77, G77, A77, Bb77, C78, D78, E78, F78, G78, A78, Bb78, C79, D79, E79, F79, G79, A79, Bb79, C80, D80, E80, F80, G80, A80, Bb80, C81, D81, E81, F81, G81, A81, Bb81, C82, D82, E82, F82, G82, A82, Bb82, C83, D83, E83, F83, G83, A83, Bb83, C84, D84, E84, F84, G84, A84, Bb84, C85, D85, E85, F85, G85, A85, Bb85, C86, D86, E86, F86, G86, A86, Bb86, C87, D87, E87, F87, G87, A87, Bb87, C88, D88, E88, F88, G88, A88, Bb88, C89, D89, E89, F89, G89, A89, Bb89, C90, D90, E90, F90, G90, A90, Bb90, C91, D91, E91, F91, G91, A91, Bb91, C92, D92, E92, F92, G92, A92, Bb92, C93, D93, E93, F93, G93, A93, Bb93, C94, D94, E94, F94, G94, A94, Bb94, C95, D95, E95, F95, G95, A95, Bb95, C96, D96, E96, F96, G96, A96, Bb96, C97, D97, E97, F97, G97, A97, Bb97, C98, D98, E98, F98, G98, A98, Bb98, C99, D99, E99, F99, G99, A99, Bb99, C100, D100, E100, F100, G100, A100, Bb100, C101, D101, E101, F101, G101, A101, Bb101, C102, D102, E102, F102, G102, A102, Bb102, C103, D103, E103, F103, G103, A103, Bb103, C104, D104, E104, F104, G104, A104, Bb104, C105, D105, E105, F105, G105, A105, Bb105, C106, D106, E106, F106, G106, A106, Bb106, C107, D107, E107, F107, G107, A107, Bb107, C108, D108, E108, F108, G108, A108, Bb108, C109, D109, E109, F109, G109, A109, Bb109, C110, D110, E110, F110, G110, A110, Bb110, C111, D111, E111, F111, G111, A111, Bb111, C112, D112, E112, F112, G112, A112, Bb112, C113, D113, E113, F113, G113, A113, Bb113, C114, D114, E114, F114, G114, A114, Bb114, C115, D115, E115, F115, G115, A115, Bb115, C116, D116, E116, F116, G116, A116, Bb116, C117, D117, E117, F117, G117, A117, Bb117, C118, D118, E118, F118, G118, A118, Bb118, C119, D119, E119, F119, G119, A119, Bb119, C120, D120, E120, F120, G120, A120, Bb120, C121, D121, E121, F121, G121, A121, Bb121, C122, D122, E122, F122, G122, A122, Bb122, C123, D123, E123, F123, G123, A123, Bb123, C124, D124, E124, F124, G124, A124, Bb124, C125, D125, E125, F125, G125, A125, Bb125, C126, D126, E126, F126, G126, A126, Bb126, C127, D127, E127, F127, G127, A127, Bb127, C128, D128, E128, F128, G128, A128, Bb128, C129, D129, E129, F129, G129, A129, Bb129, C130, D130, E130, F130, G130, A130, Bb130, C131, D131, E131, F131, G131, A131, Bb131, C132, D132, E132, F132, G132, A132, Bb132, C133, D133, E133, F133, G133, A133, Bb133, C134, D134, E134, F134, G134, A134, Bb1

—ment us, not de—light, but to scold, to scold, and scratch, and bite, and not

The 6th. Song for Sancho in the 4th. Act.

Set by Mr. John Eccles.

WAS early one morning, the Cock had just Crow'd; Sing hey ding,
 hoe ding, langtridown der-ry; my ho-lyday Clothes on, and face newly
 Mow'd, with a hey down, hoe down, drink your brown Ber-ry; The
 Sky was all painted, no Scarlet so Fed, for the Sun was just then getting
 out of his Bed, when Te--re--sa and I went to Church to besped, with a
 hey ding, hoe ding, shall I come to Woos thee; hey ding, hoe ding,
 will ye buck'e to me, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding derry, derry, derry
 ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, hey langtudown derry.

II.

Her Face was as fair, as ift had been in Print;

Sing hey ding, &c.

And her small Ferret Eyes, did lovingly Squint,

With a hey down, &c.

Yet her Mouth had been damag'd with Comfits and Plumbs,

And her Teeth that were uselefs, for biting her Thumbs,

Had late like ill Tennants, forsaken her Gums;

With a hey ding, hoe ding, &c.

III.

But when night came on, and we both were a bed;

Sing hey ding, &c.

Such strange things were done, ther's no more to be said,

With a hey down, &c.

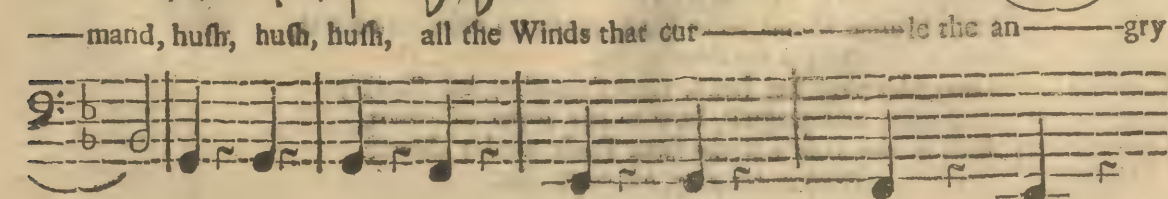
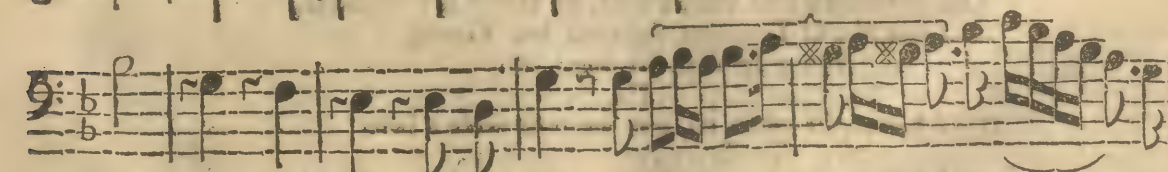
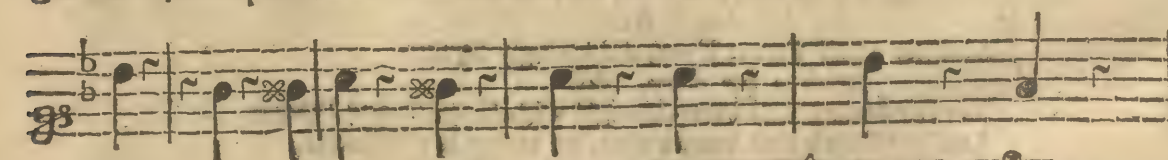
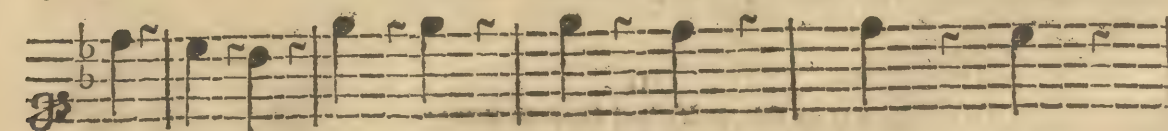
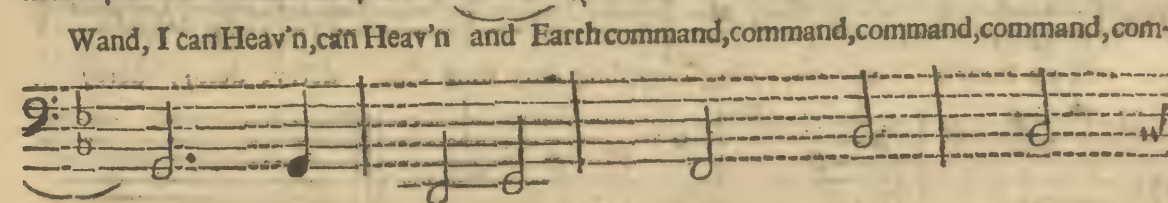
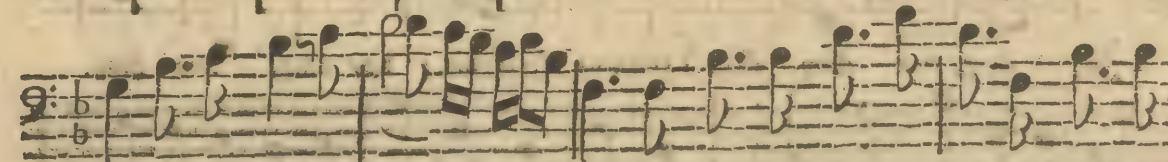
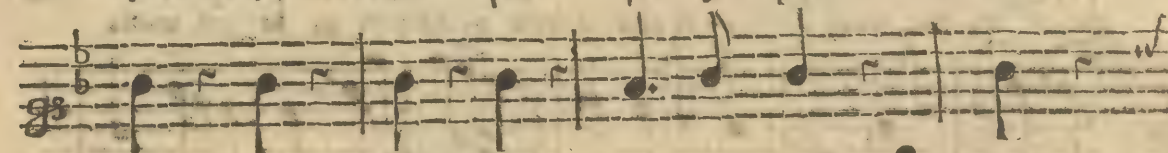
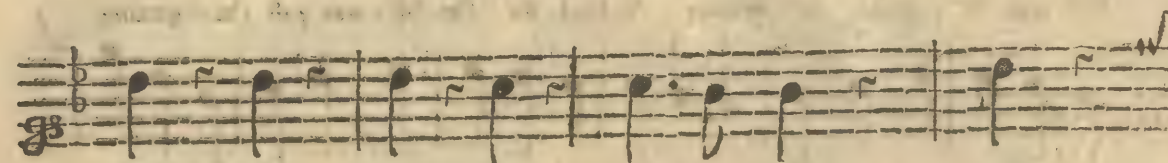
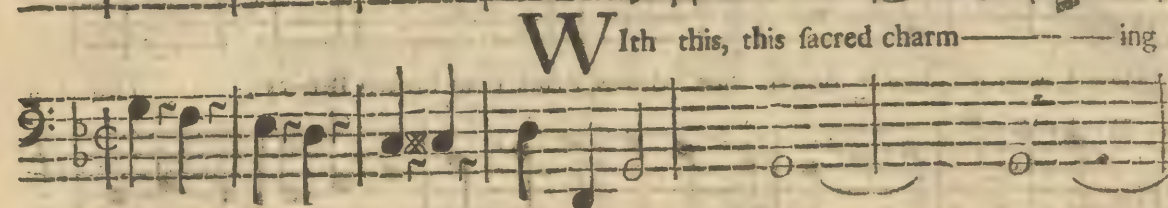
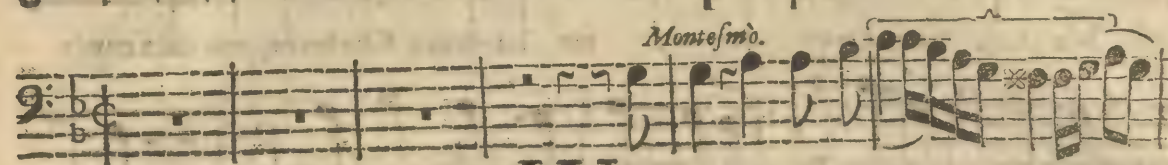
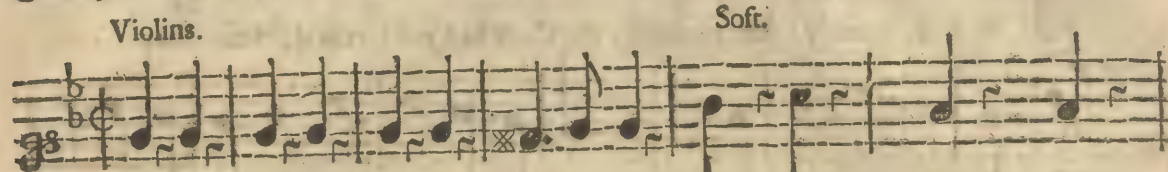
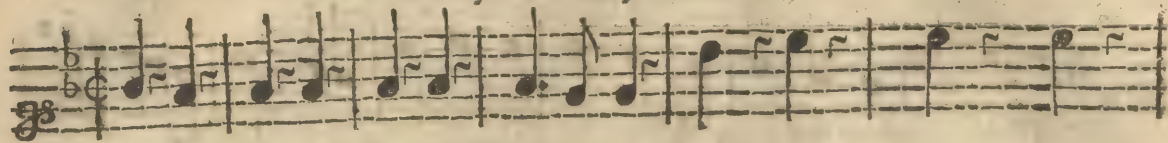
Next Morning her head, ran of mending her Gown;

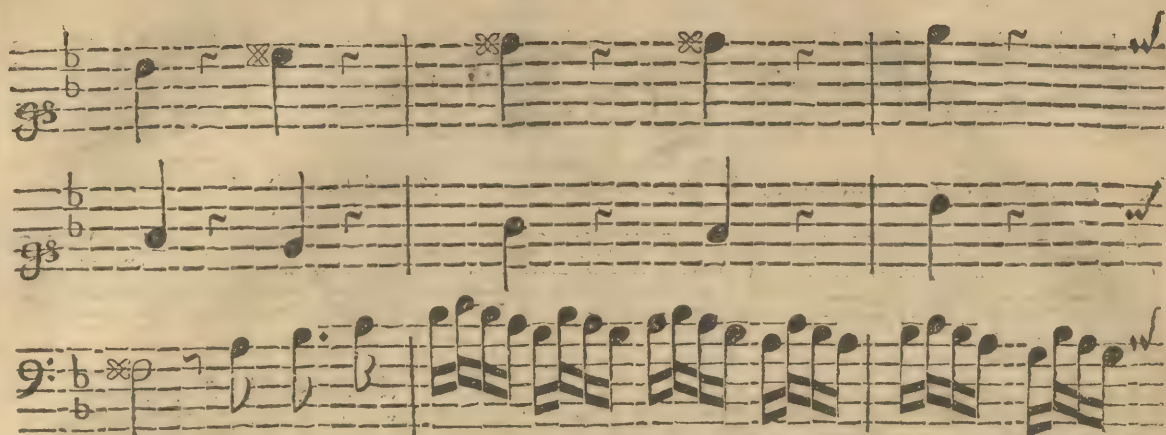
And mine was plagu'd, how to pay Piper a Crown,

And so we rose up, the same Fools we lay down;

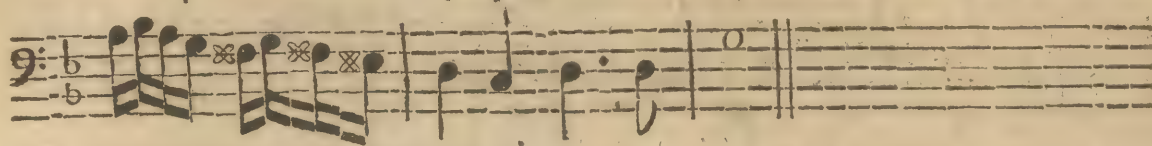
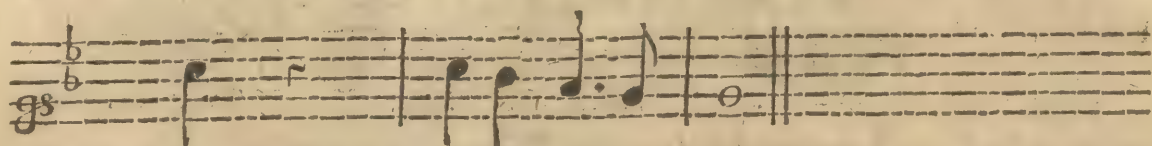
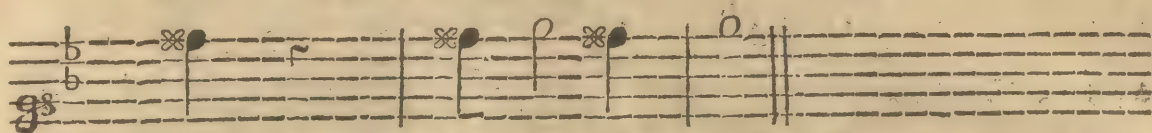
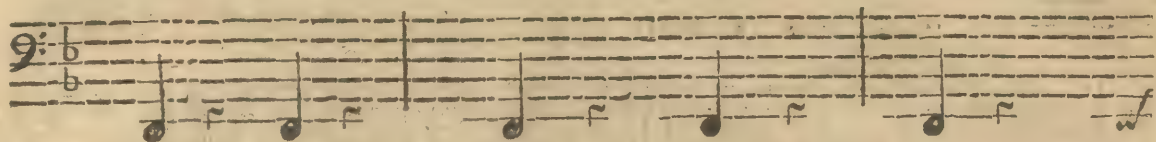
With a hey ding, hoe ding, &c.

The 7th. Song for *Montesino* an Inchanter, and *Mellissa* and *Urganda*
 Inchantresses. Sung in the 5th. Act of the first Part of *Don-Quixot*.
 Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

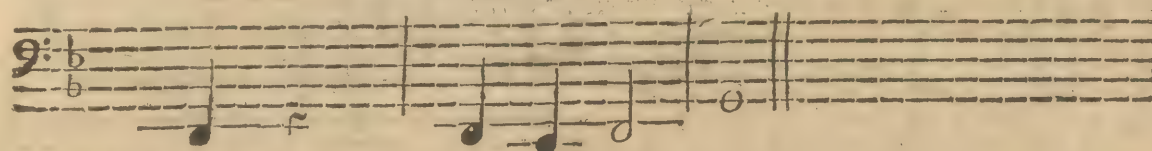




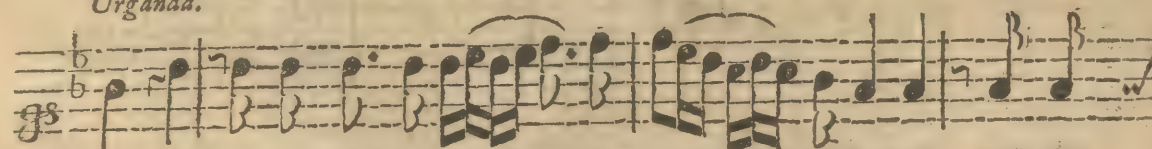
Sea, and make the row



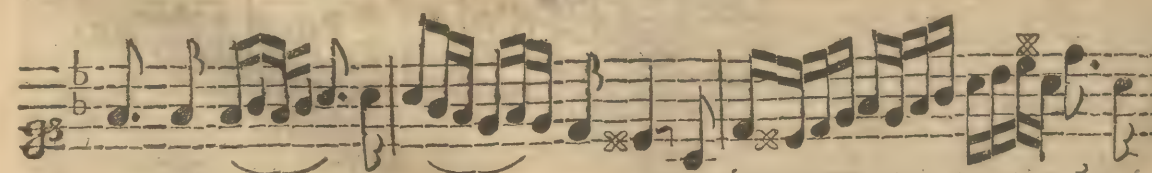
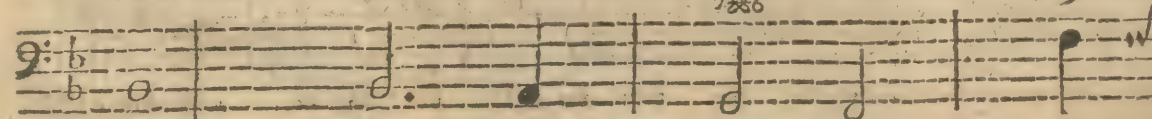
ling Waves o—bey.



Urganda.



I, I from the Clouds can Con—jure down the Rain, I from the

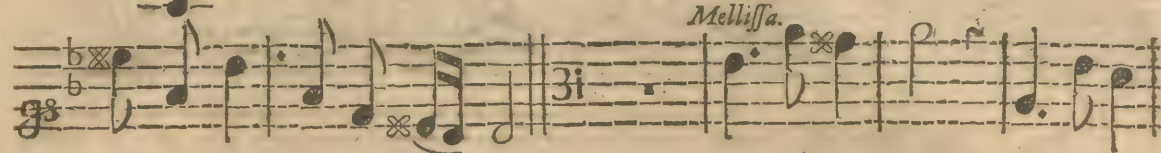
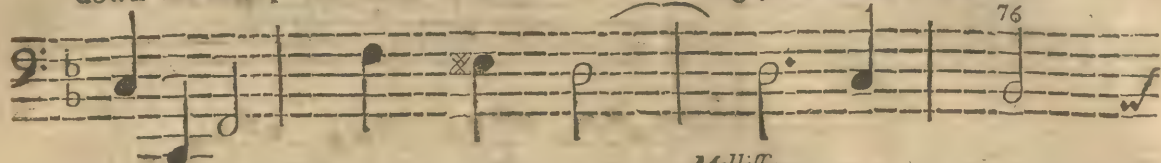


Clouds can Con—jure down the Rain, can Con—jure

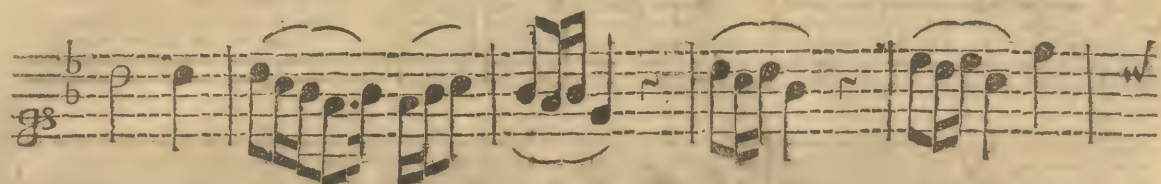
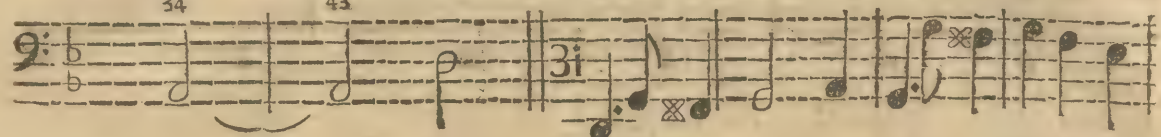




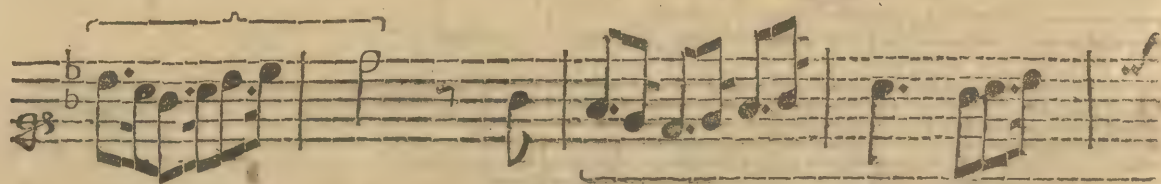
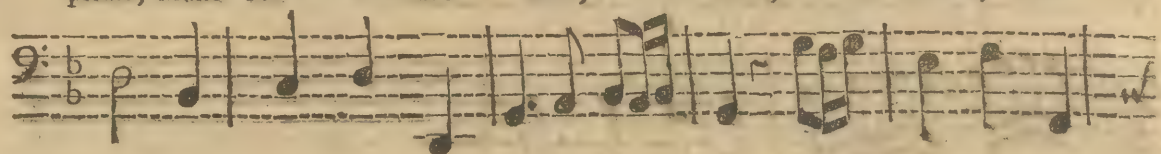
down the Rain; and make it De— luge, and make it De—



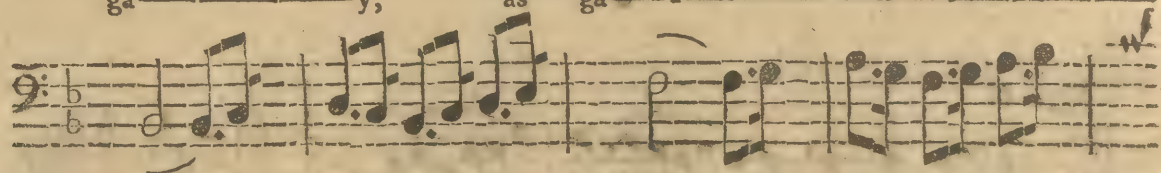
luge once, once a—gain: I, when I please, I, when I



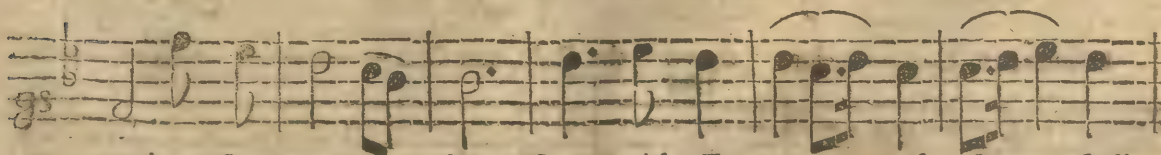
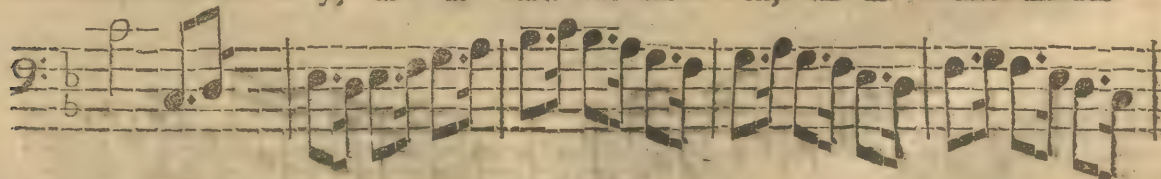
please, make Na—ture smile, smile, smile, as



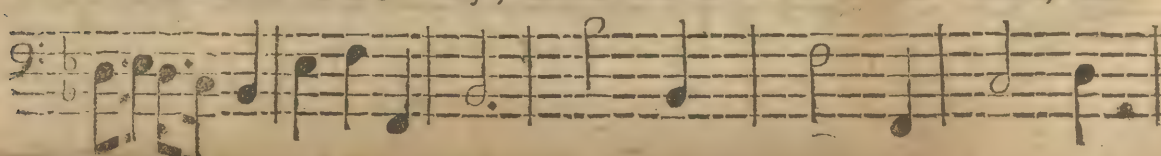
ga—y, as ga—



y, as at first she did on, as at first she did



on her Cre—a-tion day; Groves with E—ter-nal sweets, shall



fra—grant grow, shall fragrant, fra--grant grow, and

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes a dotted half note, a half note, and several eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, and A4. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with quarter notes G3, F3, and E3. A bracket above the treble staff indicates a phrase of six notes: G4, A4, Bb4, A4, G4, and F4.

A single staff of handwritten musical notation on aged, yellowed paper. The staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and a final half note. A bracket above the staff groups the first four measures. The paper shows signs of age, including discoloration and some staining.

CHORUS.

Groves with E — ter — nal sweets shall fra — grant grow, shall fragrant,

A single staff of handwritten musical notation on aged, yellowed paper. The notation includes a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of several measures, with notes written in a cursive, handwritten style. There are various note values, including quarter notes, eighth notes, and half notes, some beamed together. Bar lines are present, and there are some markings above the staff that could be figured bass or performance instructions. The paper shows signs of age, including foxing and slight discoloration.

Groves with E—ter—nal sweets shall fra—grant gro—w,

A single staff of handwritten musical notation on aged paper. The staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes several measures with notes of varying durations, including quarter and eighth notes. There are also rests and dynamic markings, specifically 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte), interspersed throughout the piece. The handwriting is fluid and characteristic of 18th or 19th-century musical manuscripts.

Groves with E—ter--nal sweets shall fra--grant grow, shall fragrant,

fra—grant grow ; and make a true E—li—

and make a true E—li— zium, and make a true E—li—

fra—grant grow, and make a true E—li— zium, and

— zium, and make a true E—li— zium here be—

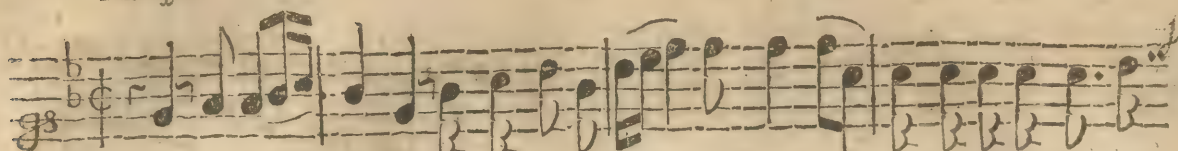
— zium, a true E—li— zium, here be—

make a true E—li— zium here be—

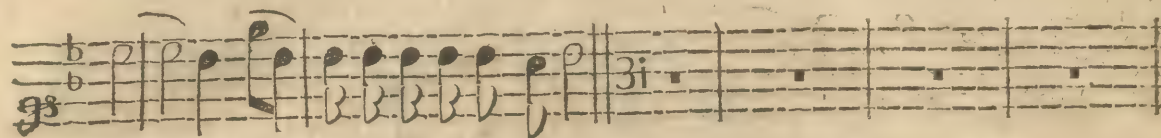
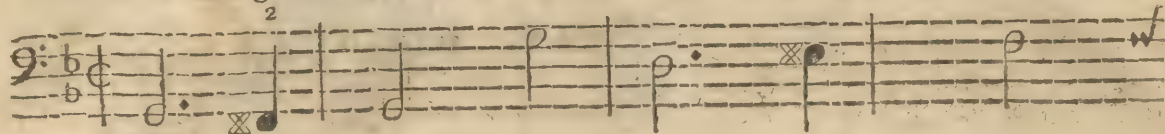
low. Ritornello.

low.

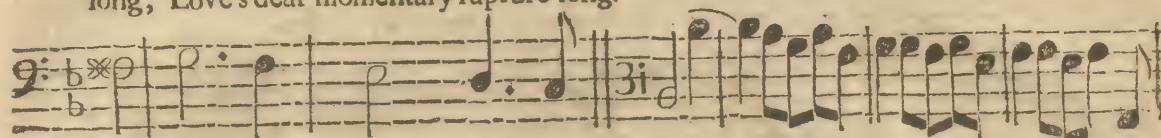
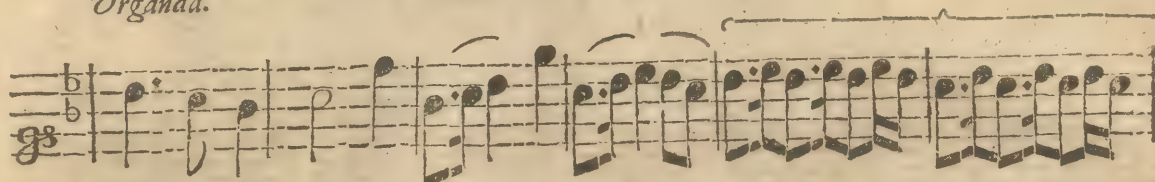
low.

Melissa.

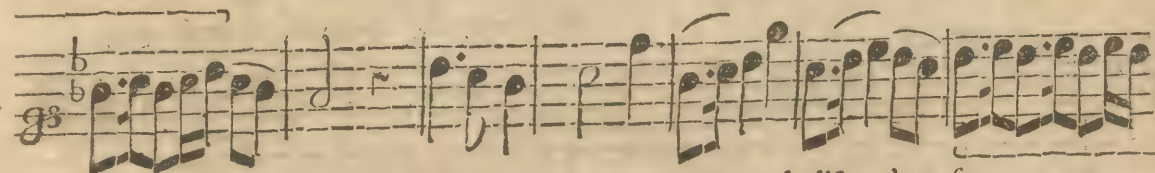
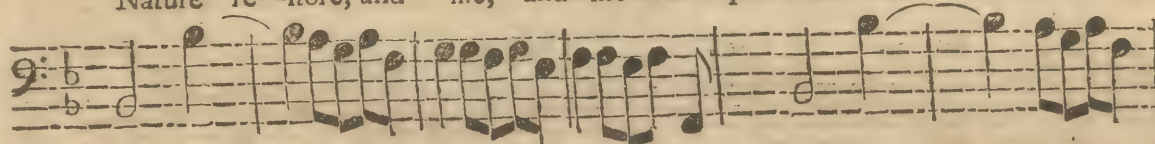
I can give Beauty, make the aged young, and Love's dear momentary rapture



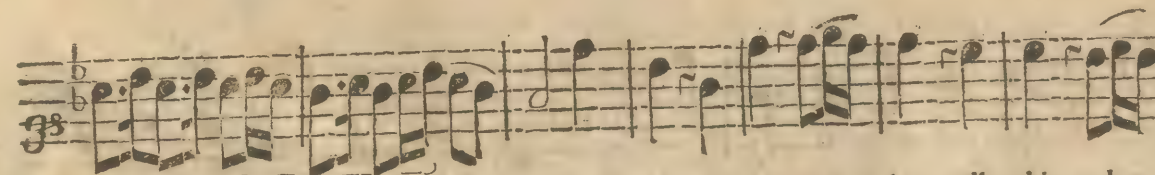
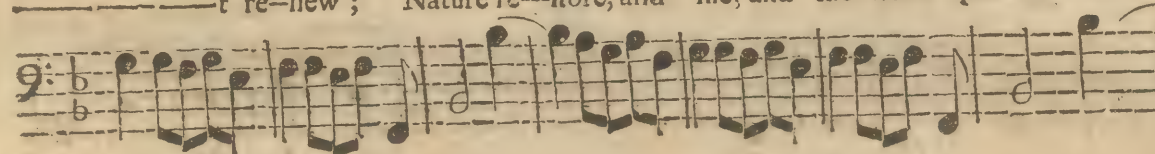
long; Love's dear momentary rapture long.

*Urganda.*

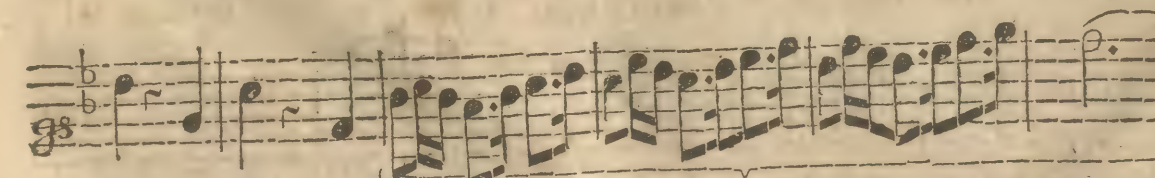
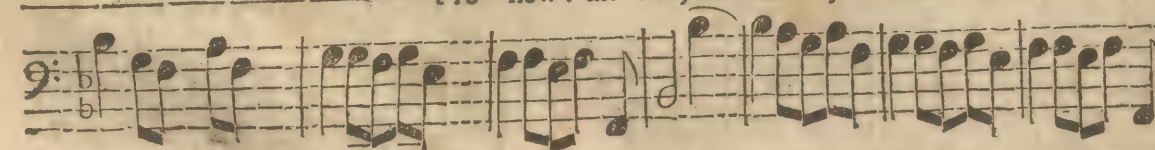
Nature re—store, and life, and life when spen—



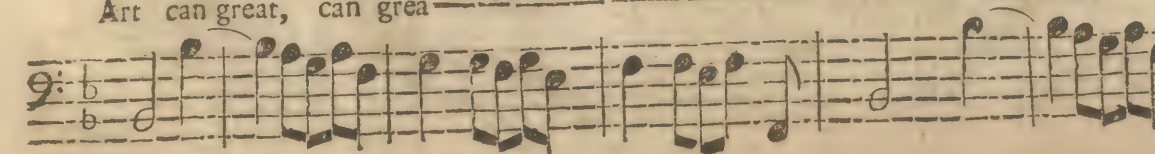
—t re—new ; Nature re—store, and life, and life when spen—



—t re—new : all this, all this by Art, all this by

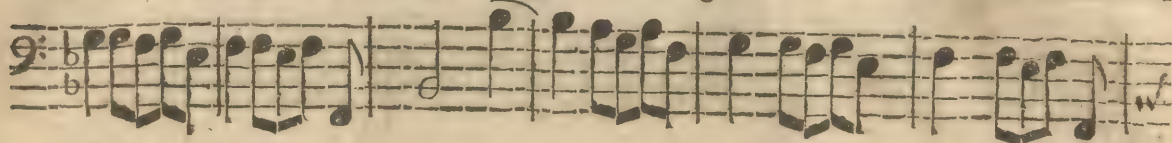
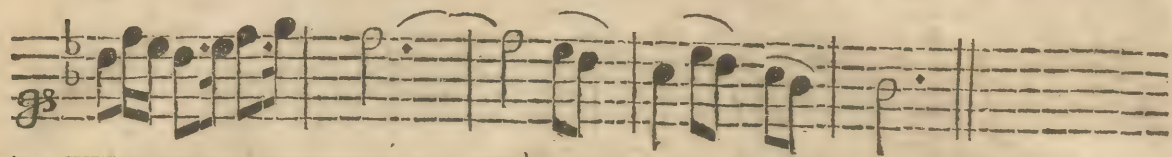
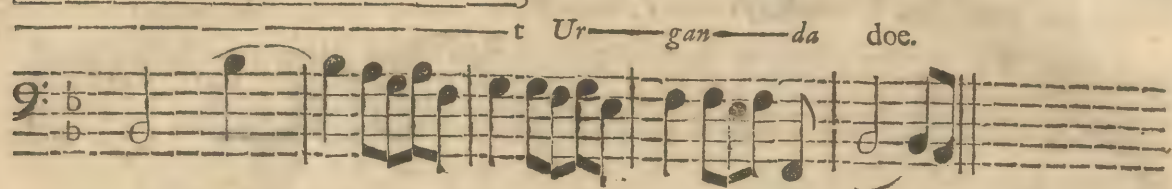


Art can great, can grea—

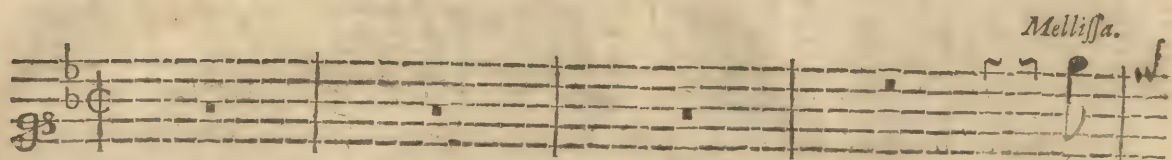




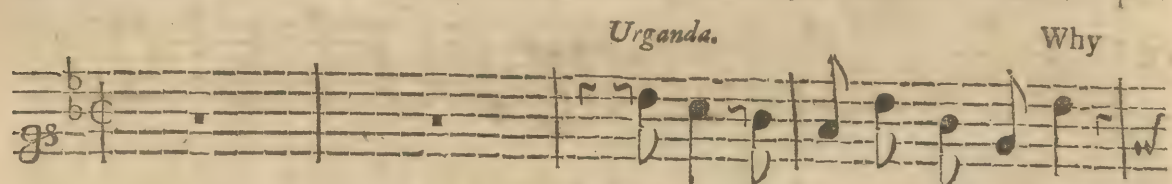
Ur—gan—da doe; can great, can grea

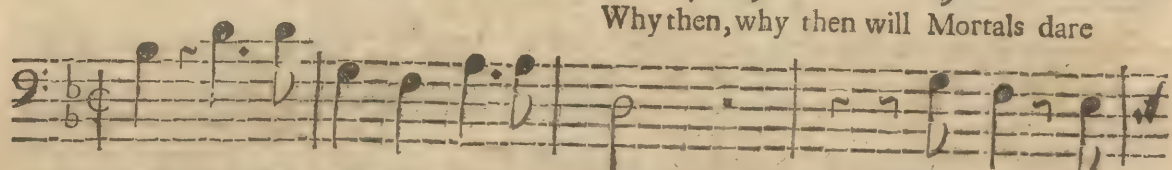
Ur—gan—da doe.



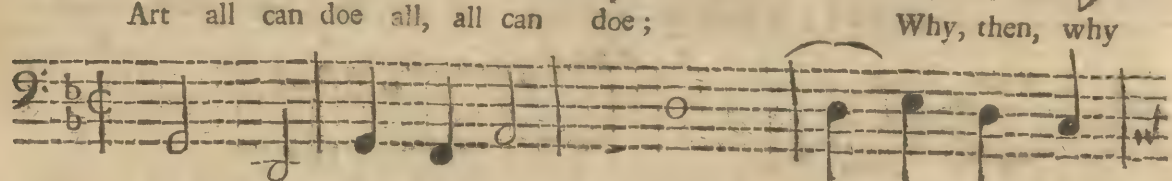
Mellissa.



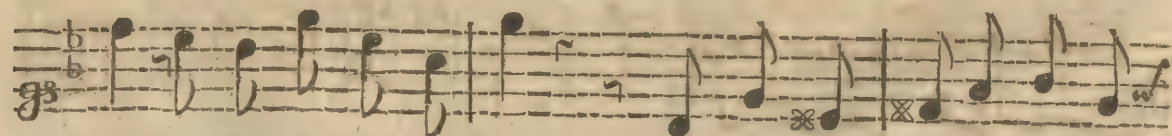
Urganda. Why



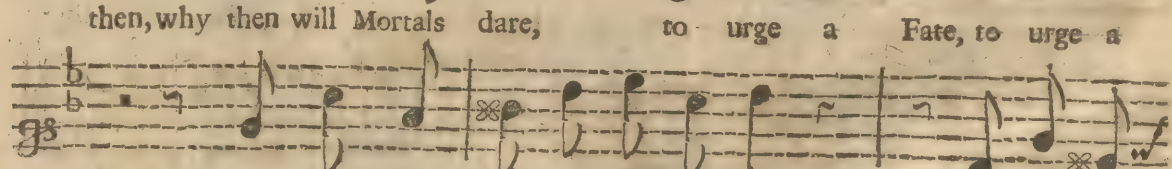
Why then, why then will Mortals dare



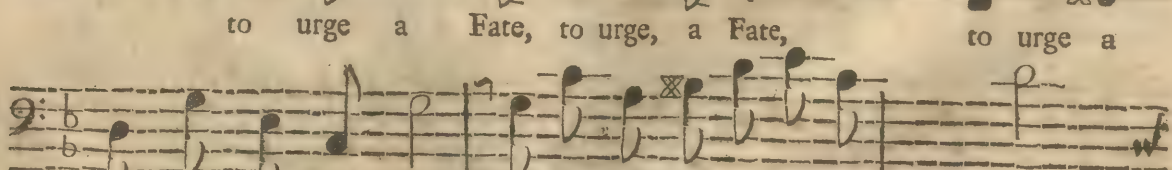
Art all can doe all, all can doe; Why, then, why



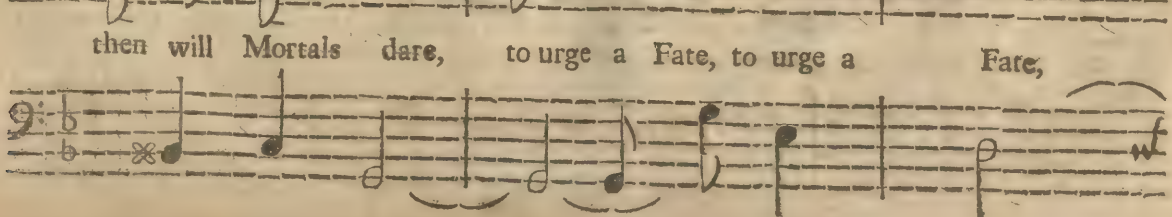
then, why then will Mortals dare, to urge a Fate, to urge a

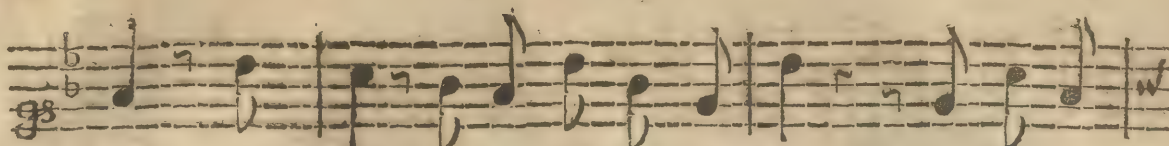


to urge a Fate, to urge, a Fate, to urge a

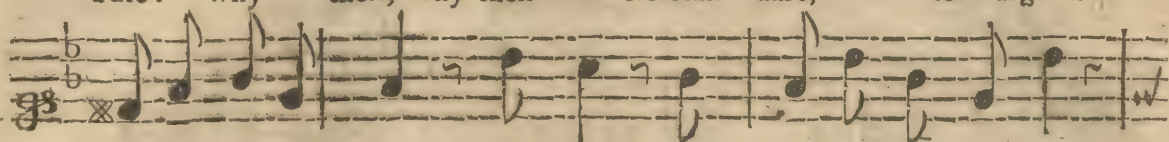


then will Mortals dare, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate,

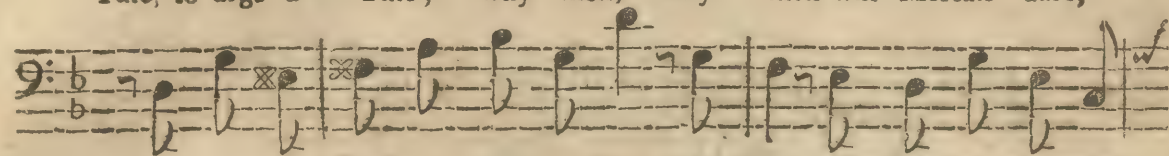




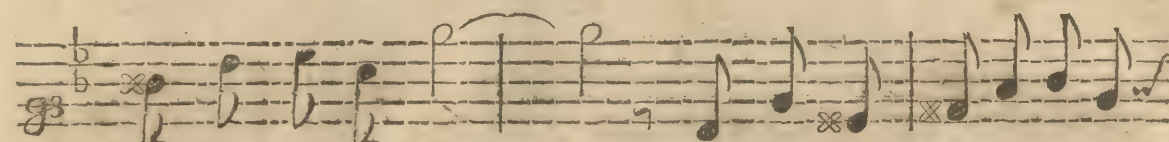
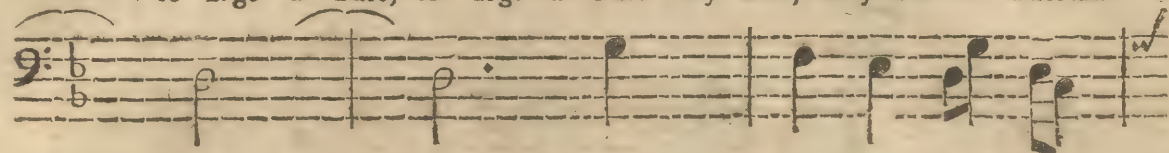
Fate: why then, why then will Mortals dare, to urge a



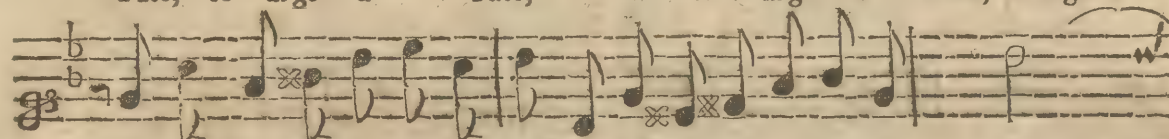
Fate, to urge a Fate; why then, why then will Mortals dare,



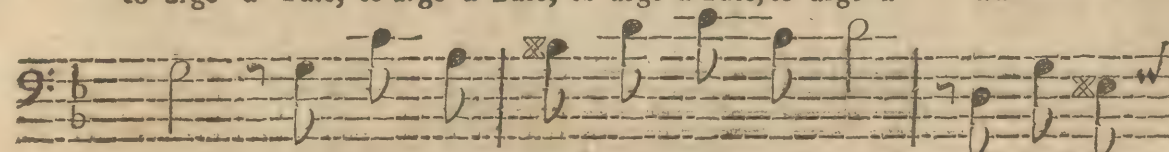
to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate why then, why then will Mortals



Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a



to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fa—



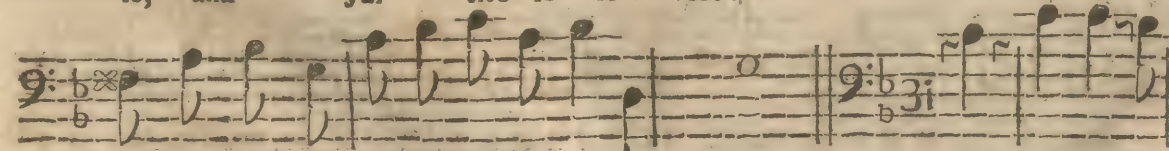
dare to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a



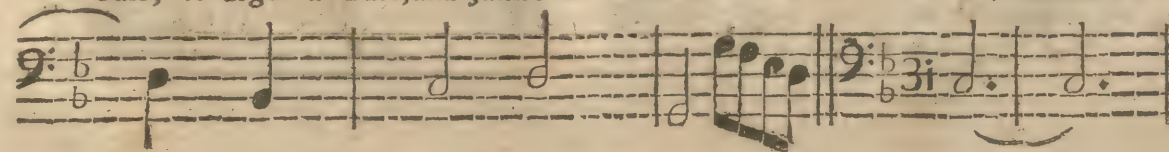
Fate, and Jus—tice so se—vere?



—te, and Jus—tice so se—vere?



Fate, to urge a Fate, and Justice so se—vere? See, see there a



Wretch in his own o--pi--nion Wife; Laugh--s at our

Charms, Laugh--s at our Charms, and mocks, and mocks our

Melissa.

My--ste--ries. I've a lit--tle Spirit yonder, where the Clouds do part a--

--funder, lyes, basking his Limbs, in the warm Sun-beams, shall his Soul from his

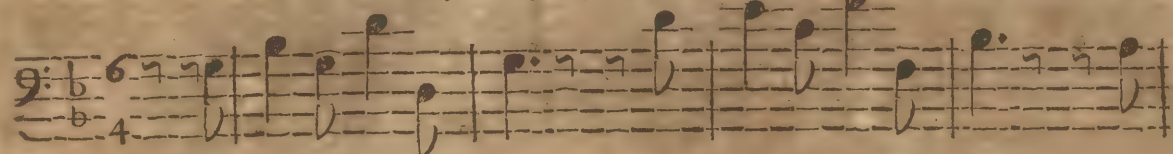
Bo--dy plunder, speak, speak, shall it be so? shall it be so,

shall it be, shall it be, shall it be so? shall it be, shall it be, shall it be so?

Urganda.



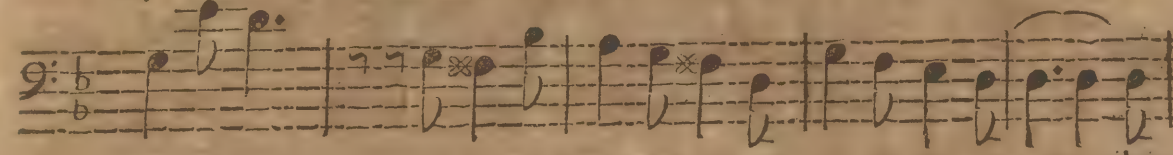
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,



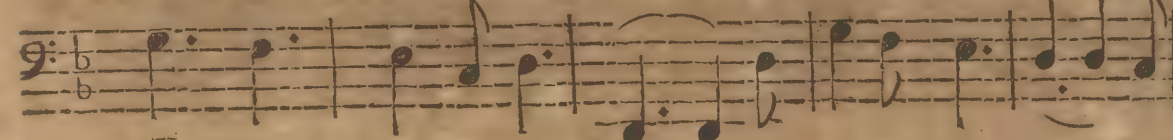
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,



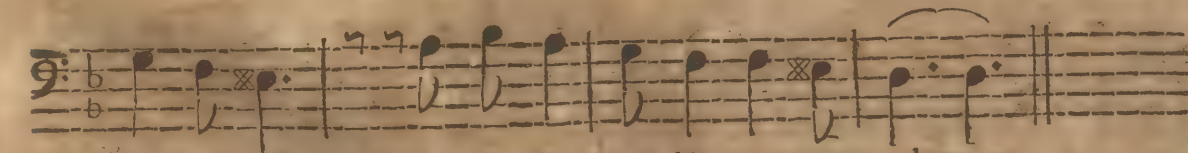
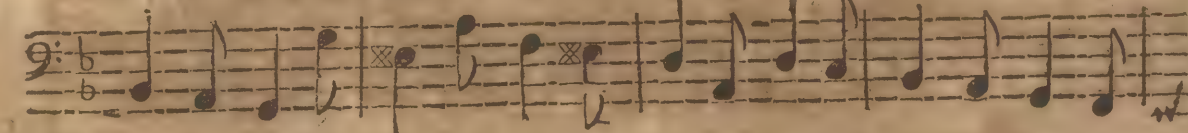
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no;



no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no; that



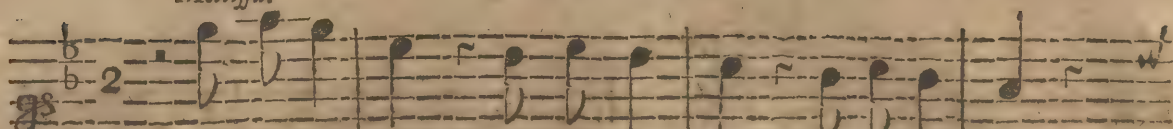
Fate's too high, too high, that Fate's too high; I'll give him, give him



one more low, I'll give him, give him one more low.

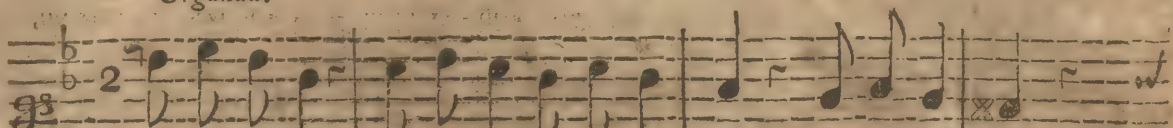


Melissa.

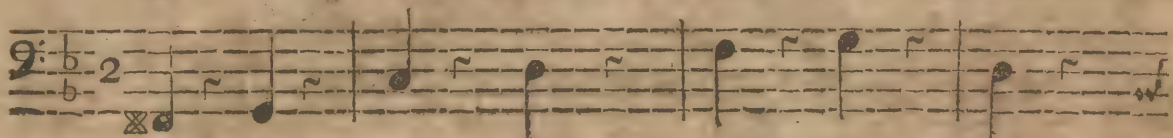


Let it be so, let it be so, let it be so;

Urganda.



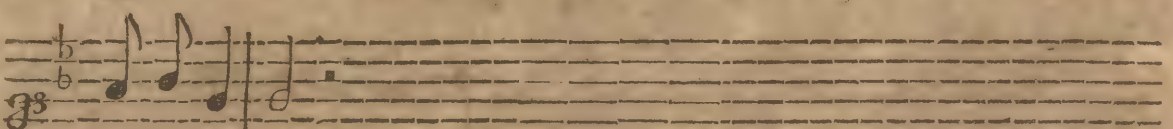
Let it be so, let it be, let it be so, let it be so;



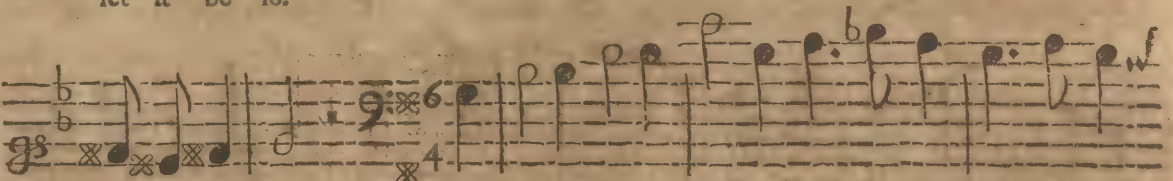
let it be, let it be, let it be so; let it be, let it be,



let it be, let it be, let it be so; let it be, let it be,

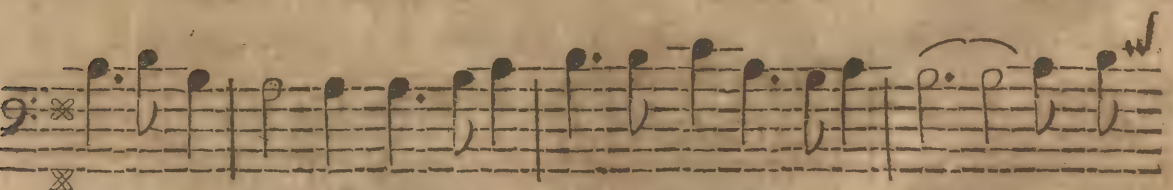
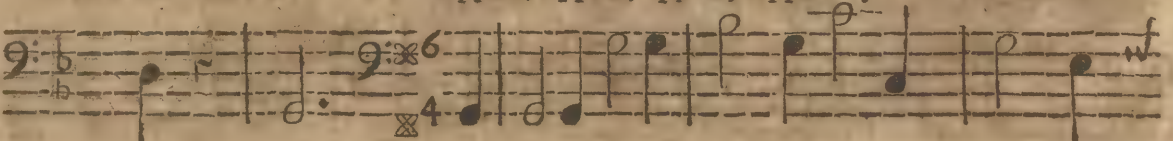


let it be so.

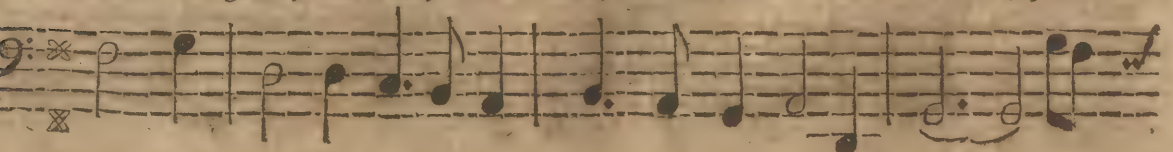


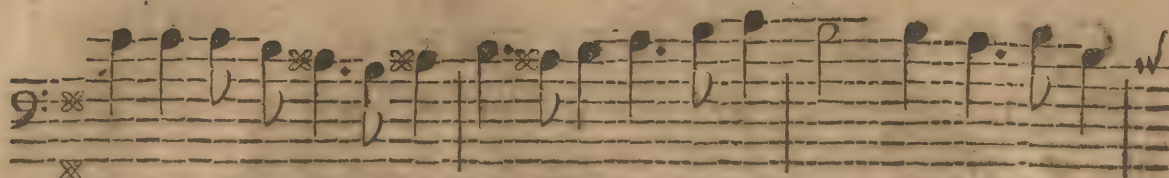
let it be so.

Appear, appear, appear, appear ye fat Fiends that in

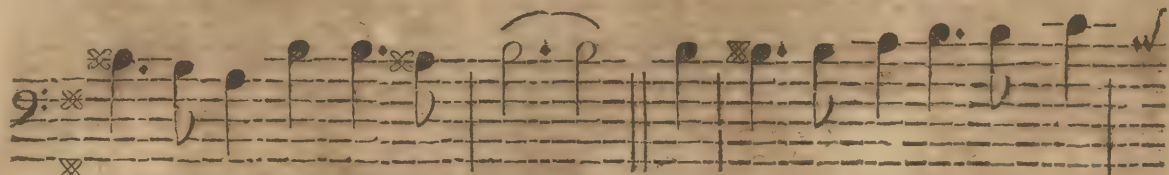
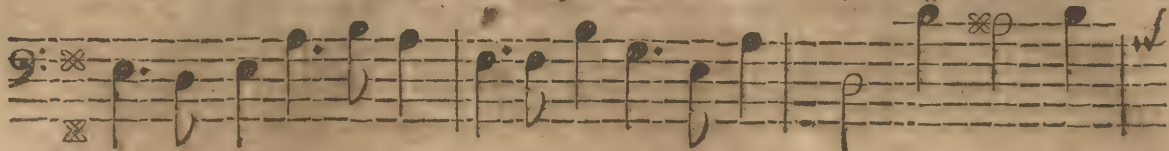


Limbo do groan, that were, when in flesh, the same Souls as his own; you that

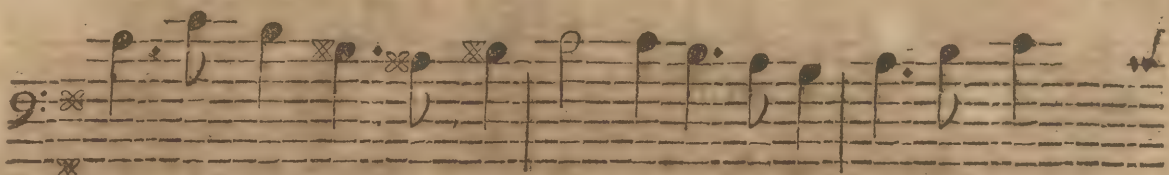
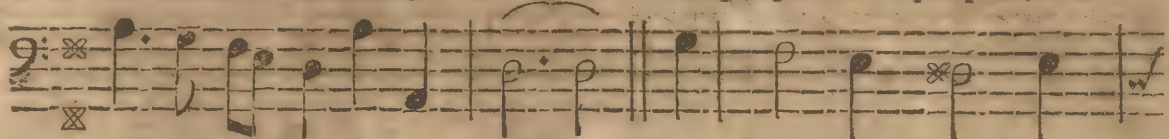




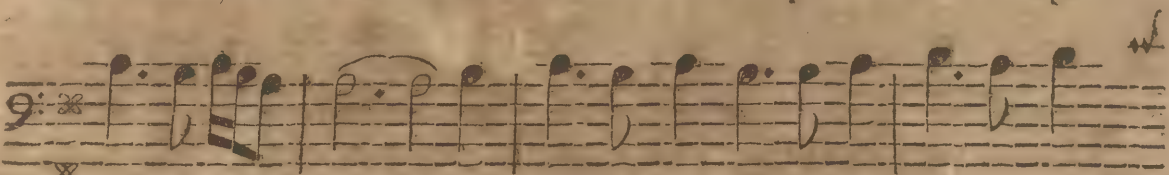
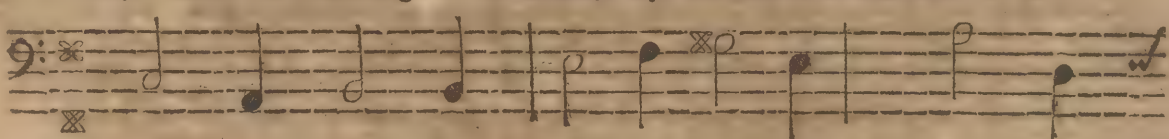
always, you that always in *Lu-ci-fer's* Kitchin re—side, 'mongst Sea-cole and



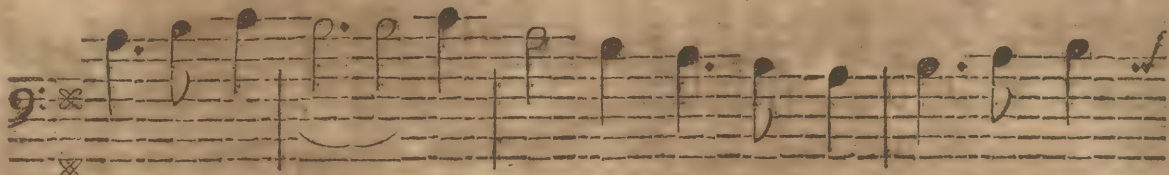
Kettles, and Greasewly fry'd; that pamper'd, that pamper'd, each



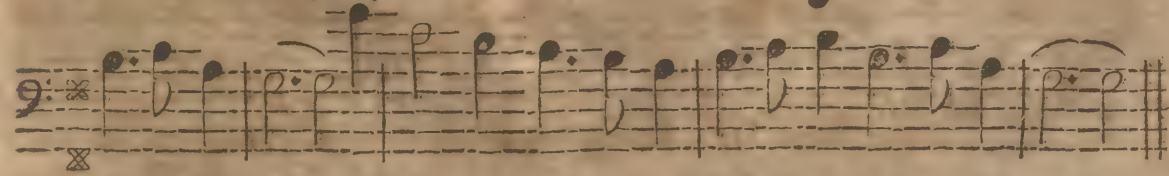
day with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Rashers of Fools for a



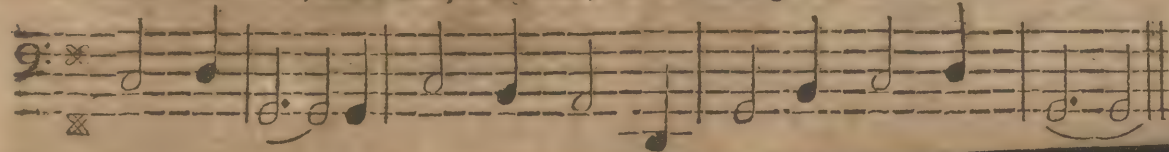
Break-fast on Coals, this Mortal from hence to con-vey, to con—



—vey try your skill; thus Fate's, thus Fate's, and our Ma—gi—cal



orders ful—fill, thus Fate's, thus Fate's, and our Ma—gi—cal orders ful—fill.



CHORUS. Violins the same.

Ap—pear, ap—pear, ap—pear, ap—pear, ye fatt Fiends that in

Lim—bo do groan, that were, when in flesh, the same Souls as his own; you that

always, you that always in Lu—ci—fer's Kitchen re—side, 'mongst Sea-cole and

Kettles, and Grease new-ly try'd; that pamper'd, that pamper'd, each

Kettles, and Grease new-ly try'd; that pamper'd, that pamper'd, each

Kettles, and Grease new-ly try'd; that pamper'd, that pamper'd, each

Kettles, and Grease new-ly try'd; that pamper'd, that pamper'd, each

day, with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Ra-shers of Fools for a

day, with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Ra-shers of Fools for a

day, with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Ra-shers of Fools for a

day, with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Ra-shers of Fools for a

Breakfast on Coals, these Mortals from hence to con-vey, to con-

Breakfast on Coals, these Mortals from hence to con-vey, to con-

Breakfast on Coals, these Mortals from hence to con-vey, to con-

Breakfast on Coals, these Mortals from hence to con-vey, to con-

vey shew your skill; thus Fate's thus Fate's and our Ma-gi-cal

vey shew your skill; thus Fate's thus Fate's and our Ma-gi-cal

vey shew your skill; thus Fate's thus Fate's and our Ma-gi-cal

vey shew your skill; thus Fate's thus Fate's and our Ma-gi-cal

or-der ful-fill. fill.

or-der ful-fill. fill.

or-der ful-fill. fill.

or-der ful-fill. fill.

F I N I S.

THE
SONGS
IN THE

Indian QUEEN:

As it is now Compos'd into an

OPERA.

By Mr. *HENRY PURCELL*,

Composer in Ordinary to his Majesty.

And one of the Organists of his Majesty's Chapel-Royal.



LONDON,

Printed by *J. Heptinstall*; and are to be Sold by *John May*, at his Shop under
St. Dunstan's Church: And for *John Hudgbutt* at *Tho. Dring's*, Bookseller, at the
Harrow at *Clifford's-lane-end* in *Fleetstreet*. 1695. †

† 13. the year that *Orwell* died.

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163/12

The Publishers, to Mr. Henry Purcell.

SIR,

HAVING had the good Fortune to meet with the Score or Original Draught of your Incomparable Essay of Musick compos'd for the Play, call'd The Indian Queen. It soon appear'd that we had found a Jewel of very great Value; on which account we were unwilling that so rich a Treasure should any longer lie bury'd in Oblivion; and that the Common-wealth of Musick should be depriv'd of so considerable a Benefit. Indeed we well knew your innate Modesty to be such, as not to be easily prevail'd upon to set forth any thing in Print, much less to Patronize your own Works, although in some respects Inimitable. But in regard that (the Press being now open) any one might print an imperfect Copy of these admirable Songs, or publish them in the nature of a Common Ballad, We were so much the more emboldned to make this Attempt, even without acquainting you with our Design; not doubting but your accustomed Candor and Generosity will induce you to pardon this Presumption: As for our parts, if you shall think fit to condescend so far, we shall always endeavour to approve our selves,

Your Obedient Servants,

J. May,

J. Hudgebutt.

A Song in the first Act, Sung by Mr. Freeman.

Wake,

wake, wake Qui—

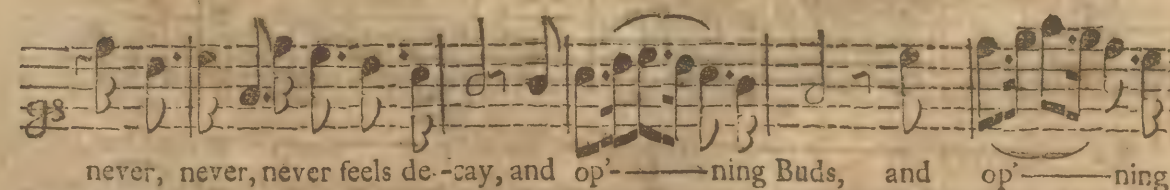
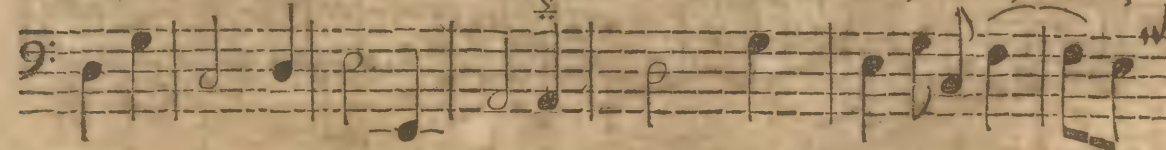
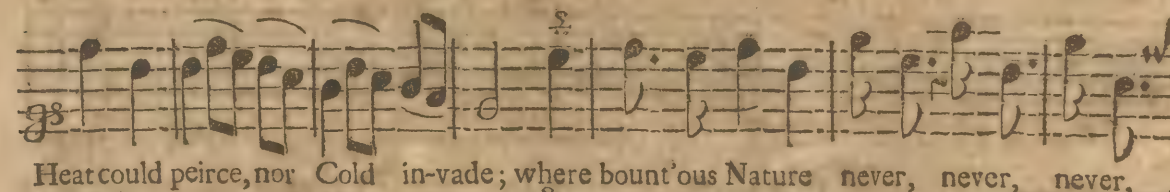
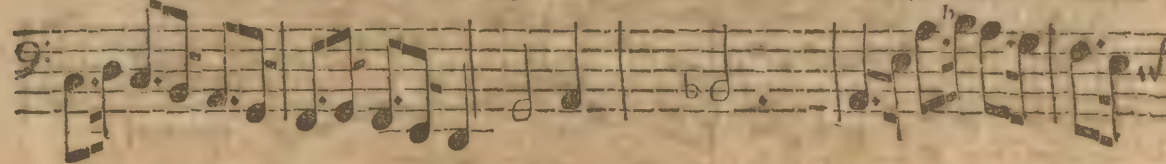
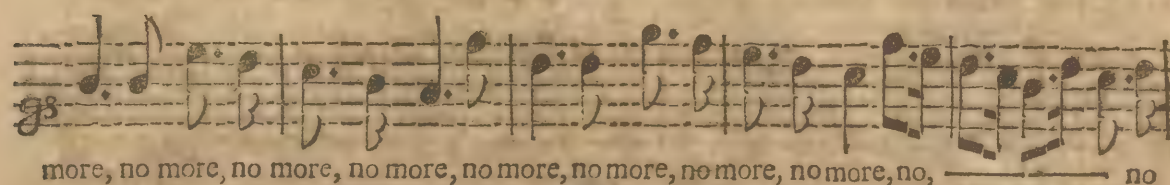
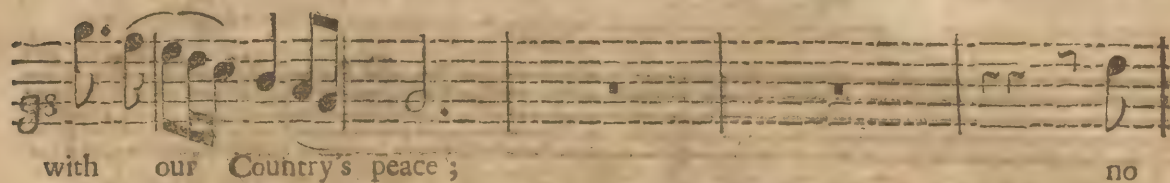
—ve—ra, wake, our soft — rest must

cease; wake, wake,

wake, Qui—ve—ra, wake, — our

soft — rest must cease, and fly — to—gether,

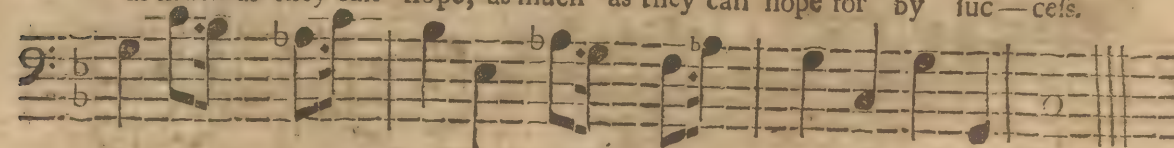
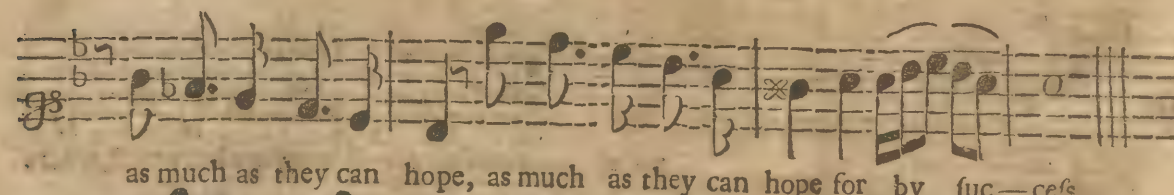
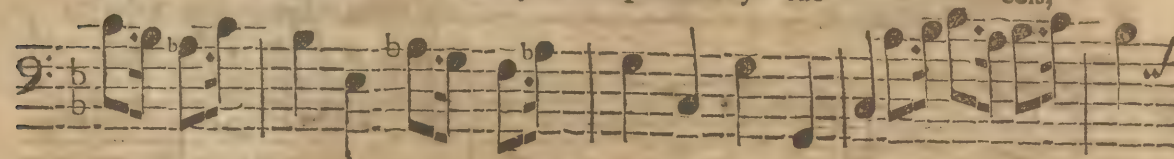
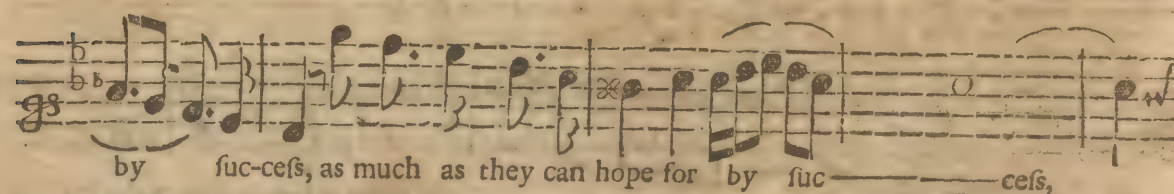
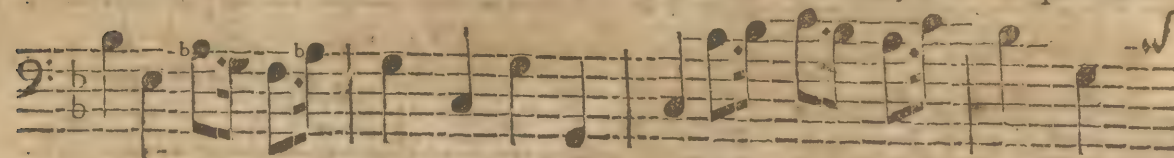
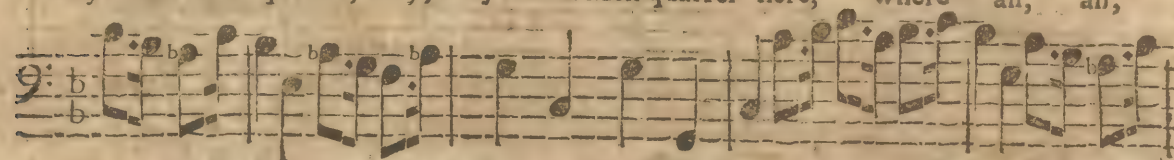
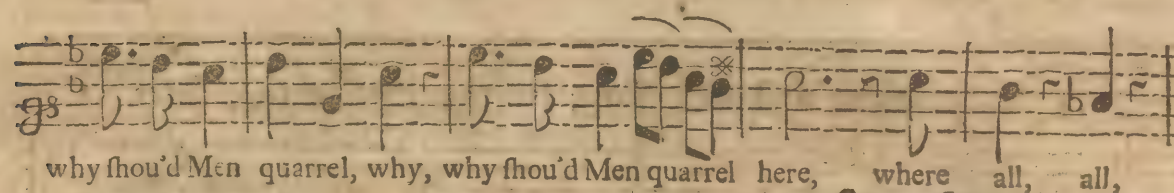
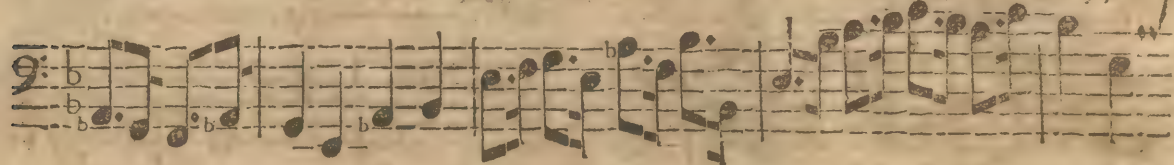
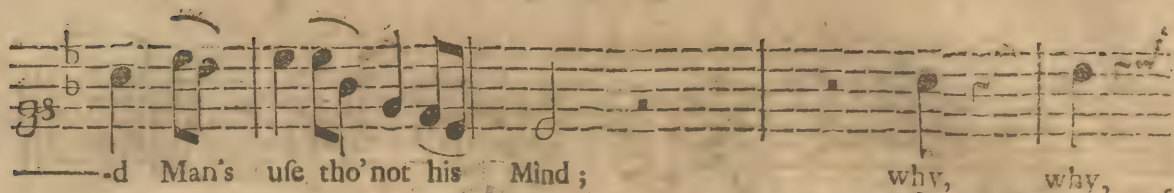
B Turn over.



Buds drive fall ing Fruits a-way.

A Song in the first Act, Sung by the Boy with *Flutes*.

WHY,
why, why shou'd men quarrel, here where all,
all, where all pos-sels as much as they can hope for
by suc-cess; none, none can have most, none can have most, where
Nature is so kind, as to ex-ceed, as to ex-ceed



{ By antient Prophecies, we have been told,
 { Our Land shall be subdu'd by one more old,
 { And see that world's already biither come,
 { If these be they, we welcome then our doom.

A Song Sung by Mr. Freeman.

T Heir looks are such that Mercy flow—

from thence, more gen—tle, gen—tle than our Na—tive in—nocence:

By their pro—tec—tion let us, let us, let us beg to live, they come not

here to con—quer but for—give; by their pro—tec—tion let us, let us,

let us beg to live, they come not here to con—quer but for—

—give, they come not here to con—quer but for—give.

{ If so your goodness may your power express,
And we shall judge both best by our Success. }

A Song in the Second Act, Sung by Mr. Freeman.

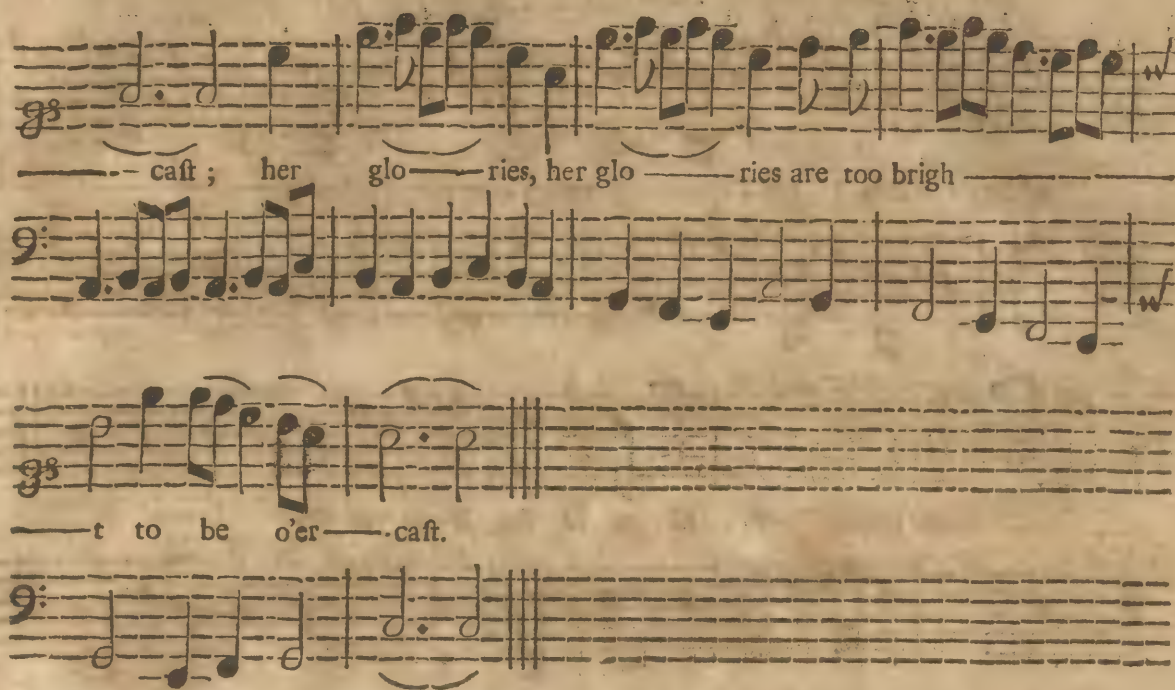
Come to Sing great Zem — po — al — la's sto — ry, whose beaut'ous fight, so
 Charming bright, out-shines the Lu — stre of glory; whose beaut'ous fight, so
 charming bright, out-shines the Lu — stre of glo-ry.

Sung by Envy and his followers with Instruments.

{ What Flat'ring noise is this,
 At which my Snakes all hiss;
 I hate to see fond Tongues advance,
 High as the Gods, the slaves of Chance. }

A Song Sung by Mr. Freeman.

S Corn'd Envy here's nothing, here's nothing that thou, that thou canst blast; Her
 glo — ries, her glo — ries are too bright, to be o'er —



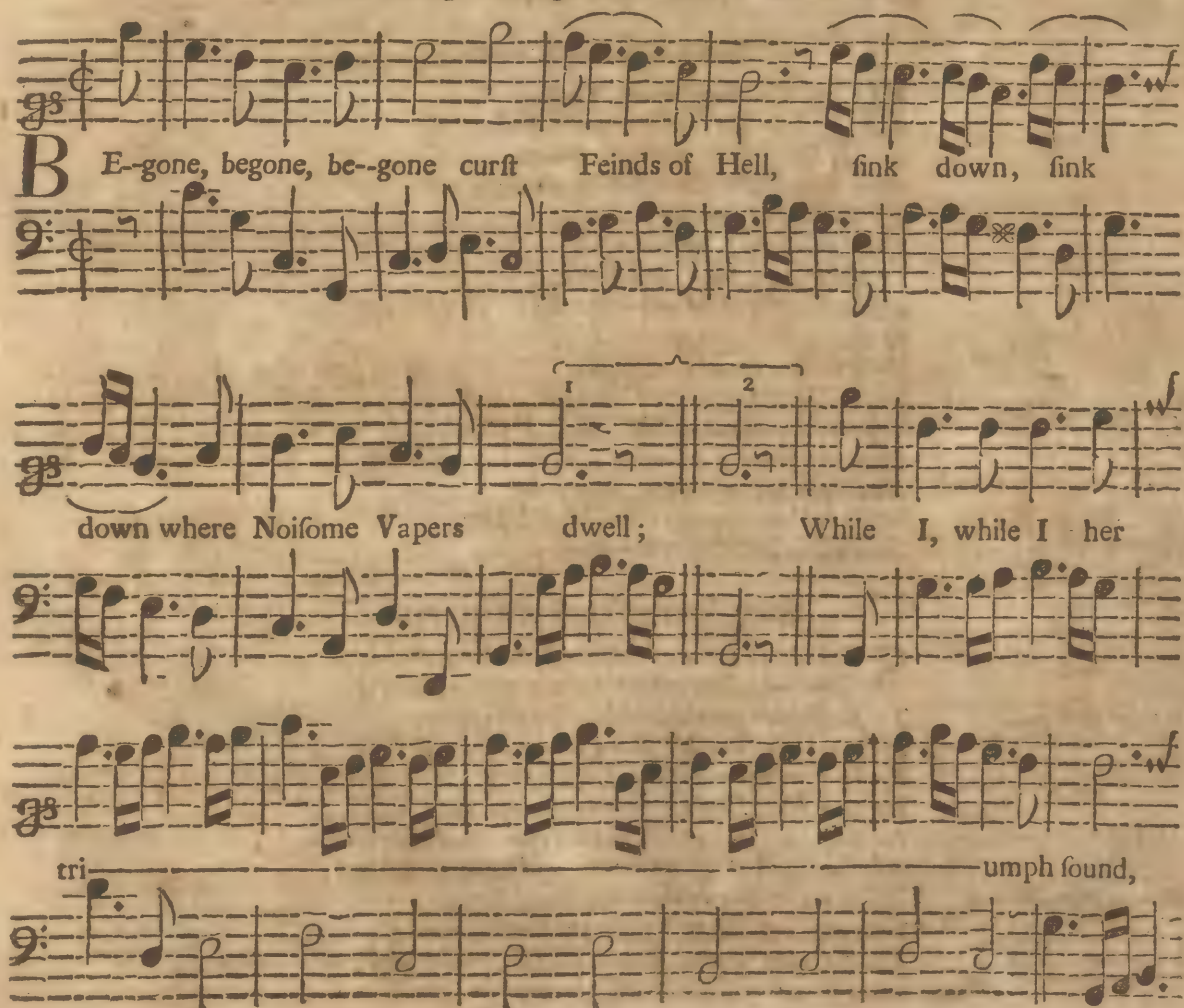
cast; her glories, her glories are too bright

t to be o'er-cast.

Sung by *Envy* and his followers with Instruments.

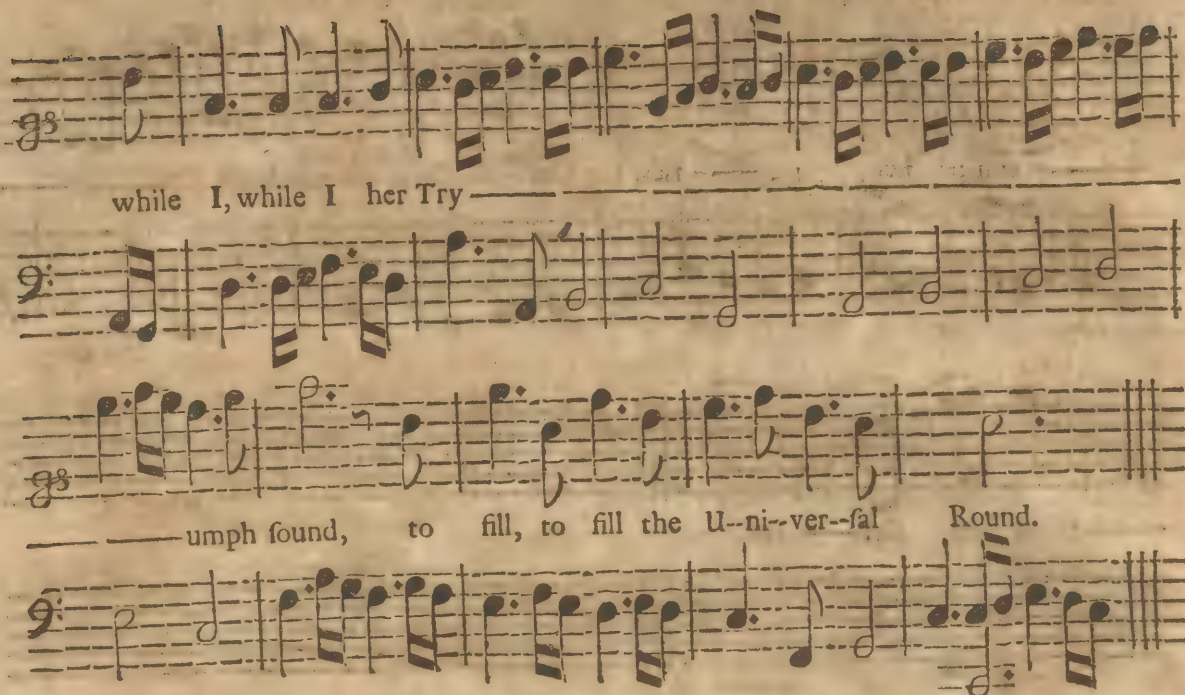
{ I fly from the place where Flattery reigns,
See those mighty things that before,
Such slaves like Gods did adore,
Contemn'd and unpitied in Chains. }

A Song Sung by Mr. *Freeman*.



B E-gone, begone, be-gone curst Feinds of Hell, sink down, sink down where Noisome Vapers dwell; While I, while I her triumph sound,

Turn over.



Sung by a Conjuror.

You twice ten hundred Deities,
 To whom we daily Sacrifice;
 Ye Powr's that dwell with Fates below,
 And see what Men are doom'd to doe;
 Where Elements in Discord dwell,
 Thou God of Sleep, arise, and tell,
 Great Zempoalla what strange Fate,
 Must on her dismall Vision wait.

The Conjuror's Charm.

By the Croaking of the Toad,
 In their Caves that make abode;
 Earthy Dun that pants for breath,
 With her swell'd sides full of death;
 By the Crested Adder's Pride,
 That along the Cliffs do glide;
 By the Visage fierce and black,
 By the death's Head on thy back;
 By the twisted Serpents plac'd,
 For a Girdle round thy Waste;
 By the Hearts of Gold that deck,
 Thy Breast, thy Shoulders, and thy Neck;
 From thy sleeping Mansion rise,
 And open thy unwilling Eyes;
 While bubling Springs their Musick keep,
 That use to lull thee in thy sleep.

Sung by the God of Dreams.

SEEK not to know, what must not be reveal'd,
 Joys only flow where Fate is most conceal'd;
 Too busy Man would find his Sorrows more,
 If future Fortune He shou'd know before;
 For by that knowledge of his Destiny,
 He wou'd not live at all, but always dye;
 Enquire not then who shall from Bonds be freed,
 Who 'tis shall wear a Crown, and who shall bleed;
 All must submit to their appointed doom,
 Fate and Misfortunes will too quickly come;
 Let me no more wish powerfull Charms be prest,
 I am forbid by Fate to tell the rest.

A Song in the Third Act, Sung by Mr. Freeman, and Mr. Church.

The musical score is written for two voices, Mr. Freeman and Mr. Church, in a 3/4 time signature. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score consists of several systems of two staves each. The lyrics are as follows:

A H! — ah! — how hap-py are we, are we, are
 Ah! — ah! — ah! how hap-py are we, are we,
 we, ah! ah! how hap-py are we, from humane passions, from humane
 are we, ah! ah! how hap-py are we, from humane
 passions free:
 passions free:
 ah! ah! ah! ah! how hap-py are
 ah! — ah! — ah! — how hap-py are

The musical notation includes various notes, rests, and ornaments. There are several 'X' marks on the bass staff, likely indicating specific notes or ornaments. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

we, those wil-

we, those wil-

d Tenants of the Breaft; no never, never, no never, never, no never,

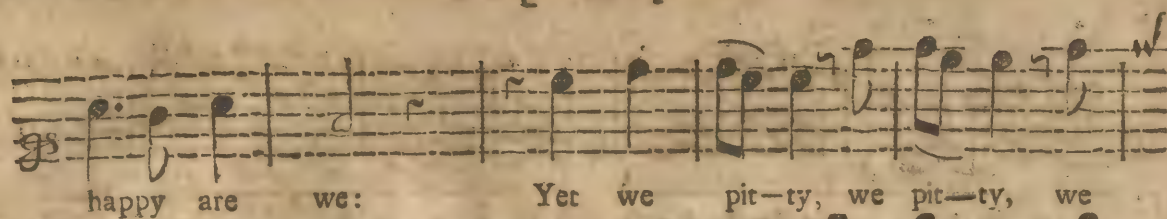
d Tenants of the Breaft; no never, never, no never,

never, never can disturb our reft; ah! —

never, never can disturb our reft; ah! — ah! —

ah! how hap-py are we, are we, are we, ah! ah! how

ah! how hap-py are we, are we, are we, ah! ah! how



lion free.

lion free.

A Song Sung by Mrs. Crofs.

Attempt from Love's sickness to fly

vain, since I am

my self my own Feaver, since I am my self my own Feaver and Pain; No

more now, no more now fond Heart with Pride, no more swell, thou can'st not raise

Forces, thou can'st not raise Forces enough to re-bell: For

First strain again.

First strain again.

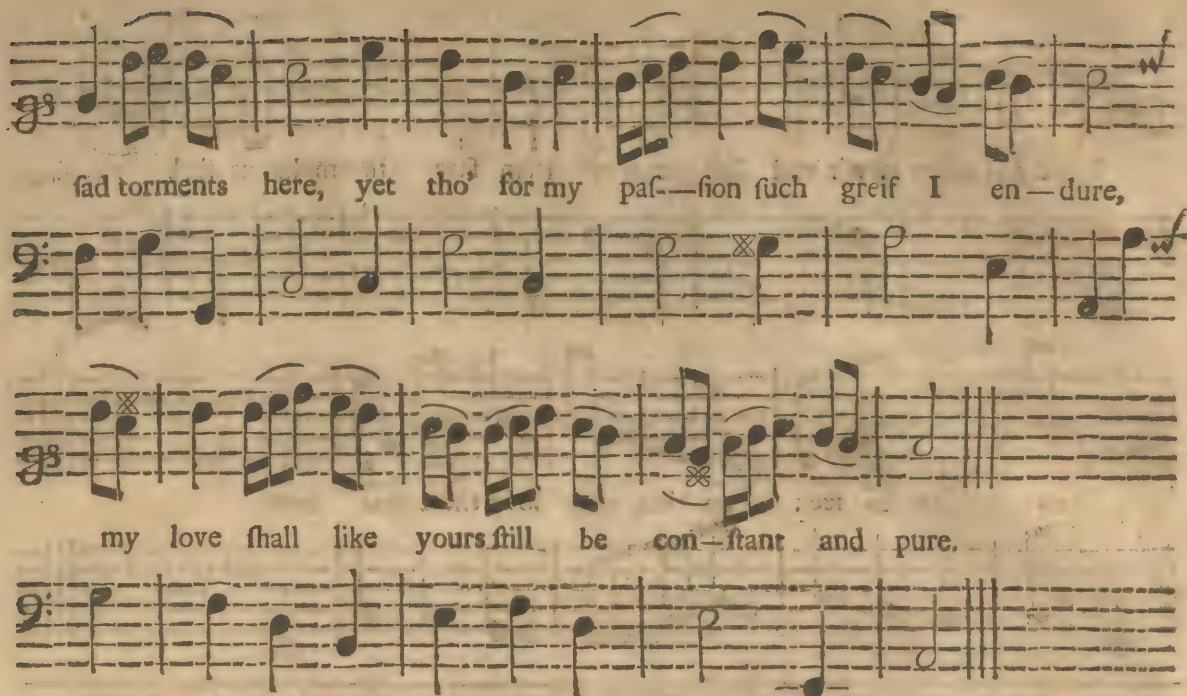
Love has more pow'r and less mercy than fate, to make us seek ru-in,
to make us seek ru-ine, and love those that hate.

End with the first strain

Vers. { We the Spirits of the Air,
Then Cho. { That of Humane Things take Care,
 { Out of Pity now descend,
 { To forewarn what Woes attend;
Vers. { Greatness clogg'd with Scorn decays,
 { With the Slave no Empire stays,
Cho. { We the Spirits &c.
Vers. { Cease to languish then in vain,
 { Since never to be lov'd again.
Cho. { We the Spirits, &c.

A Song in the Fourth Act, Sung by Mrs. Cross.

Hey tell us that you might-y Powers a-bove, make perfect your
Joys and your blessings by Love; Ah! why do you suffer, ah!
why do you suf-fer the blessing that's there; to give a poor Lover such
Turn over.



sad torments here, yet tho' for my pas-sion such greif I en-dure,
my love shall like yours still be con-stant and pure.

II.

To suffer for him gives an ease to my pains,
There's joy in my grief, and there's freedom in Chains.
If I were divine he cou'd love me no more,
And I in return my adorer adore ;
Oh ! let his dear life then (kind Gods) be your care,
For I in your blessings have no other share.

A Sacrifice, Sung by the Chief Priest.

While thus we bow before your Shrine,
That you may hear great Powers Divine,
All living things shall in your Praises joyne ;
You who at the Altars stand,
Waiting for the Dread command,
The fatal Word shall soon be hear'd,
Answer then is all prepar'd,

Chorus. All's prepar'd.

Priest. Let all unballow'd Souls be gone,
Before our Sacred Rites come on,
Take care that this be also done,

Chorus. All is done.

Priest. Now in procession walk along,
And then begin your solemn Song,

Chorus. All dismal sounds thus on this Offering wait,
Your power's shown by their untimely Fate ;
While by such various Fate's we learn to know,
There's nothing to be trusted here below.

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DIALOGUE,
Sung in the
New OPERA,
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O R,
Augusta's Triumph.

Compos'd by Mr. *Daniel Purcell*.

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D62/13

T O

Richard Norton,

A N D

Anthony Henley,

} Esquires.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU having been pleas'd to be my
first Encouragers at coming to Town,
and since that to continue your Fa-
vours to me; I thought it my Duty (as it is my
Ambition) to present this part of the Per-
formance to your Acceptance, as the best Re-
commendation of it to the Town, and further
Encouragement to the Endeavours of

Your Most Obliged,

and Humble Servant,

Dan. Purcell.

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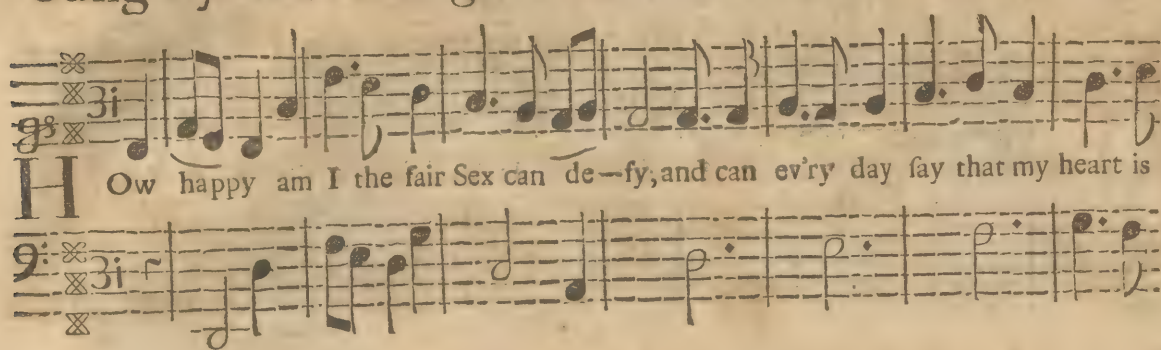
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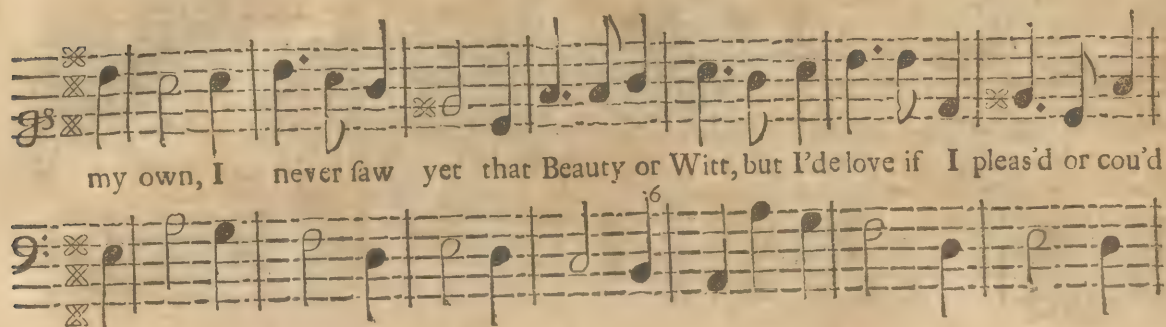
Sung by Mr. Church, the Words by Mr. Jo. Hanes.



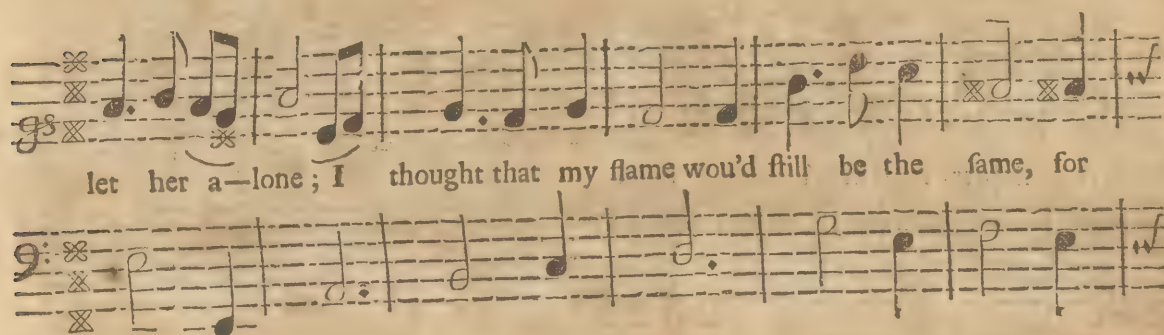
Sung by Mr. *Leverige*, the Words by Mr. *Jo. Hanes*.



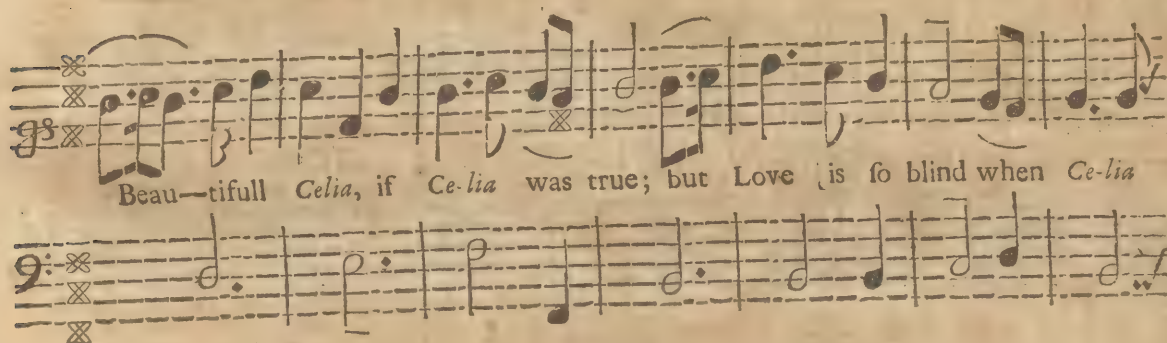
How happy am I the fair Sex can de-fy, and can ev'ry day say that my heart is



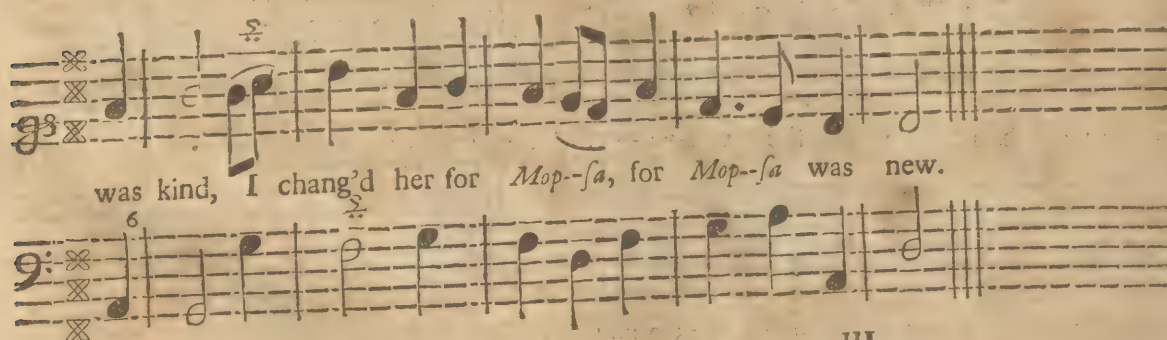
my own, I never saw yet that Beauty or Witt, but I'd love if I pleas'd or cou'd



let her a-lone; I thought that my flame wou'd still be the same, for



Beau-tifull *Celia*, if *Ce-lia* was true; but Love is so blind when *Ce-lia*



was kind, I chang'd her for *Mop-sa*, for *Mop-sa* was new.

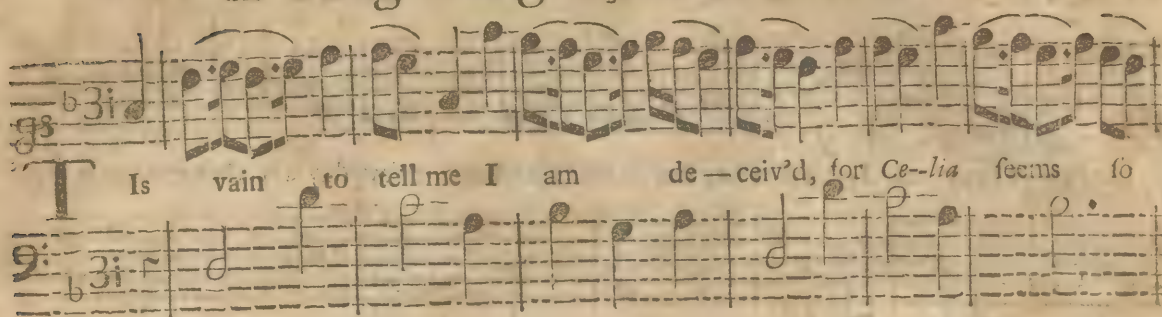
II.

Then *Phillida's* Charms,
Forc't her from my Arms;
But when *Phillida* wou'd not grant my desire,
I presently kneel'd,
To the next that wou'd yeild,
To quench my old flame I made a new fire.

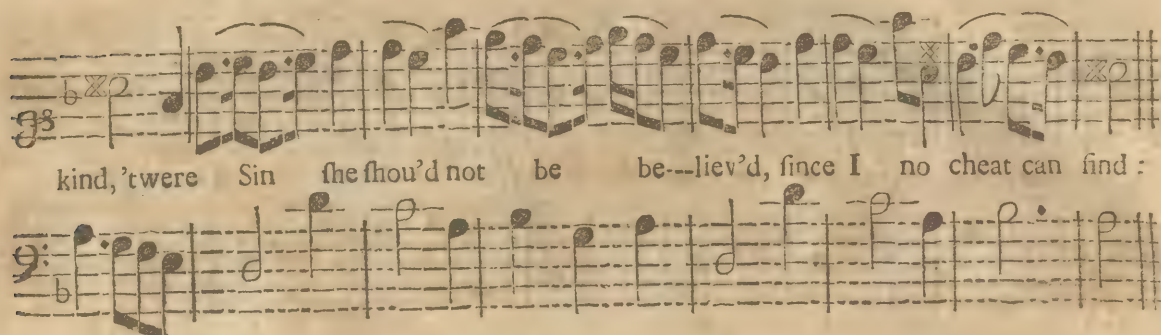
III.

Now is it not fair,
That my faults I declare;
Then Ladies be't known to all you I adore,
Since I must deceive,
Take you the same leave,
The Devil's in't if you can ask any more.

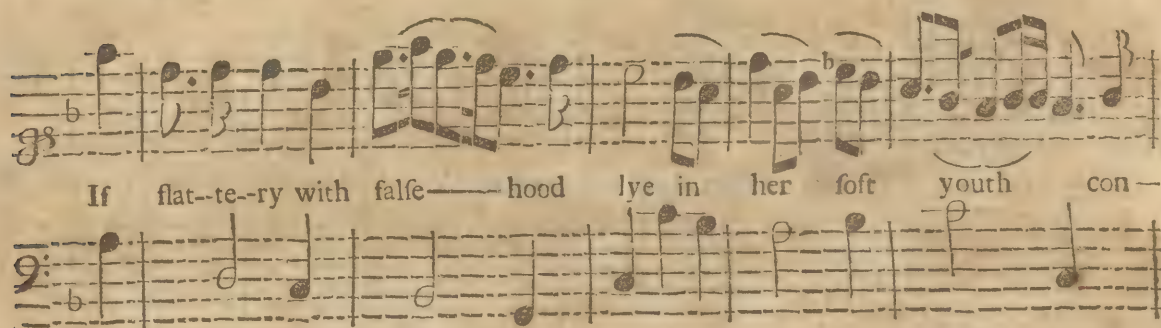
A Song Sung by Mr. Freeman.



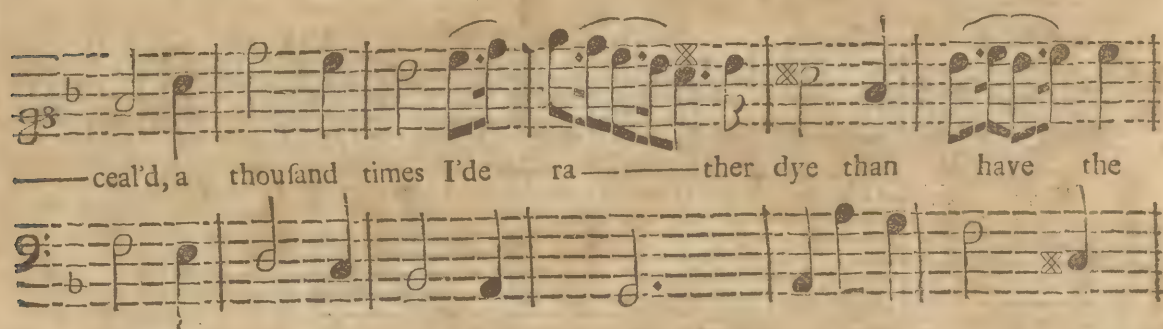
T Is vain to tell me I am de—ceiv'd, for Ce—lia seems so



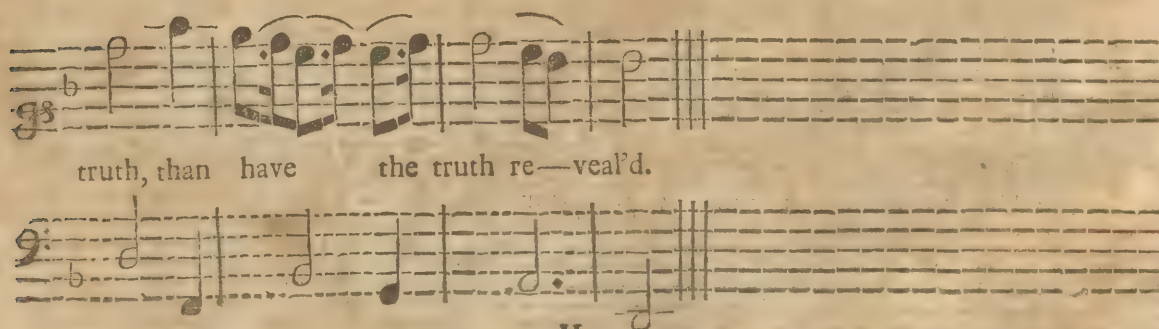
kind, 'twere Sin the thou'd not be be—liev'd, since I no cheat can find :



If flat—te—ry with false—hood lye in her soft youth con—



—ceal'd, a thousand times I'de ra—ther dye than have the



truth, than have the truth re—veal'd.

II.

Let busy fools in Libels raile,
 Their malice I'll out-brave;
 On me no scandal shall prevail,
 So the th' appearance save:
 For if I think I have her Heart,
 My own for hers is due;
 Let her but act the tender part,
 I'll think the joy is true.

Sung by Mrs. Willis in the 3^d. Act.

Great Queen of *Hymen's* hallowed fires, the sovereign of all Chast de—

—fires, that with true joy the genial Bed in—spire;

See, see what bend—ing Knees we pay thee, thus a—dore thee, thus,

thus o—bey thee; See what bending Knees we pay thee, thus, thus a—

—dore thee, thus, thus o—bey thee.

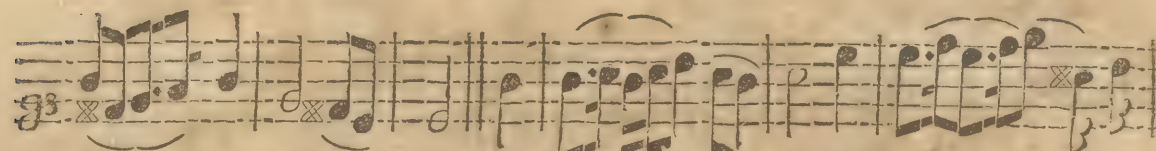
Sung by Mr. Church, Words by John Robens, Esq.



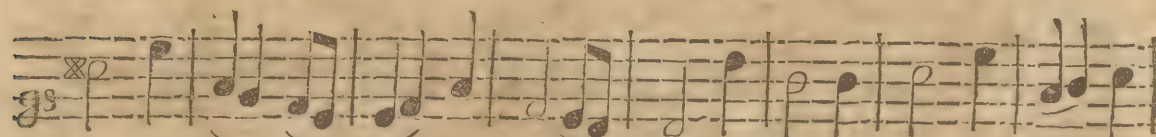
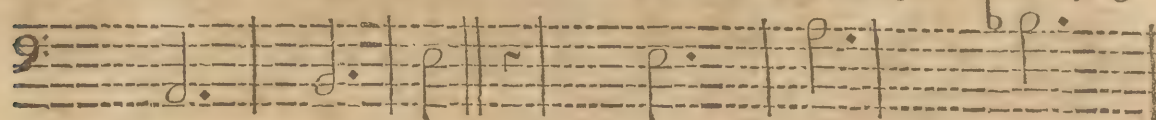
Why Clo—e, why, why will you not perceive, the woun—ds you give, you



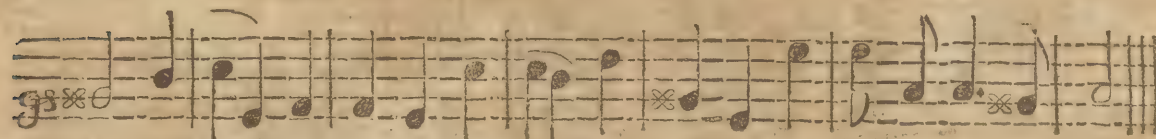
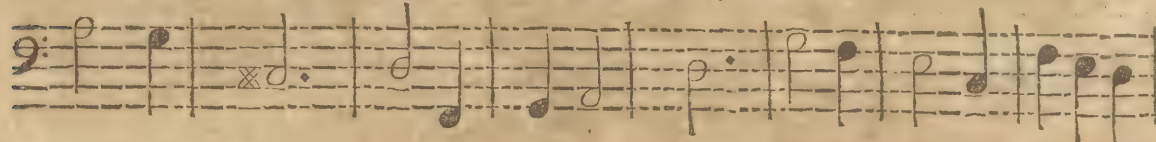
give my heart; why, why like a tyrant will you live, re—gardless, re—



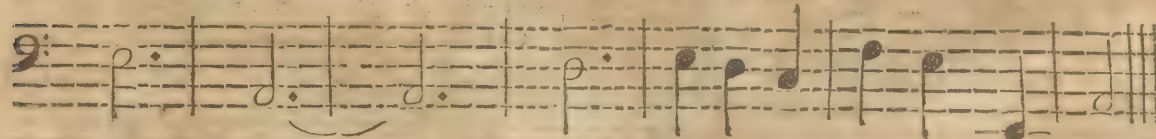
—gard—less of my smart: My si—ghs have tyr'd the pi—tying



Swains, my groans have fill'd, have fill'd the Grove; yet Clo—e still unmov'd re—



—mains, and vows she'll never, and vows she'll never, she'll never, ne-ver Love.

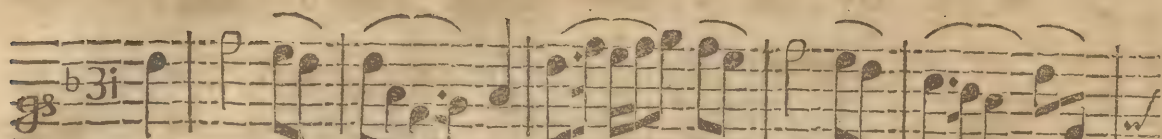


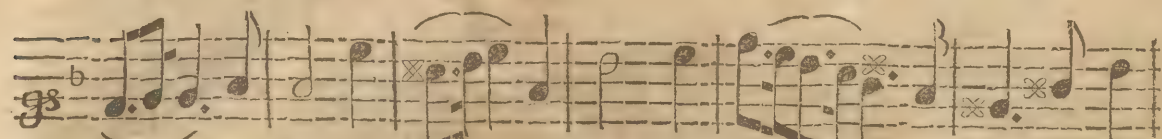
II.

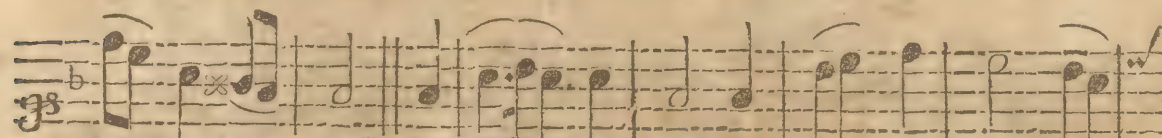
But Cloe, oh! at length be taught,
Reserv'dness is a crime;
And if you can commit a fault,
'Tis one to fool with time:
Old age may come, your Charms will waf,
Your Beauties may decay;
Then to Love's tender'st joys make hast,
Be happy whilst you may.

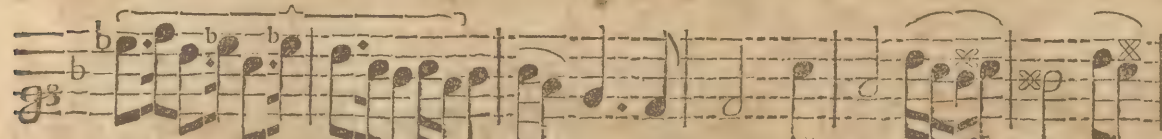
III.

Single the *Phœnix* lives alone,
The reason for't is this;
Nature at once permits but one,
If two they'd taste the Bliss:
With envious Eyes long she perceives,
Joys other Creatures prove;
For want of which the world she leaves,
Expires in flames of Love.

3i

L Et others boast of li—ber—ty, I en—vy

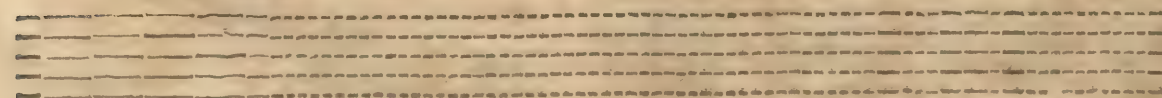
3i

 not their Bliss; A—min—tor's Charmes have cap—tiv'd me, and I

3i

 am on—ly his: If Lo—ving true be call'd a Chaine, 'tis

3i

 plea—sing to en—dure, for who can count that

3i

 thing a pain, they ne—ver wish to cure?
 6 *3i*



Printed by J. Johnson, St. Paul's Church-Yard, London. Sold by J. Johnson, No. 7, Pall-Mall.

Sung by Mr. Freeman in the 5th. Act.

F Mortals lau

gh and sing, 'tis time we Gods, we

Gods take wing; To mount, to mount and

fend him down the guar-di-an of his Crown; Af-

tre-a, Af-tre-a, who from Earth was driv'n till Al-bion call'd her

back, till Albion call'd her back from Heav'n, till Al-bion

call'd her back from Heav'n.

A Dialogue Sung between Mr. *Edwards*, and Mrs. *Crofs*.

He.

W H Y, Why dost thou fly me pretty, pretty, pretty Maid; tho' old, I feele, I

feeles Loves fire, which cannot, which cannot be quench'd with-out thy Aid, then

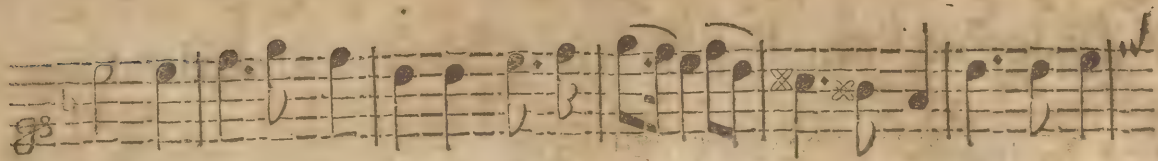
prethee, then pre—thee fair one be not cold, for tho' 'tis true I'me

ve-ry, ve-ry old, I still have young, I sti—ll have

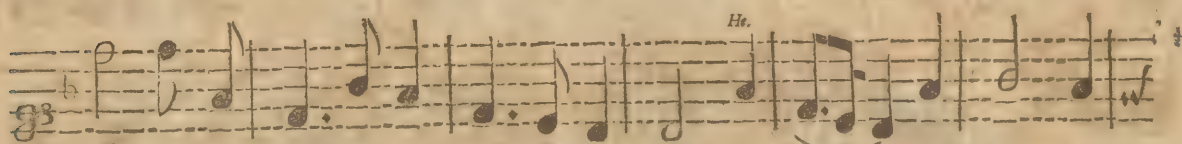
young de-fire, I still, I sti—ll have young de-fire.

She.

Nay prethee dear Nestor cease, cease this discourse, for I've often, I've often been



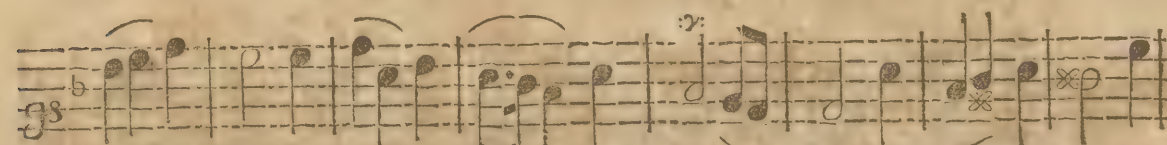
told, that for a young Virgin there is no-thing worse, than to bed with a



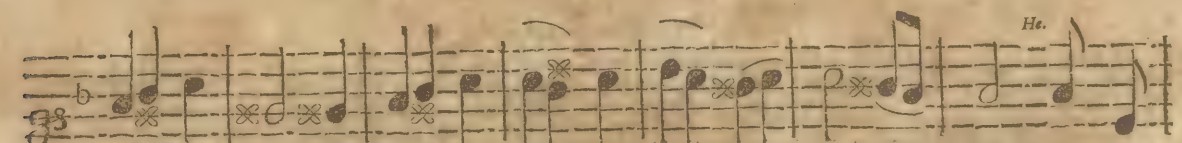
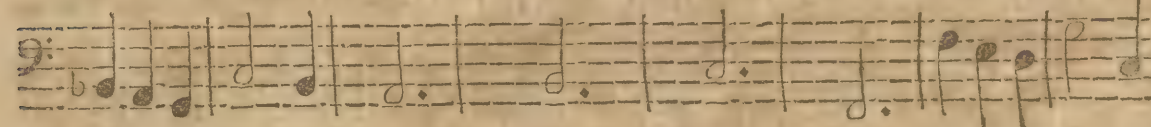
Man, than to bed with a Man that is old. You much mi-stake, my



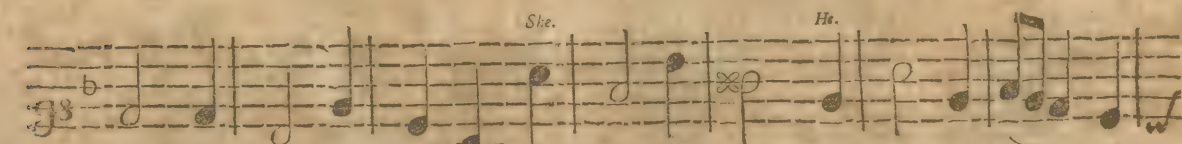
pret-ty fair, for old Men al-ways constant are. I do not doubt your



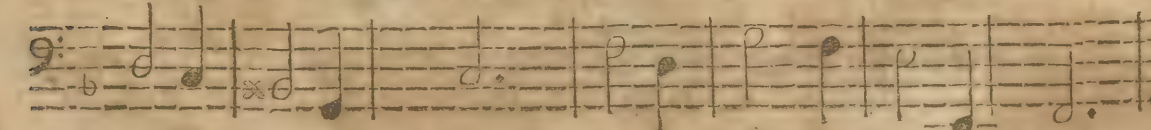
constan-cy, for age of course must constant be; your youthfull Vigour



be-ing gone, you scarce can think, can think of more than one. Is there



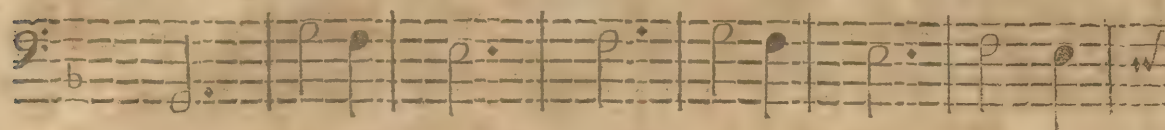
nothing then can gain you? Yes, yes there is. Here's Gold, will that ob-



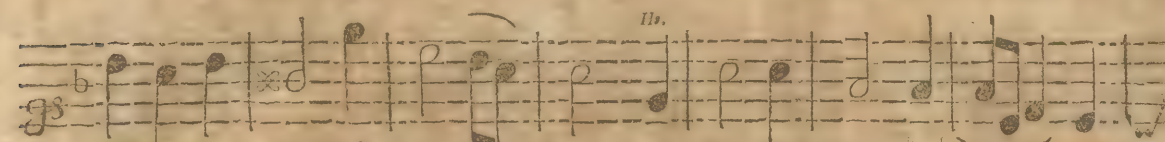
She. *He.* *She.*



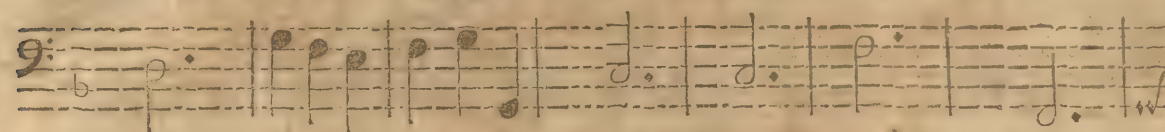
—tain you? Oh! fye, fye, fye. See here, see here is store of Gold, oh!



He.



fye, fye, fye, fye, oh! fye, you'r old. No matter Child, no mat—ter



She.



Child, here's Gold. Well I'll take it for once, but I must have more, for



He.



this is too lit-tle, too lit-tle to win me: Nay ra-ther than so thou shalt



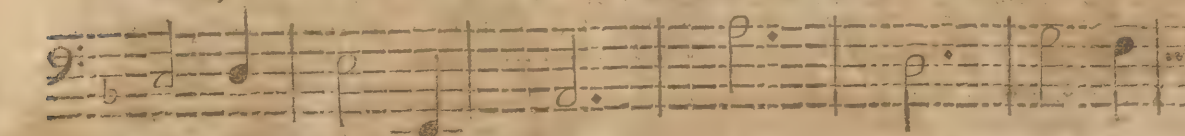

have all my store, and if that fail, and if that fail, the



She. *He.*



Devil, the Devil is in ye. I thank you, and now I must go. And



She. *He.*

I will go with yee, Oh! no, no, no, no, Why fure Child you

She. *He.*

won't, you won't serve 'me so? In-deed but I must, Then give me my

She.

Gold, No, no I never make presents to Men that are old.

CHORUS.

No, no I never make Presents to Men that are old.
Then give me, give, give me my Gold; give, give me my Gold.

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SONGS

IN

The New OPERA,

CALL'D,

The World in the Moon.

Sett by Mr. *Daniel Purcell*, and Mr. *Clark*.

*1. if H. Purcell did not set some. ind.
"In all our English singing places.
O. B. 6. 1*



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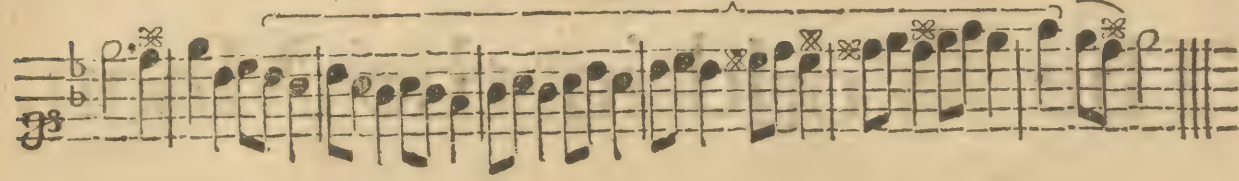
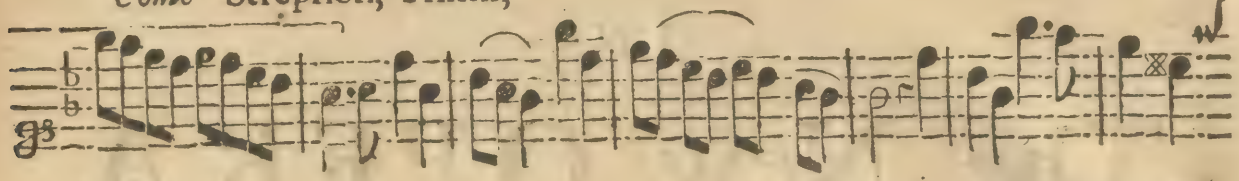
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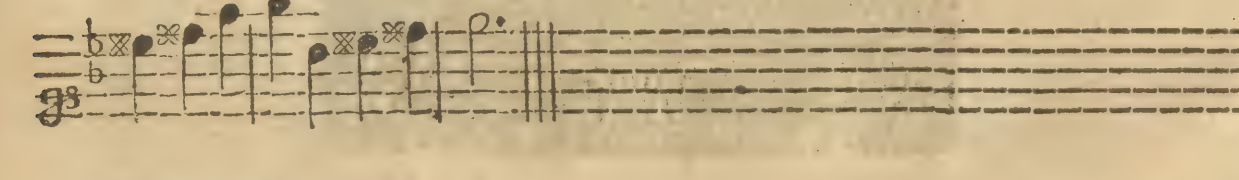
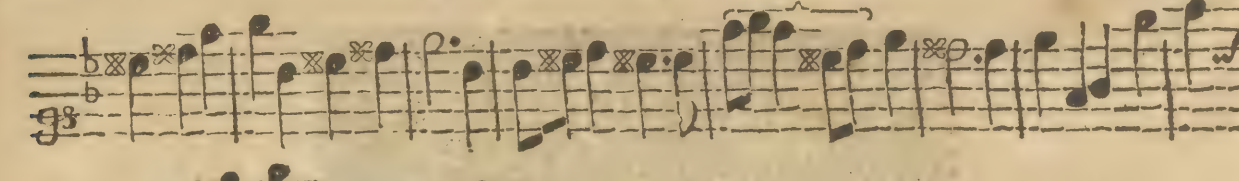
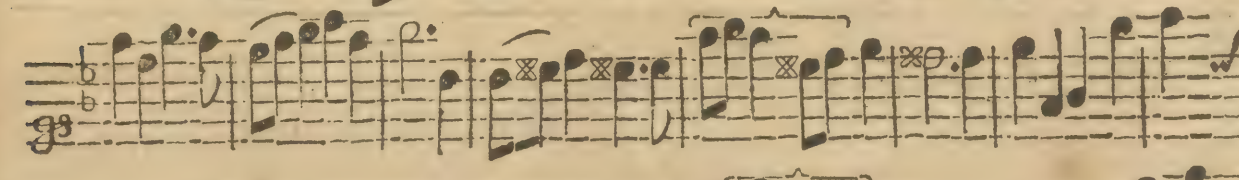
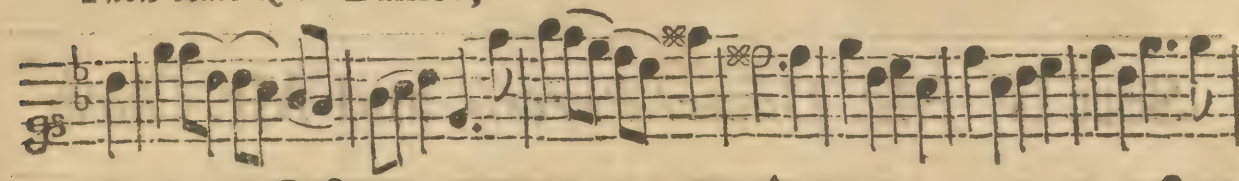
Some of the Song-Tunes Transpos'd for the *Flute*.



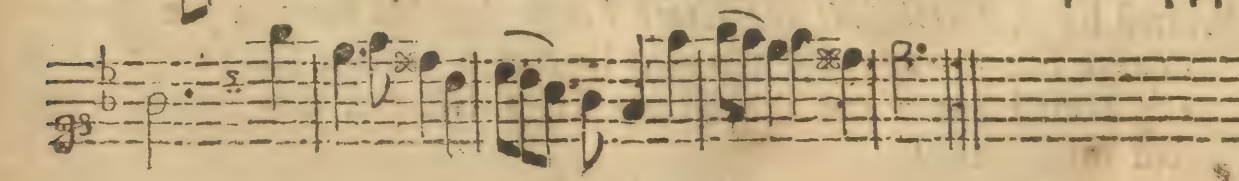
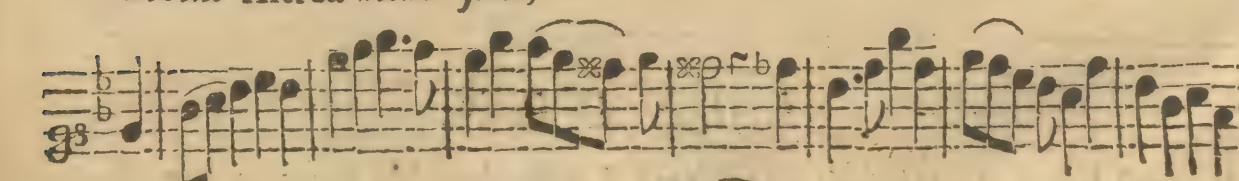
Come Strephon, Phillis,



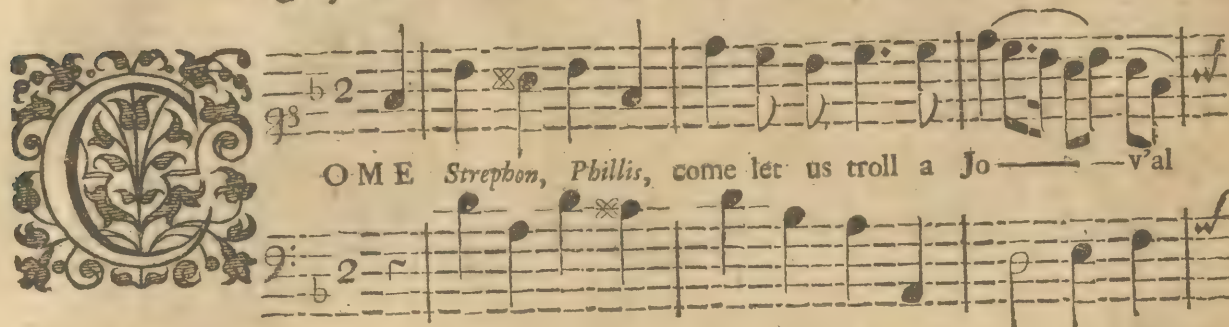
Then come kind Damon,



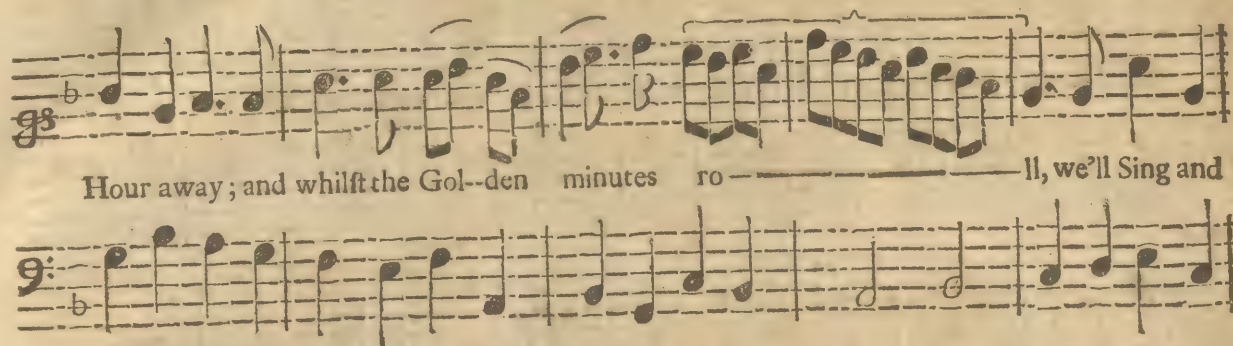
Divine Astrea hither flew,



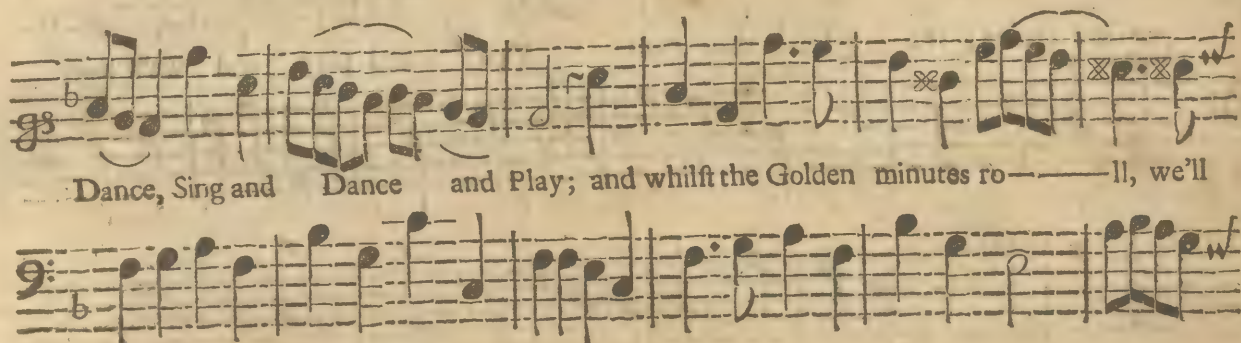
Song in the *New Opera*, call'd the *New World in the Moon*,
Sung by Mrs. *Crofs*. Sett by Mr. *Daniel Purcell*.



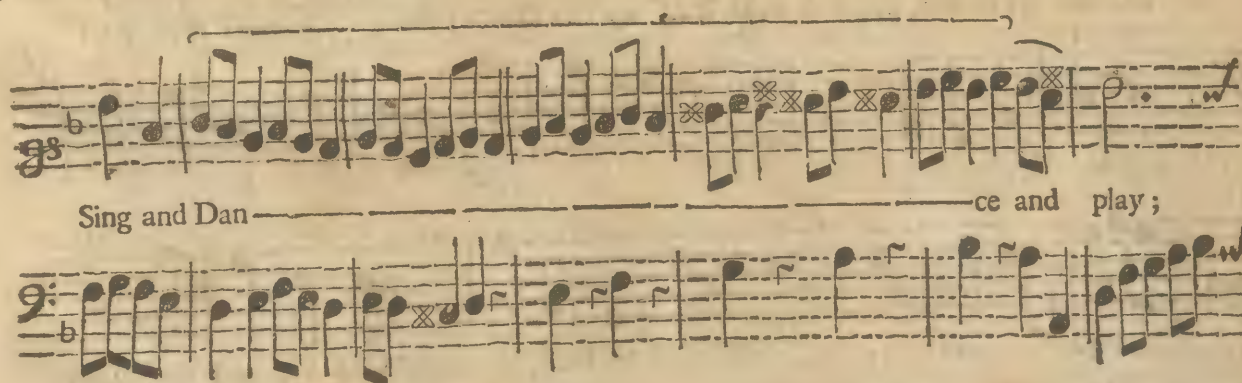
OME Strepson, Pbillis, come let us troll a Jo — v'al



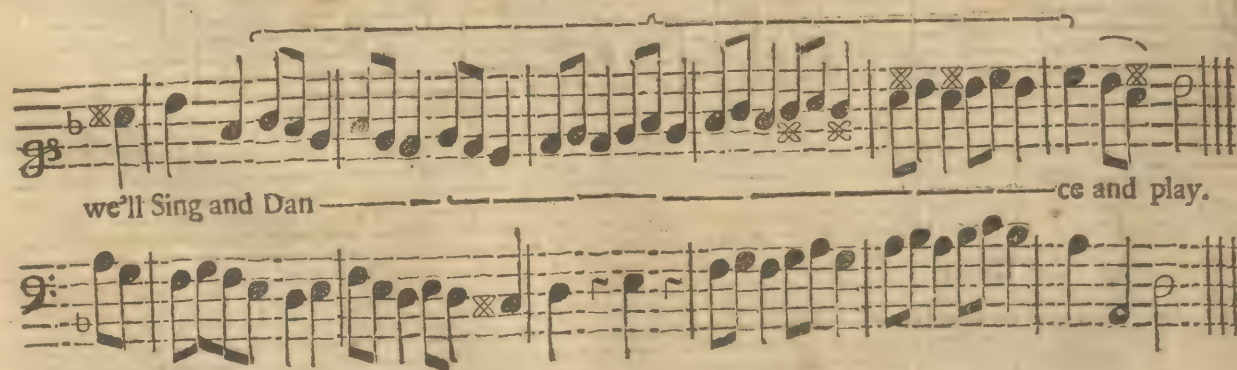
Hour away; and whilst the Gol-den minutes ro — ll, we'll Sing and



Dance, Sing and Dance and Play; and whilst the Golden minutes ro — ll, we'll



Sing and Dan — ce and play;



we'll Sing and Dan — ce and play.

A Song Sung by Mrs. *Lindsey*. Sett by Mr. *Daniel Purcell*.

T Hen come kind Da-mon come a-way, to Cinthia's pow'r advance; the

Sylvians they shall Pipe and play, and we'll lead up, and we'll lead up, and we'll lead

up the Dance; the Sylvians they shall Pipe and play, and we'll lead

up, and we'll lead up, and we'll lead up the Dance; the Sylvians they shall

Pipe and play, and we'll lead up, and we'll lead up, and we'll lead

up the Dance.

A Song Sung by Mrs. Crofs. Sett by Mr. J. Clark.

S Mile then with a Beam Di—vine, we'll be Blest if you bur

shine; Hap—py then our paines and toyls, Witt on—ly lives when

Beau—ty smiles: happy then our paines and toyles, Witt only

lives, Witt on—ly lives when Beau—ty smiles, Witt on—ly lives,

Witt on—ly lives when Beau—ty smiles.

A Song Sett by Mr. Daniel Purcell, Sung by a little Girl.

Y Oung Strephon met me the o—ther day, and Cour—ted

me to toy, to to—y and play. Young Strephon

met me the o—ther day, and Cour—ted me to to—y, to to—y

and play: He talk'd of twenty prit—ty things, of Darts and Flames, of

Darts and Flames, and Cu-pid's Wings; what need he tell me o'er and o'er, I had a thousand

Charms and more, my Glafs had told me that, my Glafs had told me that be-fore, my Glafs had

78

told me that, my Glas had told me that before; and ^{26 7} than He fell to Sobbing,

Sigh ————— ing, Wooing, Wooing, Cooing, Whineing, Cringing, Vowing, Swearing,

all, all, all, all, all, all, all but dying, Vow—ing, Swear—ing, all, all, all but

dying. I knew what he meant, I saw't in his

Eyes, 'twas all but a pack, all, all but a pack of flat'ring lyes; I knew 'twas a sham, all,

all that he said, for Young as I am, young, young as I am, I am too old, too old to

C

be betray'd; for Young, young, young as I am, young, young as I am, I am too old, I

am too old, too old to be betray'd; Young, young as I am, young, young as I am, I

am too old, I am too old, too old to be betray'd.

A Song Sett by Mr. J. Clark.

DI-vine A-strea hither flew to Cynthia's bright-ter Throne, she left the

I-ron World below, to bless the Silver Moon; She left the I-ron world be-

low to bless the Silver Moon.

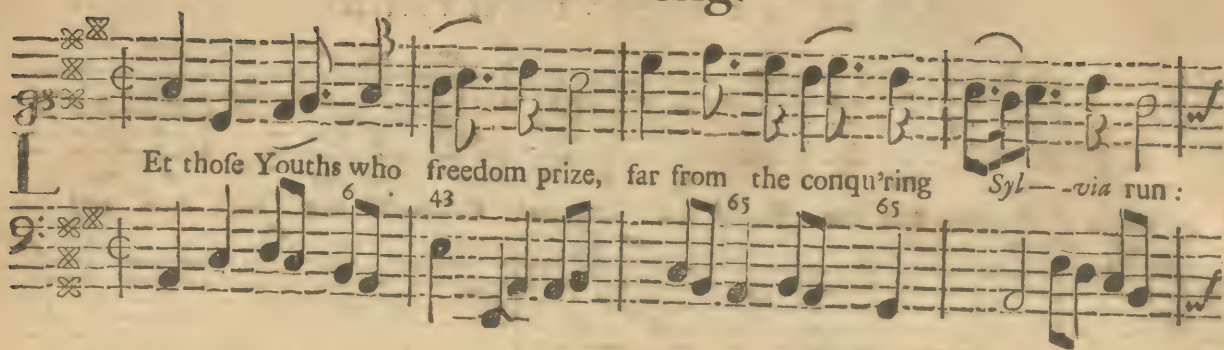
A Song Sett by Mr. Daniel Purcell.

Y Oung Strephon hee has Woo'd me long, and Cour-ted me with Pipe and
Song; but I a fil-ly, fil-ly pe-vish Titt, for want of Sense, for want
of Witt, have poo'd and cry'd, have pish'd and fy'd, and play'd the Foole, and
lost my Time, and al-most slip't, and al-most slip't, and al-most slip't my
Mai-den prime.

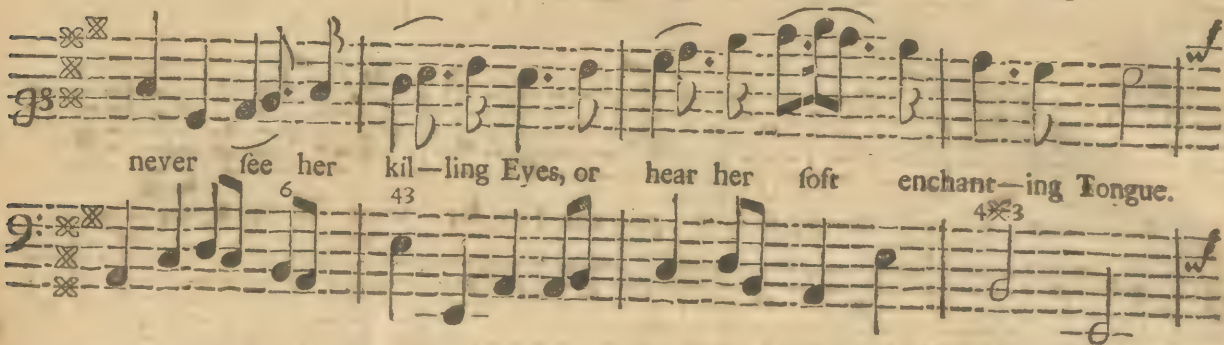
II.

But now I thank my gracious Heav'n,
I hope my faults are all forgiven;
I've struck the Bargain, eas'd my pain,
And am resolv'd to take my Swain:
To Poo, and cry,
And Pish, and Eye,
And make a Virgin's coy pretence,
Is all, all, all, is all, all, all, is all, all, all
For want of Sense.

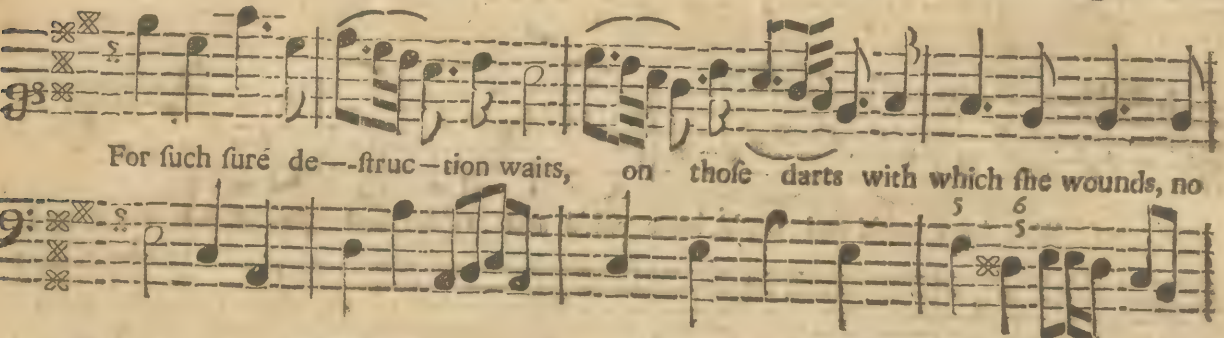
A New Song.



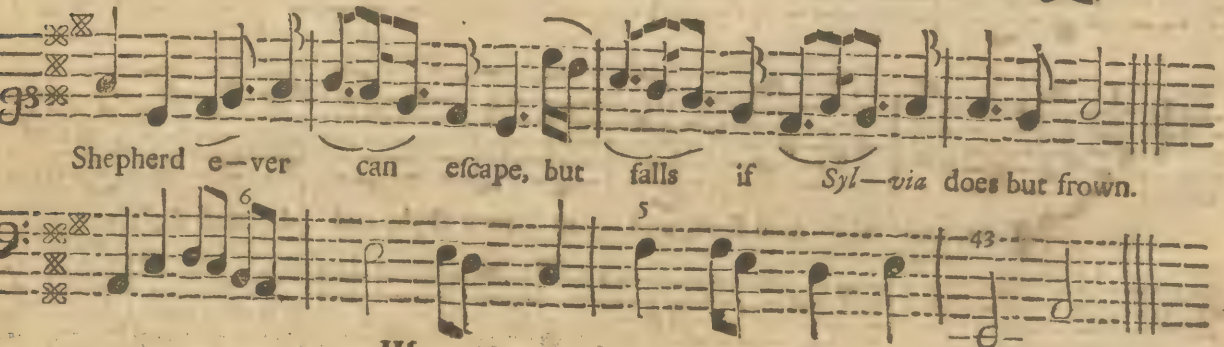
Et those Youths who freedom prize, far from the conqu'ring Syl—via run :



never fee her kil—ling Eyes, or hear her soft enchant—ing Tongue.



For such sure de—struc—tion waits, on those darts with which she wounds, no



Shepherd e—ver can escape, but falls if Syl—via does but frown.

III.

Damon, to his cost has prov'd,
All resistance is but vain :
Heav'n has form'd her to be lov'd,
And made her Queen of all the plain.

IV.

Damon, when he saw her face,
From her beauty wou'd have fled ;
But the Charmer turn'd her voice,
And with a Song she struck him dead.

Advertisement.

BY Reason Madam Purcell's AYRES and SONATA'S coming out this Trinity Term, the Press could not compleat the Collection of Choice SONGS of Mr. Henry Purcell's; for which, several Gentlemen have Subscrib'd; and also a greater Number of SONGS than was Proposed, will be Added. Therefore all Gentlemen and Ladys, that intend to Subscribe, are desired to doe it before the 25th. of July; and the Books, without farther delay, will be deliver'd Michaelmas-Term next.

F I N I S.

(10)
A
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With a Thorow-Bass to each SONG,
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Sett to Musick by Mr. Gillier.



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Dr. John Blow's New Harpfichord-Book,

To my Honoured Friend,
Cap^t. WORTLEY.

Honoured Sir,

HAVING your Opinion and Approba-
tion of the Composing These my
First *SONGS* in *English*; and knowing of
your being a Judge, do think my self Ob-
liged to Dedicate them to you, hoping
the favour of your Acceptance, which will
be an Honour to,

Sir,

Your most Humble Servant,

GILLIER.

A New SONG Sung by Mr. Pate,

Sett by Mr. Gillier.

Oh Lovely, Love-ly; Oh Love-ly, Lovely Sy-ren now give

o're, for I too much was Char-

m'd, was Charm'd be-fore; such soft Me-lodious

sounds as these do kill with Trans-port while they please: Such

sweetness in each Strain ap-pears, appears, such sweetness in each Strain appears th'are

too di—vine for mor—tal Ears: They wound with plea—

—sure and in—spire a—maze —ment in the

heav'nly Quire, they wound with plea —sure and in—

—spire, in—spire a—maze —ment in the heav'nly Quire;

In—spire, in—spire a—maze —ment in the heav'nly

Quire. See, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee

Angels crowd to

hear you Sing, fee Angels crowd

d to hear you Sing, to hear you Sin

g, to hear you Sing; Charm'd when you touch, when you touch

each trem—bling String, and

know not which they'd rather do, fly, fly,

fly to their throne, or stay with you, fly, fly, fly, fly to their throne or stay with you. See, see, you.

A SONG Set by Mr. Gillier.

L Ove, Love's a blind passion a lan—guishing fol—ly; Love, love's a blind passion a lan—guishing fol—ly, chills all our brisk hours with a dull me—lan—cholly, it Jol—li—ty damps, and en—ra—ges de—spair, and en—ra—ges de—spair; in the Spring of our years brings, brings a winter, a

winter of care, care; then let us throw off the fond trifling

Toy, trifling Toy, the passion is childish, and Cupid's a Boy, a Boy, a

Boy, and Cupid's a Boy: Then let us throw off the fond trifling Toy, the passion is

Childish and Cupid's a Boy, and Cupid's a Boy; bring, bring to

my Arms a more So—lid, a So—li—der Joy; bring, bring to my Arms a

more So—lid, a So—li—der Joy, a So—li—der Joy.

A New Song Sett by Mr. Gillier. Sung by Mr. Leveridge.

P Repare, prepare, prepare, prepare for brisk A—
 lar ms, Ar-mi-da hath a Thousand, hath a
 Thou sand, a Thousand Charms; prepare, pre—
 —pare, prepare, prepare for brisk Alarms, Ar-mi-da hath a Thousand, hath a Thou—
 sand, a Thousand Charms; Ungarded Hearts to Arms, to Arms, to
 Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to

Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms. Where e're she

comes the Lau — rel gaines, and o're Love's bound

less Empire reigns; and o'r — e Love's bound — less Empire

reigns: her Wit's di — vine, her look se — rene, be — witching, be — witching,

'tis her gracefull Mien; Her Voice Enchants, her Smile inspires

with plea — sant thoughts, and so — ft de — fire:

her Voice Enchants, her Smile inspires with plea-

--fant thoughts, and so

ft de--fire, and so

ft de--fire; no force is

proof a--gainst her Darts, Rea--son too weak will prove;

Love: fl y, fl y, fl y, re--sist--less

are her Charms, fly, fly, fl

—y, re-sist-less, re-sist-less are her Charms; in vain, in—vain,

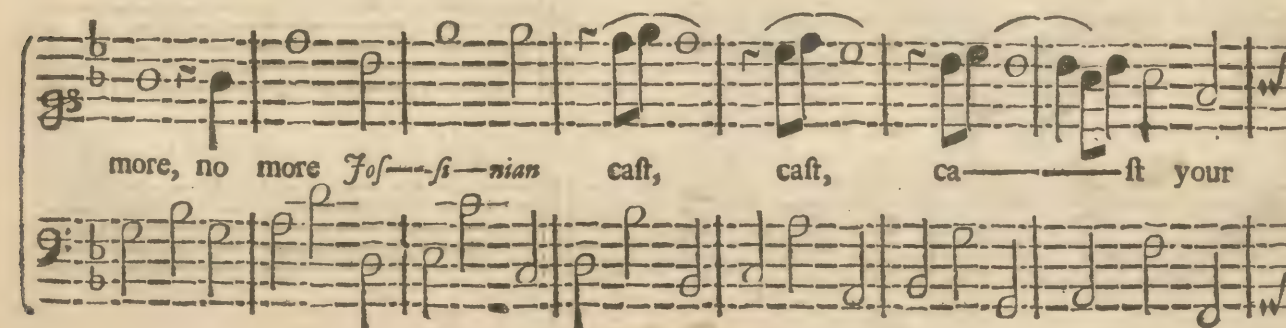
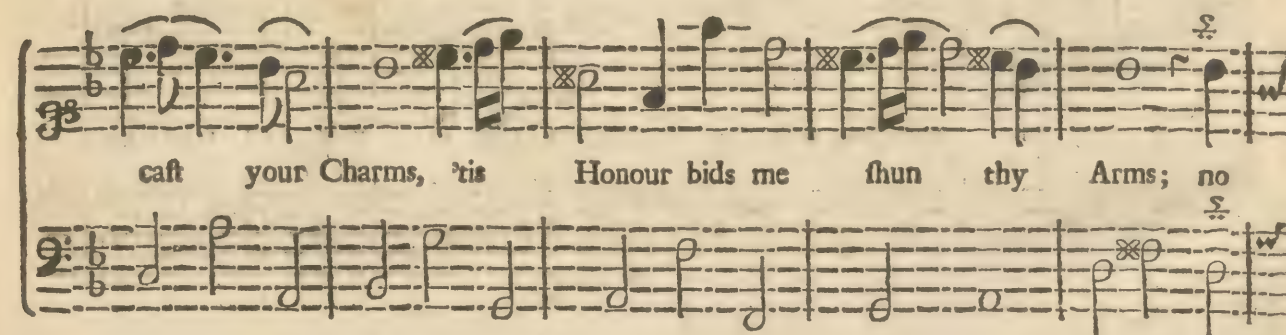
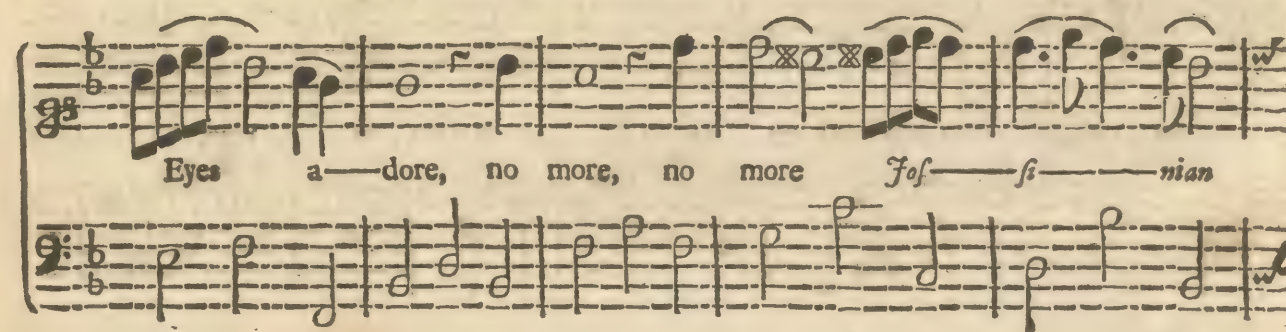
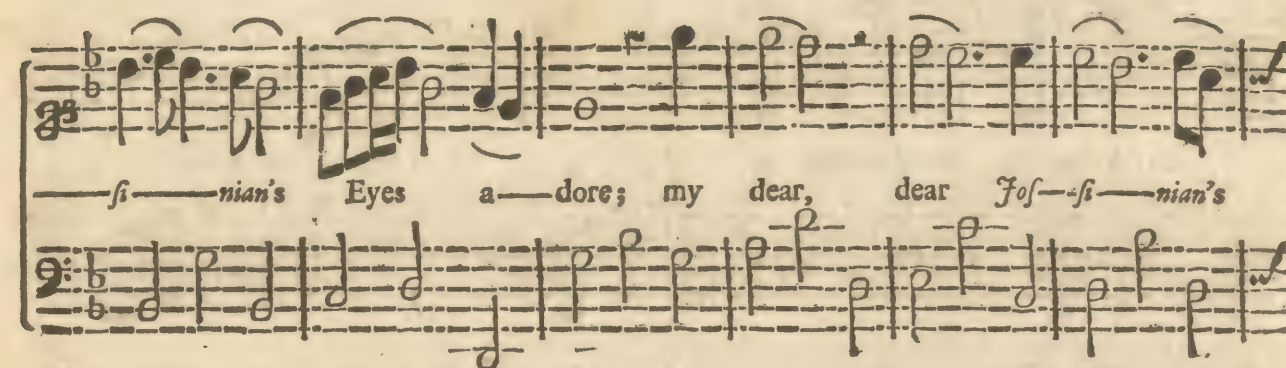
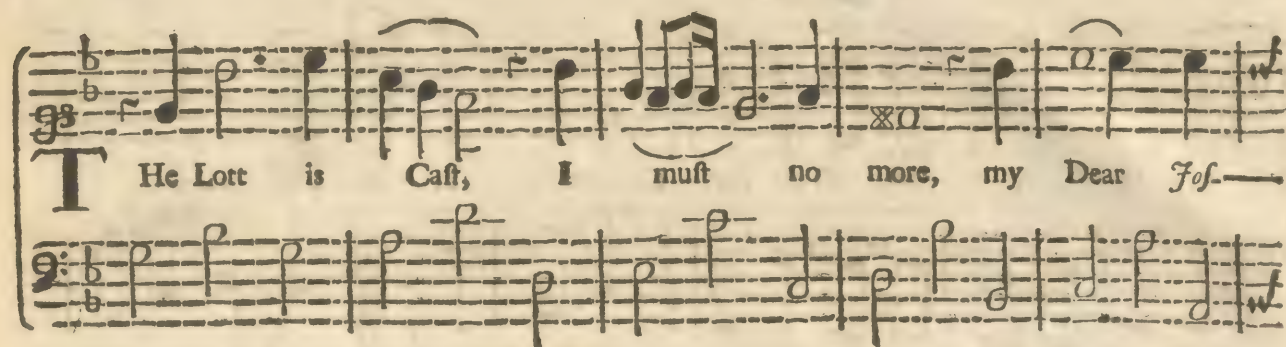
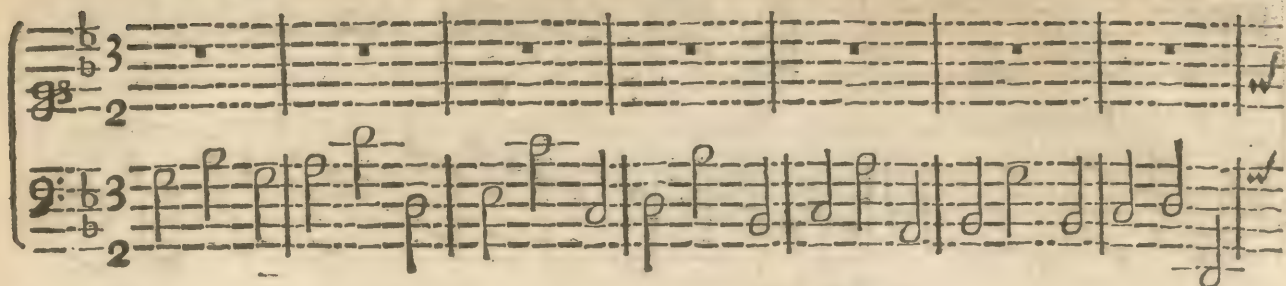
in vain, in vain you take up Arms; in vain, in—vain,

in vain, in vain you take up Arms; in vain, in vain,

in vain, in vain you take up Arms; in vain, in vain you take up

Arms; in vain, in vain you take up Arms.

A New Song Sett by Mr. Gillier. Sung by Mr. Freeman.



Charms, 'tis Honour bids me shun thy Arms; Oh! cru-el God to

throw thy Dart, when

he and I must live a—part, when he and

I must live a—part, part: my

Vows a-las I make in vain, with—in my Heart Jos—fi—nian reigns, our

mingl—'d sigh—s no Jo—y can

find, our mingl'd figh's no Jo y can find;

we live yet prifoners of the mind, through

Priest=craft bound our Souls are free, and they may love immor-

-tal-ly, im-mor-tal-ly, and they may

love immor-tal-ly, im-mor-

-tal-ly.

A SONG Sett by Mr. Gillier.

O H! why false man didst thou my heart be-tray in

ev-'ry part, in ev-'ry way; in ev-'ry part, in ev-'ry way, in ev'ry

part, in ev-'ry way? Oh! why false man, false man di-

—d'st thou my heart be—tray?

Tell me, tell me thou more than man, thou ve---ry Devil, what thou saw'st in my

poor heart of e---vil? Tell me what thou saw'st, what thou saw'st in my poor heart, my

poor heart of e--vil? Tell me, tell me

thou more than man, thou ve--ry Devil; what thou saw'st, what thou saw'st in my poor heart, my

poor heart of e--vil? what thou saw'st, what thou saw'st in my poor heart of e--vil?

Was it not all pure, in--nocent and

just? was it not, was it not all pure, in--no--cent and just? did I not, did I not in thy

dear Arms, in thy dear Arms whol-ly trust? was it not, was it not all pure in--no--

cent and just? did I not, did I not in thy dear Arms, in thy dear Arms whol-ly

trust? did I not, did I not in thy dear Arms, in thy dear Arms whol-ly trust,

in thy dear Arms whol-ly trust?

A New Song Sett by Mr. Gillier.

Long have I lov'd but all in vain, long, long,

long have I lov'd, but all in vain; the Nymph will ne're be kind, will

ne're be kind, she still in-fults when I com-plai — — — — — n, no

Tears can change her mind, mind: All, all I can

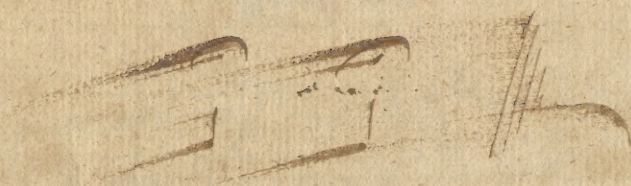
with, is on—ly this, where ere, where ere she lo—

—ves, that she may ne-ver, ne-ver, never, ne-ver, ne-ver tast that

Bliss which she de—nies to me; ne-ver, ne-ver, never, ne-ver tast that

Bliss, which she de—nies to me.

F I N I S.



Book

